

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF SOME OF
THE EARLY SETTLERS OF THE CITY OF
CHICAGO.

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Number Five

port Biographical Sketches

of some of Chicago's Early Settlers:

Part I.

S. LISLE SMITH,

GEORGE DAVIS,

Dr. PHILIP MAXWELL,

J. BROWN,

RICHARD L. WILSON, Col LEWIS C. KERCHIVAL,

H P. HARRIS,

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PART I.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages are intended merely as sketches of character—not labored biographies. In the inception, the object was simply to prepare a few newspaper articles, to be read and thrown aside, as other ephemeral literature. But partial, very likely over-partial, friends, who saw the earlier manuscripts, believed them worthy of a better fate—believed them (how could I question the verdict?) to be recollections of the fast-growing dim past, that should be garnered, and would be cordially received and valued by the olden-time citizens of Chicago. This being the case, and my friend of “auld lang syne”, Mr. Robert Fergus, having determined to give them the dignity of a book, no one can regret more sincerely than the writer that greater care was not taken in the preparation—that they were not given more at length—that more of birth and family had not been gathered. That would have made them interesting—to their descendants.

The general public, however, may fancy them as well in the present form. They, at least, care little or nothing where the accident of birth occurred, or whether the name of the father was John or Jehosaphat, and that of the mother Mary or Jerusha! They simply require a mental photograph of those who walked the streets when Chicago was a *terra incognita*,—who filled the places they now fill,—who passed through the same trials and had the same hopes and fears—the same clothing and passions of mortality. Birth or nation, we take it, has little to do with how each “acts his part.” It is the *man* only that survives—save with the loving hearts of kindred.

Of the *knowledge* of what I have feebly attempted, I was part of all. Though not among the earliest, yet I was an early citizen of the now famous “Garden City,” and my business was such as to throw me into intimate association with all classes, more than was generally the case, and the lines written upon the memory of the boy have not been obliterated from that of the gray-headed man any more than the city can be blotted from the map of the world,—such a thing could never be. Love for

INTRODUCTION.

those still living, and graves (may they be ever green ones) by the lake side forbid such a thing.

Of my *ability* to do justice to those who "have gone on before," I feel its want to the extreme, and, had I known what was to follow, would have burned the first pages of manuscript and shrank from the task,—what it was I realized too late. But one thing I do know—nothing untruthful, no single word of bitterness (no matter what might have occurred in other days, when hearts beat high and passions ran strong,) has been permitted to be here set down. Indeed, I can say—and that with my hand upon my heart—that nothing of the kind remains. Looking backward, one almost shudders as he learns that what he considered the fault of another was his own, and the blame rests upon his shoulders alone!

Chicago, it must be remembered, was a very different affair thirty and forty years ago from what it is now. Then everybody knew everybody, as in village society. Consequently, one could not but be familiar with the men who stood the highest in the community—with their acts as their faces—could not but be interwoven with them in daily life—could not but have stamped upon memory their individuality. Then, there were comparatively few who marked themselves above their fellows, and to forget them would be to forget, almost, one's self—and writing of them is as turning open the book of your own life.

It would be impossible for any to write of so long ago without having their statements questioned, and I do not expect to escape. Human memory at best is treacherous, and the same witnesses often look at the same transaction from a different standpoint. To anyone in the least familiar with courts of justice this explanation will be sufficient. To any others who may quibble, I can say, in all honesty, that any statement of fact made in these pages is a fact "according to the best of my information and belief," and that we may have looked at the same object at a different time or from an opposite side.

As to *opinions of character*, they are my own. Not a single person has made any suggestion—not one attempted the slightest influence. If I have erred in my judgment of men, I am alone responsible. My study of character may be wrong, but, as I have judged others, I am willing to be judged.

HON. S. LISLE SMITH.

There was no one better known to the "old citizens" of Chicago, nor justly more famous for brilliancy and innate kindness of heart, than SAMUEL LISLE SMITH—or, as he was familiarly called, "Lisle."

Gifted by nature far above the great majority of his fellows, with a rare education, striking ideality, and love and appreciation of the poetic and beautiful, with the most retentive of memories—one so marvelously perfect that he could quote the words, section, page, and book of almost anything he had ever read, and his simple *ipse dixit* would be taken as law in any court in the city—a natural as well as finely cultivated orator, he was, indeed, at the head of his compeers at least in that respect.

In stature, Mr. Smith was about medium size, with a slightly florid complexion, rather light hair, active in his movements, rapid as forcible in speech, graceful in every gesture, wonderful in imagery, the very soul of pathos, and could hold an audience spell-bound for any length of time, as was proven again and again.

As to his eloquence, the entire wisdom and the selected "best speakers" of the nation bowed unanimously to it, at the famous "Harbor and River Convention." Horace Greeley said he was "the star speaker of the vast assembly—stood without a rival," and the writer of this has often seen a letter from Henry Clay, avowing that he "was the best orator he had ever heard." Could better testimony be required to prove a fact? In short, Mr. Smith stood head and front above all he met at that time (as, indeed,

at any other) for magnetic influence over the masses, for flow of language, for all that goes to make up the orator—stood without the approach of a rival—without it might have been S. S. PRENTISS.

When Lisle Smith spoke, the house was certain to be crowded, no matter what its size or what the occasion. All who resided in the "Garden City" ("*Urbs in horto*," as the motto upon the Corporate Seal has it) at the time, and were fortunate enough to hear him, will remember with pleasure his eulogy upon JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, when the Methodist Church (then standing on the corner of Washington and Clark Streets) was so jammed that the speaker had to be taken in at a window and carried over the heads of the audience to the pulpit; also his famous oration before the "Sons of Penn," at the little wooden church of the Second Presbyterian Society (situate on Randolph Street, midway between Clark and Dearborn), and, also, his address at the "Irish Relief Meeting," at the Baptist Church on the corner of Washington and LaSalle Streets.

Of the "Penn" oration, I remember well the incidents preceding it. It was delivered upon the afternoon of the funeral of JUDGE JESSE B. THOMAS. After the services, Mr. Smith and myself left together—he to keep his appointment and I to listen. Benjamin F. Taylor, the poet of the day, had finished, and the large audience was anxiously waiting. Mr. Smith entered, walked rapidly to the pulpit, and prefaced his oration with the following fitly-chosen words, and in a voice tremulous with emotion:—

"Returning from the funeral obsequies of a dear, tried, and trusted friend, I appear before you with a mournful heart and sorrowing spirit to perform the duty allotted to me."

he plunged, *in media res*, into the subject, by
 "Saint John upon the Isle of Patmos, said: write

to my friends in Philadelphia," and for an hour not a sound was to be heard save his own voice, unless when the pent-up enthusiasm could no longer be restrained, and applause caused the very roof to vibrate.

His power over an audience was wonderful—matchless—his flights of fancy sublime, and have never, I think, been surpassed. He was bitterly severe when he chose to indulge in invective, as shown in his numerous political speeches, but it was the keen cutting of the razor rather than the dulled edge of the sword; and he had no equal in pathos, as the not-to-be-checked tears of the multitude at the "Irish Relief Meeting" most faithfully attested. Not one there, I venture to assert, has forgotten, or ever can forget, his vividly terrible description of the approach of gaunt, skeleton famine, of hollow-eyed starvation, as it stalked resistlessly through the land, touching first the finger tips, and then creeping slowly on until it reached and fastened upon the heart—the wildly fearful Nemesis that bowed strong men and loving women and innocent childhood, and turned the "Green Isle of the sea" into a horrible graveyard! It was too living a reality—too minutely faithful and eloquently voiced a description ever to be effaced from memory.

There was, also, a vast fund of humor in the character of Mr. Smith, though permitted to show itself more in private than public—not broad, Falstaffian, grotesque humor, but a subtle, delicate appreciation of mirth, which his power of mimicry made irresistible, and of which many instances might be adduced. This, with a charity that was as unostentatious as it was lavish, underlaid all his actions and assisted much in giving the magnetism that instantly made him *en rapport* with any audience.

But notwithstanding his powers of oratory—his brilliant flow of language, that was always chosen from the inevitably best words, and always poetic in imagery as pure in diction and logical in argument, nothing—literally noth-

ing—remains of his speeches save a glowing, though sad, memory. The perfume of the rose lingers around the broken vase, but, alas! that is all,

“Appealing by the magic of *his* name,
To gentle feelings, and affections kept
Within the heart, like gold.”

Shortly after his death, his lifetime friend, RICHARD L. WILSON, (of the *Evening Journal*),—another brave heart and true,—and others endeavored to obtain data for their publication, but nothing could be found. He never wrote a single word even of his greatest efforts. It was his custom, when preparing a speech, to walk up and down the shore of the lake, talking to himself—shaping the crude material into form, and, with the matter once fluxed in the subtle crucible of his brain, it was never forgotten.

In political life, he stood among the foremost, ever in the van; though never either asking or accepting an office when proffered, while working devotedly for his party and his friends. Of this let me give a single instance out of the multitude, one that will show more clearly the man than any words of my own could do. He was—could not conceal the fact—disappointed in the nomination of GENERAL TAYLOR, but when the old warrior was fairly in the field for the Presidency, he threw all his influence in his favor and did much towards securing his election. That accomplished, and the inauguration over, he visited Washington and paid his respects to the Chief Magistrate. Again and again he called, chatting interestingly, as he so well could do, and left without a word of business. Then he called yet once more, to say farewell, and as he was about leaving, the old war horse said, in his bluff and hearty way,

“Mr. Smith, I like you.”

“The admiration is more than mutual,” replied Lisle: “but why, General?”

“Because you are very different from anyone who has

called upon me. Everybody wants an office, and you have asked for nothing."

"And would not accept the highest in your gift."

"But can I do nothing for you, sir?"

"Nothing personally, but, if you please, General, it would be a great pleasure to me if you would appoint _____ Post Master at Chicago;" and he eloquently presented the claims of the candidate.

Need I say the appointment was made?

Were space permitted, I could fill pages with such pleasant memories of the man—memories that deserve to be perpetuated; but a brief notice is all that is permitted.

His political speeches were, truly, a power in the land. An old-line Whig of the strictest school, he loved—worshipped were, perhaps, the more fitting term—"Harry of the West," as he delighted to call Clay; and, probably, did more for his party than any of his time in Illinois. Right or wrong he carried his hearers with him, and spent his money freely in the cause. So much was he interested in the political struggles of the country that he gave up the practice of his profession (law) at an early day, though, had he been so disposed, he would have been without a rival as a jury lawyer—would have occupied the place at the Chicago Bar that James T. Brady occupied in New York.

In social intercourse, no man was (or is) to be found who could more charm or hold fast the attention. That this was the case, all who ever shared his open-handed hospitality, and that of his beautiful and accomplished wife, will attest. His conversation was of the character that made one a willing listener, and compelled regret when he had finished, for—

"On every point, in earnest or in jest,
His judgment, and his prudence, and his wit,
Were deemed the very touchstone and the test
Of what was proper, graceful, just, and fit."

This I saw proven again and again, even among strangers.

When the *first* "Sherman House" (created from the "City Hotel") was standing, Mr. Smith entered, one evening, with a friend, and their conversation drifted upon the life and character of Henry Clay. The reading-room was filled with men engaged with their own particular topics, but, as he enlarged upon his idea, everyone became silent, and remained so until a very late hour. Of that night I have a perfectly distinct recollection, and especially of the conclusion. The dust of the years that have fallen have failed to dim its individuality.

"I tell you," said the enthusiastic orator, "that Harry Clay will never die, but will be translated, like Elijah of old. When the Lord wants him, he will send down angels with a golden chariot, and one of them will tell his errand. 'Wait a moment,' will be the courteous reply, 'I must bid my wife farewell.' Entering the house, he will tell of the kingly summons, and say, 'Mary, I must go—farewell. Tell everyone that the Union must and shall be preserved,' and stepping into the heavenly car will be borne aloft from glory unto glory!"

I feel that I have failed in giving the beauty of his words—the sublimity of his imagery,—indeed I might as well attempt to chain a sunbeam. The hour and the "man eloquent," the burning eye, the wrapt face, the impassioned gestures—all are wanting—can never be reproduced. But this may give a feeble conception of the reality.

I think I am perfectly safe in asserting that Lisle Smith never had an enemy, even though far from faultless. But his errors never injured others. He was loved by the high and low, and the cold-blooded, cynical, and fault-finding dared not deny his greatness as an orator and his large-hearted and sympathetic liberality as a man. At his death one of the old and most striking landmarks was blotted out. He was a member of the "Old Settlers'" and many other societies, and was universally regretted. As far as I know his place has never been filled, and he who is worthy

to step in his shoes will, indeed, have a proud record. Ah! how many hearts beat sadly as the bell tolled for him, and how many trembling lips whispered, "Brave heart, true friend, hail and farewell."

GEORGE DAVIS.

The musical population of Chicago—*id est*, old Chicago—will remember, with feelings of pleasure as well as regret, the man whose name stands at the head of this brief biography.

Though English by the accident of birth, Mr. Davis came early to this country—was a thorough and patriotic American at heart, and his popularity enabled him to secure and long retain the office of County Clerk.

A "fellow of infinite jest," with a kind word and smile for everyone who approached him, he had troops of friends, who remained firm until the very last, and sorrowed truly when death called him hence:—but it could not have been to the land of silence, for from the choir of earth he must have been welcomed by the sweet singers above.

Mr. Davis was the prime mover in all charitable concerts, as he was the most noted leader of his time in the Episcopal Church (first Saint James', and, subsequently, Trinity), of which he was a member, and no entertainment of which vocal music was a part was complete without him. Though gifted with uncommon powers in rendering the plaintive (who does not remember the "Surf"? and how he would have given expression to "Annie Laurie"!) yet it was in the grotesque—the serio-comic—the broadly humorous—that his rare mimicry could best be brought

into play, and his facial expression used—that he most excelled, and will, perhaps, be the best remembered. There he stood, without a rival— if, indeed, any could be found in the “Garden City” at the present time.

Of this, I need but mention “The Great Mogul”—sung as it was by him—acted as it was by him—I think it has never been equalled upon the stage, and certainly not surpassed. Of course, there were many others, the words of which he himself set to music, that ever caused laughter, and never failed to “bring down the house,” but the song I have mentioned was the most riotous in expression, although

“A merrier man,
Within the limits of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour’s talk withal.”

Of the power exercised by his singing, I mention one striking instance, showing, as it does, not alone the charm of a rich and cultivated voice, but the respect and love in which he was held by the citizens—one so great as to subdue even the wild waves of land speculation and ever-grasping avarice—to make the might of Orpheus no fable and the lures of the Sirens no myth.

At the time of the sale of Canal lands and lots in September, 1848, Mr. Davis lived upon Canal Street, between Randolph and Madison, holding a *quasi* preëmption upon the lot on which his house was builded. The property was even then valuable, though the fabulous prices at which it has since been sold were never dreamed of, and many were anxious to purchase. The adjoining property had been disposed of at an extreme figure, and when the auctioneer (James A. Marshall) put up that particular lot, “George” trembled, for fear it would be run up beyond his ability to purchase. It was well known that he was not the possessor of a very bountiful supply of this world’s goods (so liberal, so open-handed and open-hearted a man never could be), and he whispered his trouble to some of

his friends, and it instantly became known to the crowd, whose sympathy was not slow in being aroused. His bid (the valuation) was made and then a song was called for, and, mounting upon the top of an omnibus, he sang as, perhaps, he never did before, or after, in his life—sang with his whole heart, and eyes misty with gratitude. There was no bid against him—music carried the day, and, though David Leavitt (the President of the Canal Board) fumed, he was powerless to stem the tide of popular feeling, and was forced to see a valuable lot sacrificed for a merely nominal sum—in fact, sold for a song!

It may be urged that Chicago was young at that time—the people uncultivated, and not competent judges of music; but those who assert such a thing know little of what they are talking about, and are overwise in their own conceit. Ask anyone who lived then and is living now, and he will tell you that the amateur concerts of those days shame many of the professionals now; that Mrs. Harrington, Mrs. Dr. J. Jay Stuart, Henry Tucker, George Davis, “the sweet girl singer of St. James,” and others,* have never been surpassed for purity of voices and skill of execution. Ah! what a bright galaxy have passed away, and what an addition has been made to that matchless choir “whose strains are immortal and whose vibrations are eternal.”

Mr. Davis was essentially a social man, and one whose presence was ever felt, or missed. This was owing to his genial face, his ever-bubbling wit, and suave manners, as much as to his great musical ability, liberal charities, and warm friendship. No sorrow or want ever appealed to him in vain, and if it was little he could bestow, that little seemed to carry with it a blessing and a benediction. With his leaving Chicago (to settle in Detroit) one of the olden links was broken—one of the most familiar of the old faces

* Wm. M. Larrabee, Moss Botsford, Charles Collier, Augustus H. Burley, and Charles Burley.

gone; but those who remember the little, two-story brick building that stood upon the North-East corner of the Public Square, and was dignified with the title of "Court House," will rarely think of it without associating him with it—forming, as he did, the attraction for so many years.

Mr. Davis was, in the strongest meaning of the term, a friend; and, as far as my recollection serves, never had an enemy—save such as might have grown up from his fervent espousal of the case of the Rev. William F. Walker, in the then celebrated church trial, and of which it may be said, *en passant*, was bitter in the extreme,—long-continued—argued with great eloquence, but which left a baleful shadow over the congregation for a long time.*

He was of fine physique and presence and carriage, something of a *bon vivant* in his manner of living, and it was a matter of wonder that he did not take a place as speaker as well as singer, for certainly he had all the requisites—except, perhaps, assurance. But he loved "sweet melodies married to words," better than all else, and though there was much of the artist in his nature, and he sketched well, yet music absorbed all his spare time, and even trespassed upon the hours of business.

His name—the few thoughts here jotted down will re-open the pages of the past to those of the olden time, and his friends (and who were not?) will drop another tear upon his grave, and kindly brush the moss from the marble above it.

* The array of legal learning present it would be difficult to duplicate now, for in it were interested such men as Justin Butterfield, General James A. McDougall, Isaac N. Arnold, John J. Brown, and Patrick Ballingall.

PHILIP MAXWELL, M.D.

The Medical Faculty of Chicago would, and justly, deem themselves neglected if no mention was made of the Falstaff of the Profession who, to use one of his own arguments why he should be elected to the Legislature, "*carried weight with him!*"

In *physique*, at least, this was true. Dr. Maxwell was a man of more than ordinary stature and unctuousness; yet barely approximating to the gross. He carried his two hundred and eighty pounds very easily and gracefully, though that is more than could have been truly said of the favorite grey horse upon which he was accustomed to dash through the streets with all the *chic* and erectness of a soldier and the abandon and insouciance of an Indian. Indeed, so active and light were his movements, for one of his figure, that it was always a subject of remark, especially when mounting and dismounting. So, too, was it when he trippingly danced in those "good old days" when Chicago Society was a unit and unbroken by cliques—by the withdrawal of the *crème de la crème* from the "promiscuous gatherings," and the setting up for themselves of a standard blazoned with the motto "I am better than thou,"—a most sublime piece of egotism.

Of this permit a word.

The last general, free, and genial reunion of the votaries of Terpsichore was held at the "Sherman House," and (I think) known as the "Mechanics Ball." It was gotten up as an offset to that of the "Young Bachelors," a very select and (supposed to be) *recherché* affair, and the tickets placed at the merely nominal sum of one dollar, including car-

riages and refreshments. To carry out the intention of the originators (and who, by the way, had a large deficiency of funds to make up)—all prominent citizens were enlisted as managers, and a difficulty arose as to how they could be classed as Mechanics.

"Put down Doctor Maxwell as a Butcher," quoth Col. Swift.

"And Dick Swift as a Barber!" (*i. e.*, Money-lender—shaver) was the ready retort of the Physician.

In this way all trouble was overcome and the ball was large—immense, enthusiastic, and enjoyable. It was, however, the final gasp of general sociability, and the united Chicago of the old was known nevermore. But to return to the subject proper.

The face of Doctor Maxwell was in keeping with his ponderous frame. It was broad, massive, pleasant, and beaming with mirth—the last being the key-note of his character. It had, like his person Falstaffian breadth, and depth, and proportion. He was constantly upon the *qui vive* for objects of merriment, was a

"Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun,
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."

Even at the most solemn times it was next to impossible for him to keep the bubbles from rising to the surface—the gas of frivolity from escaping. Nature had cast him in the mould of "Sir John," and study and love of the character had perhaps tinged his own until it had grown to resemble the would-be lover of Madame Ford and "sweet Mistress Page."

I know such was the charge against him—that he ever aped the burly guzzler of sack and fancied himself the successful rival of the wonderful creation of Shakespeare. Granted that the charge was true, the idiosyncrasy was perfectly harmless. But the Doctor cared little for such insinuations, though he could be "testy" at times and

pour out the vials of his wrath like the bursting forth of a volcano. He was contented to go along "larding the lean earth," enjoying a laugh, no matter at whose expense, and making merry at life, come in what shape it might, though the sunshine and shadows in such lives are very marked. But, for the most part, he was remarkably genial,—feeling his own weaknesses as well as those of others; and, in his limited sphere, was a very "king of misrule." If he had made the peculiarities of Falstaff a study, and reproduced them in his daily walk and conversation, it was without malice to others—on the contrary, for their amusement.

As a rule, he carried sunshine in his face and heart and a quip upon the end of his tongue—was at his richest, when he could get a good joke upon his brother professors of the curative art—STUART, EGAN, AND ELDRIDGE—when firing double shotted guns and entire batteries at a time at the Faculty of Rush Medical College—and what stories the old wooden office in Clark Street could tell were speech given and had it not long since been dust and ashes.

Perhaps the highest relish of the Doctor was humbugging the credulous with Munchausen stories, equalling any of the "Fat Knight." Instances of this rise thickly as memory turns back to the man and the past is vividly pictured again. But one must suffice, though the temptation to fill pages is great:

On a bitter morning in early winter, he entered a hotel, drank a glass of water (he was habitually temperate), rubbed his hands complacently and discoursed pompously upon the merits of bathing.

"Surely," exclaimed one of the loungers around the glowing stove, "you have not been bathing this cold morning?"

"Of course I have—swimming, Sir, swimming," was the answer.

"Where Doctor?"

"In the lake."

"The lake? Impossible! It must be frozen along the shores."

"Yes—certainly—yes, but I make it a practice of going in every morning as long as my weight will break the ice;" and he departed leaving his hearers puzzled as to the truth of the story—and which did not contain a particle of it.

It was Doctor Maxwell who made the sweeping and far from complimentary criticism upon the late Edwin Forrest. Although already published let me introduce it here in brief:

The "great tragedian" was playing his first engagement in Chicago, had finished for the night, was going to his hotel down the street immediately preceded by the Doctor and his party. His opinion was asked and the answer given in such boisterous tones that Forrest could not fail to have heard it—"A brute force and native stupidity actor!" Whether just or not, it was his opinion, and the world was never kept in doubt as to what he thought.

There was much in the character and mannerism of Dr. Maxwell that reminds me very forcibly of the Lawrence Baythorn of Dicken's "Bleak House" more than Falstaff. There was the same bluff, hearty, brusque fashion of greeting—the same noisy explosions—the same extravagant expressions and denunciations—the same tremendous bursts of laughter—the same ferocious threatening—and the same tender heart breathing within the massive breast that would turn aside for fear of trampling on a worm, even while breathing tornadoes of wordy wrath and hurling wordy thunderbolts of wholesale destruction. But these things (when not uttered and acted in jest, as was frequently the case, served the more to clear the sky; and the man—whom a stranger might have looked upon as bloodthirsty—was as kind in reality, as incapable of doing harm as a child—a singular combination of Baythorn and Falstaff.

JOHN J. BROWN.

My introduction to the subject of this brief memoir was so peculiar and striking that it could not be forgotten, particularly when taken in connection with the man—one almost *sui generis*. It must have occurred very soon after his advent in the Garden City, for I had never seen or even heard of him.

I was returning late one evening from a visit to a sick friend. There was a wild storm abroad. Clouds were flying in tumultuous confusion, driven by the fierce North-wind; rain was falling heavily; the lake was lashed into foam and tossing in great billows upon the shore; the thunder was booming and crashing, and ever and anon the lightning played around with dazzling and fitful fury. It was not such a night as one would willingly be abroad, and I was breasting and struggling against the elemental war up Michigan Avenue, in the vicinity of Randolph Street, when a more than usually terrific burst of thunder caused me to pause—a vivid flash of lightning to glance anxiously around and I saw a man standing upon the lake-side of the Avenue gesticulating fiercely, and in the lull that followed, I could distinctly hear him talking to himself.

Curiosity could not be repressed. I fancied it must be one insane; and, forgetting the storm and darkness, the fearful pealing of the thunder, the rain, and the dangerous play of the lightning, I crossed and drew near to his side. And as I did so, there came to my ears the well-known words of Byron :

“The sky is changed ! and such a change ! Oh ! night,
And storm and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as in the light
Of a dark eye is woman ! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who called to her aloud !”

Who could be quoting poetry at such a time and in such a situation ? If curiosity had been aroused before, it stood toptoeed now. I drew back, thrilling with a strange fear, and waited for the next flash to reveal form and feature. When it came, I looked upon a stranger who would have impressed himself upon any assembly. The picture rises before me now, weird almost as then, when the background was foaming and hissing waters, and black chaos of sky, and the shadows following the flashes eerie ones.

The figure was tall, angular, slightly bent, and wrapped in a cloak ; the face sallow, somewhat hollow, with high cheek bones, and eyes deep set, heavily browed and lashed, and with more than usual power of focusing and penetrating. The head was held firmly, straight, defiantly, and covered with long, leonine hair, blown fitfully about by the wind. The voice sonorous and emphatic.

That man was John J. Brown, a newly arrived lawyer, as I came later to know, and the impression of him then received (almost boy as I was) without doubt ever after colored my view of his character, and something of it may linger even now, despite the dust and iconoclastic power of so many years.

John J. Brown was naturally a retiring, misanthropic man. The lenses through which he looked at life seemed to be ever clouded—the glimpses of sunshine rare. Whether his nature was naturally morbid—whether untoward circumstances had made it so, I never had the means of knowing ; but that he was uncommonly shy and sensitive, and ever

looked at the darkest side, I am of opinion will not be questioned. He lacked, perhaps, the rebound, the recuperative power to recover from a blow or loss; and he made its sting deeper by brooding upon it. As a boy, I think this must have been the case—as a man, standing breast-high and proud-headed in genius, learning, and eloquence among his fellows it certainly was so; and none who knew him will deny the assertion. "*Knew him.*" I have said; but were there any who did so? I doubt it very much—doubt if he ever had any intimate associates—any to whom he fully unbosomed himself—to whom he revealed his inner heart and the motives that were the mainspring of his actions. And if the olden mythological fables had in them aught of truth, it was Pluto that hovered about his cradle, and Niobe and Melpomene that were his attendant spirits through life.

This gave a sombre coloring to almost his every act and thought. The shadows were so dense behind the sunrays that they could never be entirely hidden—the gold not sufficiently bright to effectually curtain the gloom. In all his forensic efforts this was apparent (at least to my mind), and the highest flights of fancy seemed to be made with wings against which beat the rain. But, notwithstanding this, they were of great power, legal acumen, and sound law. His mind in this respect was singularly critical and analytical. The very things that militated against general sociability and the power of self-forgetfulness—in drinking in the perfume of the flower, unmindful of the cruel thorn and poisoned root, gave him the more taste and ability for research—more concentration of mind upon the salient points he intuitively and keenly appreciated, and ever after retained; and this was so, not alone in the law, but in all he read—history, poetry, philosophy, theology—and the most *apropos* quotations were ever at his command.

I have spoken of his hair being long and tawny as the mane of a lion. It was so in fact, was very noticable and

first called attention. But it was his eyes that unwaveringly fixed it, for, at times, when his soul was fully aroused, they literally appeared to burn. I use the term advisedly, and can find none more appropriate. When indulging in his wonderful and bitter powers of sarcasm; when forgetful of self, and the ebb and flood of sorrowful waves, in the mastery of his subject—when all the shadows were exorcised, his eyes gleamed with a strange phosphorescent light and exerted a strong, subtle, magnetic power that was not to be resisted. In that respect, he was very like Rufus Choate, of whom it has been said, "*no one could report if they looked at him.*" The same thing was, in a great measure, true of John J. Brown, as I learned by experience when attempting to reproduce his words upon paper, during a celebrated trial. I watched the speaker and forgot pencil and paper!

Looking calmly back now, after a decade and more have * passed, I am inclined to believe his greatest power was in scathing denunciation and intense bitterness. I would not be understood that such was the natural status of his mind, for I do not believe it. On the contrary, I had occasion to know that the milk of human kindness had not soured within his veins, and there was much of the gentleness and tenderness of woman in his composition. But he was undoubtedly the great master of withering and remorseless irony when aroused, of satirical and scornful gibe then at the Chicago Bar—of sarcasm that when given full rein had something almost sardonic in it. To this end, his vehement gestures, his eyes, his tall, flexible person, and his leonine hair, all added emphasis, and woe to those upon whom the razorlike edge of his tongue fell when unbridled.

Two particular instances drift up from the depths of memory. The first is that of the trial of Rev. Wm. F. Walker, elsewhere mentioned :

The opening of his speech was calm, graceful, even beautiful. He said, "I did not expect to be present at this trial. I thought the blue waves of the lake would have

rolled and sparkled between me and it." But as he progressed, as he fully gave himself up to the subject he warmed, grew deeper, stronger in thought, more forcible in imagery, his nerves quivered, his hair was disordered, and his eyes flashed as burning steel. Any looker on must have been reminded of the gathering and bursting of a storm. And when at its height it was terrible. When he pictured the manufacturing of the "patchwork slanders"—of those professing the broadest humanity and Christianity, coming "to the altar with the word of God in their hands and the devil in their hearts"—when he hurled wholesale scorn and infamy upon their heads—when he spoke of their "supreme and besotted ignorance and worse than heathenish bigotry" he rose to such an altitude of invective that few who had awakened his wrath could remain, and even the ordinary listener felt a shivering awe and dread.

The second time was in a strictly legal encounter, and with foemen worthy of his steel :

One of his antagonists he (figuratively) held up by his long hair, so that all could see him, and painted him in such colors as made even the fiends appear more just and pure—made him act the most vile monster possible with humanity—cut so deeply that the audience could not but pity. Turning from the fierce whirlwind of denunciation, he addressed the other in low and measured tones—reminded him of his position in the Church, and saying: "I have no words for him. The reproof must come from a higher source, even from the God he pretends to worship," he fixed him with his eyes, and opening a bible read the most bitterly appropriate chapter contained between its lids.

They had raised the lion, and having felt the full weight of his claws and power of his teeth, paid dearly for their attack.

I know it was customary to compare John J. Brown with Justin Butterfield in this respect, but I never thought the comparison tenable. Butterfield was a man of undoubted

power of retaliation, and legal knowledge, but he lacked (in my judgment) the keenness of Brown. Were I to indulge in a simile, I should say, that, while from his heavy blows he might have been Richard, his rival was the Saladin—the one would crush with a gigantic battle-axe, the other cut to the heart with a blade of Toledo temper.

As to legal requirements, John J. Brown stood high. His mind was a treasure-house as was shown during the brief time he taught a law school. Had his natural temperament been different—had his health been better—had life been more roseate, he would, as the years rolled on, have made for himself a high and honored name. But he never mingled much with his fellows; and it was only when interested and awakened in the argument of a case that he revealed what he truly was—only then that the shadow was ever lifted from heart and brain.

The particulars of his death were not familiar to me. I have a faint recollection of some mystery shrouding it—that his soul found the *Nepenthe*, the “surcease from sorrow” otherwise than surrounded by loving hearts. Be that as it might, his life appeared to be a fitful one, and May he sleep well! More sunny natures have gone before, and have followed him, but no stronger, no more legal, none more intense have taken their places in the green tent “whose curtains never outward swing.” Aye, and in the younger ranks of his profession who can claim the place he left vacant? When some one shall write at length the history of the Bar of Chicago, upon its highest page will be found the name of John J. Brown. Peace, eternal peace to his ashes.

RICHARD L. WILSON.

The name of Richard L. Wilson was so long and intimately connected with the *Chicago Journal* that it is familiar as "household words"; not only to the olden time readers of that paper, but to all who dwelt in the City, County, and it might almost be said, State.

His personal popularity, as well as his political influence, was widespread and universally admitted, although it was an impossibility for any one occupying the position he held to be without enemies. Yet these came from tilts in the arena of politics far more (if not entirely) than any other cause. For what he thought right he labored manfully—wielded a caustic pen, and threw hot-shot directly into the camp of the enemy, regardless of the consequences. But it was the cause, not the individual, he would cripple—the batteries he would unmask and silence—the rifle-pits he would cause to surrender, not the men of which they were composed. He believed the salvation of the country depended upon Henry Clay and the Whig Party; and it would have been very difficult for a "trumpet-tongued angel" to have convinced him to the contrary, for his was a positive nature.

To those who stood out of the reach of the flying splinters and débris, it was amusing to see how he would demolish the long "leaders" of his antagonists with a few words. As a writer of short, pithy, pointed paragraphs I never knew his equal among the Chicago editorial fraternity. This was his forte, and in it he resembled PRENTICE, of the *Louisville Journal*, more than any other of his day.

If grape-shot, and canister, and shrapnel were fired by broadsides, he answered with a single shot from a well-aimed rifled gun, which caused more havoc than all their noise and wholesale missiles. "Grandpa Dutch" might fire column after column of "double-leaded" matter at his head, and "Dick" would send back three lines that would drive even "*Banks!* BANKS! BANKS!" from the brain of the old gentleman, for a time at least.

In this, more than any other way, he made his editorial power felt, though he was sometimes tempted to indulge in it to excess, with regard to the *Democrat*, and its elongated proprietor, and laughingly own that he might as well have attempted to perforate the thick skin of a rhinoceros with mustard seed. It was, however, a favorite pastime with all the knights of the quill of the day—did no harm—served as a "safety valve," and "Long John" continued to wax fat and rich and carry the Congressional district in his breeches pocket the same as before.

Save for these pointed squibs that generally pierced through the armor of his antagonist as if it had been but silken folds, Mr. Wilson (to the best of my knowledge) indulged but little in authorship, though famous for writing toasts, and good ones, for public dinners. The only instance of his "book making" that came under my observation was "*Short Ravelings from a Long Yarn*"—a story of Spanish life and adventure, and even that, I believe, was "licked into shape" by another. But Mr. Wilson furnished the data, supervised, and was entitled to the lion's share of the credit.

As I have already stated, long articles were not either his forte or his propensity. His spirit was too restless for such drudgery. It was with him aim and fire. He could not patiently still-hunt—could not follow a long trail Indian-like to secure a scalp. His nature was too ardent—he leaped over boundaries too rapidly for any such plodding, and if an enemy he was an open one. Every fibre of his

soul would have scorned lurking in ambush, striking without giving an opportunity of defense, stabbing from behind the back in the dark. Such things were altogether foreign to his nature. If impulsive he was honorable; if prone to criticise, just.

Of what his position would have been in the late unhappy fratricidal struggle no one who knew him will for a moment question. It could have been but one thing, and into the side he espoused he would have thrown himself body and soul. A divided country would never have been tolerated by him, even in thought. The Union, as he looked upon it, was ever to be a unit, and rested upon a foundation as lasting as time.

His patriotism was shown in the fatal rejoicing that crippled him for the remainder of his life. The news of the battle of Buena Vista, that sent an electric thrill through the land, stirred his breast to its lowest depths. He threw himself into the ranks of those who celebrated the victory—was the moving and master-spirit; but the premature explosion of the cannon used left a terrible personal record. And it showed, too, the iron nerve of the man—a will almost matchless in firmness—a scorn of physical suffering unparalleled—a power to endure that was beyond belief.

I was among the first to reach him, after the accident, having been a looker on at but a little distance. I helped to carry him into the Sherman House, and, consequently, know of what I write. To describe his injuries here would not only be useless, but create doubt. No one, who did not see him, would believe a man could be so mangled and live. It was a sight that made many a heart sick, and many a strong nature grow faint. This was the case with his regular physician. He attempted the necessary surgery, shook like an aspen, and was forced to give up the task to another. And during the lengthy ordeal, one of most terrible suffering, Mr. Wilson lay, with compressed lips—uttered no groan—never spoke of what he was so hero-

ically enduring, save once. As a large, ragged splinter of the ramrod was being removed from its place under and intertwined with the biceps muscles of the right arm, he said, in answer to a question of a friend: "Yes, that hurts." That was all; and, taken as a whole, it was a masterly instance of patient endurance—a literal triumph of mind over matter. And this same indomitable will and nerve enabled him to soon again resume his duties; but the injuries ever after affected him and sapped his life.

Mr. Wilson was a genial companion and a true friend, was liberal beyond his means when his sympathies were enlisted, and never stopped to coldly count the cost of a favor. There was nothing selfish or phlegmatic about him. Every action sprang from the dictates of a manly-beating heart, and the faults (if they can justly so be called) that always cling to such men were attributable to the mental combination—to the actual necessity of excitement and action—to the never letting "I dare not wait upon I would," to (in practical life at least) the Napoleonic motto that—"the end justifies the means"—to the more than usual social element—to a remarkably vivid appreciation of the humorous—to his peculiar surroundings—to the association into which he was forced—to the age in which he lived.

Sportsmen of the days of Richard L. Wilson will remember him with pleasure. He was a keen lover of the gun and skilful in its use. If prairie chickens arose within reasonable distance, it was bad for the chickens! Had his early life been different, he would have enjoyed, as only such enthusiasts can enjoy, living with nature in her wildest moods and made his mark as hunter, pioneer, even "Indian fighter," for fear was not a component part of his being. He was the life of the camp fire as he was foremost in quest of game, and though he never "strung rhymes" had much of the poetic, and saw all that was beautiful in sky, water, woodland, and treeless plain. Glimmerings of this crop out in the little book I have mentioned, and it was

when afar from the haunts of men that it shone the brightest, sparkled the most brilliantly, rather than when weary and chafed by the editorial harness. Then he gave loose rein to his thoughts, flung aside the rare power of condensation that made his newspaper paragraphs mosaics of terse pointedness—indulged freely in anecdote and jest, and repartee—gave graphic descriptions of hunter's life that spiced to perfection the birds broiling upon the glowing coals. Then, also, he showed as he never did at any other time, the wealth of his imagination, the power (if trained) to throw off page after page of brilliant matter—to make a remarkably readable book. That he never did was often a wonder to his friends. It might have come with his years (if spared) had it not been for the accident that made penmanship severe labor, and despite his buoyant heart and resolute will must have left a legacy of shadows. That he did not is to be regretted. It could not have been otherwise than valuable and interesting.

Mr. Wilson was an ardent admirer of and believer in the destiny of Chicago. He always predicted for it a bright and glorious future, and he foresaw something of its greatness. Not all—perhaps not one tithe. Who could? There was no prophetic ken keen enough, no imagination sufficiently vivid to grasp the possibilities when the terrible baptism and purification of fire should have been perfect.

Any who foretold what would arise from the ashes would have been deemed insane. But the mind of Richard L. Wilson grasped much of what has been—what will yet be. He realized the importance of its geographical position—its immense business resources and activity, and that, sitting as it did, drinking in the commerce of the chain of lakes upon one side, and stretching out its broad arms of prairie upon the other, it must become great. And in every way he assisted to its present. This his paper enabled him to do—for this he labored in season and out of season—for this he created friends by his personal attractiveness—and

for this, if the departed have power to return to the earth and minister to the wants of the living, his loyal spirit yet lingers over the city of his love and haunts the inner shrine of the *Chicago Journal*.

LEWIS C. KERCHIVAL.

Probably, very few of the younger generation in Chicago have any distinct remembrance of Lewis C. Kerchival. But such as do must have been impressed by the striking points in a character that stood out strongly from his fellows.

The elder citizens—those who still linger in green old age and ripe usefulness, and it is to be hoped with plenty of this world's goods, after the great majority of their associates have passed away, will recall him as "Inspector of the Port" (with commerce that was a laughable burlesque upon the present), and later as Justice of the Peace, with an office in the second story of the tumble-down wooden tenement (Clark's Hardware Store), on the north-east corner of Lake and Clark Streets, and directly facing the famous "Saloon Building," a history of which would be a history of almost all the public meetings, and gatherings, and societies of early Chicago.

Lewis C. Kerchival rises before me to-day as distinct as when I used to meet him in the streets, straight as a pine, unbending as an oak, defiant and tough as a hickory; with his tall, muscular form, his grizzled hair, blue, brass-buttoned coat, and his soldier-like bearing, proud as Julius Cæsar and imperious as the Czar; always neatly dressed, with cleanly-shaved face and—a *rara avis* in those muddy times—well-polished boots.

Should I compare him with any other well-known character it would be Andrew Jackson. The mental calibre of the men, as well as their *physique*, was much the same. Each knew and did not shrink from "taking the responsibility" of any act they thought right—had no dread of, perhaps never even gave a thought to the consequences. The "by the Eternal" of the President was the animus of the citizen, and I often fancied (as did others) that they were very alike in looks.

The hair of Col. Kerchival was a true index of his character. It was kept cut short, and every "particular one" of the dense growth stood stiffly, savagely erect, without depending upon, and as if scorning the support of, the others; and had an individuality of its own—had a gladiatorial presence and a challenge to combat. So, too, was it with the man. He appeared to snuff the battle from afar, like an old war-horse, and had the most sublime contempt for those who did not agree with him. There was something grand in his attitude, whether right or wrong, though it is very much to be doubted if he ever admitted the possibility of the latter. That would have been a human weakness, of which he could never have believed himself guilty. What *he* thought and said *must be right*, and it was impudence of the most gross character in any to question. And if the disputant happened to be young! Ah! then Lear was rivalled. But his passion was like

:"A full hot horse, who being allowed his way,
Self-mettle tires him."

And he soon became the calm gentleman again; for under all the heat there was a tender, almost womanly heart, and the eyes that one moment flashed baleful lightnings would the next be misty with genuine tears.

Of the more than iron will, memory will reproduce many examples to the minds of those no longer young, whose eyes kindly rest upon these pages. A few are so strikingly

characteristic of the man that I cannot refrain from giving them place. And I do so the more willingly as one instance proves beyond all cavil his inward, native goodness, no matter how warped at times, and a determination for the right.

The habits of Mr. Kerchival, in the matter of drinking, had not been good. It was the crying sin of the era—the most serious blight upon the escutcheon of the fair young City. His indulgences had grown upon him. Inebriety became the rule rather than the exception, and a speedy and dishonored grave appeared to be his inevitable doom, unless there was a radical change. And it came when least expected by his friends. He decided to drink no more—and instantly stopped. Severe sickness followed, as a natural sequence to the sudden lack of stimulant; and when a physician prescribed and held the “poisoned cup” to his lips, and told him he must drink if he would live, the old Roman dashed it aside, and vowed “he would die before he tasted a single drop”—and he kept his word.

Subsequently he became the president of the Temperance Society, and one night, when a meeting was in progress, some one brought forward a negro to sign the pledge, his face flamed with indignation, he declared the meeting adjourned, and rushed from the room. It was touching him in a very tender spot. His hatred for a colored person was too intense for him to admit the slightest association. Indeed, it was laughable how peculiarly sensitive he was upon the subject, and his loathing was so great that had he then (his views became somewhat softened at a later date) been convinced that that particular race would have been admitted into heaven, he would have considered it a good and sufficient reason and ample justification for going in the contrary direction.

The same imperative will—the same strong, overmastering prejudice controlled his judicial acts and legal decisions, even more than he was himself aware. Though I believe

him to have been honest to his heart's core, yet there was an irresistible bias that sometimes ran away with his better judgment, and bordered upon the ludicrous, and he made law quite a different affair from that laid down in the statute book and held to be sound by higher authority. I give an instance:

It was claimed, and justly, that active firemen were exempt from street tax, and custom, at least, had made it binding. But "Squire Kerchival" argued otherwise. He permitted a suit to be brought against one of the "fire fighters" for the amount, and sternly overruled the exemption. Then the defense produced three of the most prominent physicians, who swore point blank, that on account of bodily injuries, the defendant was not able to work upon the streets and consequently not liable. There was nothing in rebuttal. But "the Squire" ignored the testimony entirely. He had made up his mind and that was sufficient—said "he had seen the defendant dance half the night, and any one who was able to dance was able to work on the streets, and he'd be (well, say blessed!) if he shouldn't either do it or pay!"—vowed he wouldn't permit an appeal, and forthwith issued an execution.

But nothing came of it; and his books, if now to be found, will reveal the judgment unsatisfied. Sober second-thought had shown him the impracticability and absurdity of his course, and I presume he laughed as heartily as did others at his high-handed defiance of law and testimony. It was simply one of the furious storms that the soonest clear the sky.

Next to, if not equal with his hatred of "our brothers carved in ebony" was that of dogs. He had the most mortal antipathy to them. They never entered into his conception of Paradise. In that particular, if in no other, he was "close communion," and would have cut off the best of his friends among the Red Men from the happy hunting-grounds, for their love of and close intimacy with their use-

ful four-footed companions. This feeling was no secret, and it was made use of to annoy the old gentleman, though truth to tell more from the fun that would arise out of it than malice.

The prime mover was Doctor —— (he might not fancy having his name given to the public, so I'll e'en whisper it very lowly and confidentially upon the solemn pledge that you'll "never tell nobody") — Doctor Max Myers. He caused an advertisement to be inserted in one of the papers, that Squire Kerchival was very anxious to purchase a good dog, and requested any who had one for sale to bring it to his office between the hours of nine and twelve upon the following day. And such a collection as appeared, *mirabile dictu!* Dutch men, and dutch women, and dutch girls, and dutch boys from the neighborhood of "Lill's Brewery"; Milesian men, women, girls, and boys from the North, South, East, and West, and ragged juveniles from every alley. And dogs? No race appeared unrepresented. The "School Section" (old settlers will understand the meaning of the term) were in full force, terriers, Newfoundland, pointers, setters, hounds, bulldogs, "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart," big, little, useful, worthless were all there, and the office was taken by storm, and the street crowded, and a human and canine Babel reigned and Bedlam was outdone!

But the reception they received! It beggars all the power of description, let imagination run riot ever so madly; the motley crowd was hurried, driven, hustled, not very gently, down the stairs amid the wildest jargon and carnival of denunciation, and curses, and vows of vengeance from Teutonic, Irish and—that was the feather that crushed the spine of the camel—colored lips; the door locked, and the scales of Justice that day left untended. And "wrathy" indeed was the Squire when he found it was a practical joke—blew hot and blew cold—but when the waves had lashed their fury out he bore no malice.

Despite his peppery temper, Lewis C. Kerchival—Colonel Kerchival—was a man to be respected. None of us are without faults, and his came from natural organization—from the want perhaps of proper training when young—from his head rather than heart. He was of the *ancient régime*—had the manners of a “gentleman of the old school”—the will that would have caused him to march triumphantly to the stake for a principle, and the nerve to endure torture without a groan. He was as much a part of his times as the buildings—has left a name that is indissolubly connected with Chicago—was true as steel in his friendships and when the sod was placed over him, many of what the world called “better men” would have been less missed.

URIAH P. HARRIS.

Nature created Uriah P. Harris, for a fireman, and I am inclined to the belief that his playthings in the cradle must have been miniature trumpets, spanners, and wrenches, and that the first use he made of his limbs was to “run with the machine,” and of his hands, to hold a pipe and a butt! This may seem an idle delusion of the fancy, but the after-life of the man would appear to prove the theory.

Mr. Harris, I am quite confident, owed his nativity to New York City. During his younger days he was a member, and we may be certain an active one, of engine number 27, “Old North River,” and in the rough school of the Volunteer department, the constant calls for energy and courage, and the not unfrequent difficulties with rival companies, he learned, and learned well, the stern lessons that fitted him for his after career.

Upon his arrival in Chicago, he joined "Osceola, number 3," then having a house upon the river bank on the north side, at the foot of Dearborn Street—the "Kid Glove Company," as its enemies dubbed it. It was composed for the most part of the "solid men" of the North Division (with a few from the South side), and represented much wealth, and the very first of social standing; a distinctive feature it retained in a great degree to the very last, although the first members bore away the palm in these respects, and the names to be found upon its (then) roll stood and stand to-day as high as any in the city, and the paid department do no more severe work than was done by the "hand engines" then—if they equal it.

The coolness, the power to control and direct others, the far-sightedness, the quickness of decision, the knowledge of the fantastic moods of the flames, the scope and force of water, the best point of attack, the surest way to defeat, all belonged to Mr. Harris, and he was dowered with the strength and stamina to defy the excesses of heat, and cold, and exposure, inseparable to such a life.

All will remember him, for he was a part of the new as well as the old Chicago. His figure was tall and presence commanding—a shade too heavy in his later years for the arduous duty, but never shirking it. The strongest, the absorbing passion of his life was to be a fireman. It was his *beau idéal* of perfect manhood—the achme of human bliss—the highest aim of his ambition. No general ever felt more happy than he in marshalling his forces against the "devouring element"—none were more jubilant in victory.

But it must be remembered that his was no common conception of what constituted a true fireman. It had been the study of his lifetime—he had consecrated himself to it, as it were, and the one who reached his mark had to combine all the elements of daring, even to recklessness, coolness, amid the most trying circumstances, trained judgment, a quick eye, a firm hand, untiring muscle, an iron

constitution, to know by intuition what was right, and the nerve to carry it out, unheeding the clamor of the populace or the intermeddling of those who held *quasi* power in municipal affairs.

That Uriah P. Harris combined in a remarkable degree these rare qualities, his repeated election to the office of Chief Engineer (and no more important one can be adduced), I think, conclusively proves. In this even the outcry of party was strangled, and though there were plenty of seekers after the "loaves and fishes" connected with it, yet to the praise of Chicago be it recorded, the better judgment permitted no swelling and fury of political waves to turn them from what was believed their best interests and the most certain means of safety. The fiat was then, whatever it may be now, that life and property, when weighed against fire, was above and paramount to all party feeling.

I think, none will question the ability with which Mr. Harris managed fires. And it must be taken into consideration, how often and much he was crippled for want of necessary machines and an adequate supply of water. Human muscle is not as tireless as steam, human nature not as reliable as steel, human passions have no safety-valve that can be chained down and control them, humanity is ever subject to the overthrowing powers of jealousy, envy, malice, and insubordination. And all these were against him, at least in the early part of his career, and I remember well a remark from his lips, when the change came from the Volunteer department and breath of fire, lungs of steam and sinews of iron were substituted; when horses did the heavy labor of drawing and machinery of working—when men arrived at the scene of destruction without being already tired out.

"I tell you," he said, "steamers don't get exhausted or drunk, and can be depended on every time."

This was immediately after what was then termed "a great fire" (ah! how fearfully the memory of it was blotted out at a later day, when a second Sodom swept away acres

of buildings, and in a breath crumbled even the most substantial to ashes or melted them as wax in a thrice-heated furnace!) in Lake street (on the north side of the street between Clark and Dearborn), when tired nature strove to sustain itself by stimulants, and there was left behind a sad, sad record of destruction and death—heavy pecuniary losses and monumental marbles in the graveyard.

Mr. Harris was a man of intense feelings and strong passions. They were the requisite fuel to drive him on in his chosen career, just as much as coal and wood are to the locomotive. Without them he could never have been what he was. But passion with him was no long-lingering feeling. It would have been impossible for him to have “nursed wrath to keep it warm.” He was too great-hearted for that. Beside his inherent love of mirth—his rollicking nature would never have permitted such a thing. His laugh was most hearty and contagious; his play boisterous, and the very corner-stone of his being was sociability. Condemned to a hermit life—sundered from genial companionship, he would have been the most unhappy of mortals and not long known to the living. As a Crusoe, he would not have survived to see a “Friday,” whether day or man! Generous he was to a fault—far too much so for his own good in a pecuniary point, and was something of a *gourmand* in eating, while exceedingly dainty in taste and not to be charged with gluttony. Like many men of his mould, he was tender-hearted—unusually so. Charity with him was more than a name—was not simply a spasm, but an ever-living and breathing reality, and tears in the eyes of woman, no matter who she might be, ever caused his own to flow.

Mr. Harris was perhaps too much of the order of *Sans Souci*, to have claimed the motto of Bayard, but to that can be attributed much of the personal popularity which, in connection with his ability in his chosen profession, enabled him so long to retain his high position as Chief.

His friends were very warm and lasting ones. He threw his whole soul into his intercourse, as indeed he did into everything else—was fond even to extremes of the amusements that go very far toward relieving the dullness of life—to compensate for its trials. A good horse had in him a good friend and protector, and the drama an ardent admirer. Indeed he was enthusiastic concerning it, and chess might almost have been called a passion. And, though the fact is probably not widely known, he was quite literary in his tastes.

His faults, whatever they may have been, sprang from an excess of warmth in his nature, from too much carbonic acid, I might say, in his organization, from impulse not to be resisted, from the whip and spur of too rapidly bounding blood—never from premeditated wrong. No one ever yet heard so hearty and spontaneous a laugh come from a villian's throat.

But whatever his errors, the mantle of that broad charity, with which he ever so liberally shrouded others, should be extended to him. His virtues counterbalance them, and it has been well written, "none are perfect, no not one." He has passed "beneath the veil," but will not soon be forgotten—cannot be. As long as there is a Chicago Fire Department, he will be remembered with pleasure. What it now is (without detracting one iota from the fame of others), he assisted greatly to make it, and no true fireman will hesitate to lay a wreath of asphodel upon his resting place.

HENRY B. CLARKE.

No one among the olden time hunters will ever pass the grave of Henry B. Clarke save reverently and with uncovered head

Mr. Clarke was, *de facto*, one of the "old settlers." About forty years ago he erected his (then) famous mansion, dwarfing all others, on the South side of the river, and equalled only by that of William B. Ogden on the north—of which it was the rival. Its cost was some ten thousand dollars—a mere bagatelle now, but at the time was looked upon with alarm, and designated by many names, the most gentle of which was, perhaps, "folly." The building was fashioned after, and to a great degree a reproduction of, that of the first Mayor of Chicago (William B. Ogden, A.D. 1837), with broad, pillared porch; inviting, comfortable, substantial, and a marked object in the almost wilderness of prairie.

One can scarcely conceive, at this day, the enterprise and energy necessary to successfully carry out such an undertaking, when the city was yet in its swaddling clothes (with only about two thousand inhabitants), the country unsettled, the trail of the Indians yet unobliterated, their corn growing at "Wolf's Point," their camp fires nightly burning, and their war cry scarcely stilled; when skilled labor was difficult to command, and when much of the interior wood-work had to be transported from the State of New York. Indeed, everything taken into consideration, it might well have been looked upon as Herculean labor, and one bordering even upon insanity. But the South side

gloried in it, as they did in everything that tended, in the least, to break the somewhat arrogant power of the North, and lessen its prestige.

When Mr. Clarke builded his home it fronted to the East, and was sentinelled by tall Lombardy poplars—striking objects amid such surroundings. It was distant a mile and one-half from the nearest neighbor, was in a streetless plain, and to be reached only by the road along the lake shore—the highway from the Wabash. And it is recorded as an instance of his goodness of heart, and thoughtfulness for the welfare of others, that he every night hung out a lantern to guide belated and perplexed travellers, and save them from the treacherous and almost bottomless sloughs.

The location of the house was near the scene—a trifle to the south, if I remember correctly—of the massacre of 1812, and amid the mimic mountains of ever-shifting sand rested the bones of the soldiers ruthlessly slain by Indian treachery and—why should it not be written?—by the obstinacy and incompetency of white leaders.

Not here, perhaps, is the proper place to discuss the merits of that fatal evacuation of Fort Dearborn; but a decade and a half of years since investigation of the facts (after gathering the most authentic information possible) forced this conclusion: the massacre was the result of self-opinion, suspicion, and jealousy of inferiors, the destruction of stores, the want of knowledge of the Indian character and contempt of their power. But whatever the cause, its history was written in blood.

Mr. Clarke combined shrewdness with energy of character. He was a partner of William Jones and Byram King (notable names in the early history of the Garden City) in the Hardware business (on South Water Street), and a director in the Chicago Branch of the State Bank. In his later years he withdrew from active business associations, and devoted his time to the cultivation of the soil and to the sport his very soul loved—that of hunting; having

for companions such men as D. D. Stanton, Harvey Blakesley, L. C. Hugunin ("Len"), Ashley Gilbert, and others.

Judging from his treatment of me, and from what I heard from others, Mr. Clarke must have been a remarkably genial companion—one with command of self and one possessing the traits of character that make men loved while living, and when gone, remembered with tender regret. Certainly his friends were warm ones, though I fancy the number admitted to the very hearth-stone of his heart was not large. But those who enjoyed the privilege remained firm to the last—till, in 1849, the blight and mildew and doom of cholera fell upon the the City and swept him away.

He was a man of strong feelings, and remembered injustice very keenly. His early life had been passed amid the scenes that most truly "tried men's souls," for the business battle of those years was not what it is now—the means of transportation but as a pony express to the countless railway cars—or, as the speed of a tortoise to that of a greyhound. Money was scarce and hard to command; credit sat weeping amid the ruined altars of speculation, and when the crash of 1837 came, Mr. Clarke did not escape being crippled. This, and subsequent struggles, I think, must have somewhat distilled the gall of bitterness into his cup of life, and ever after shadowed it. But he was the possessor of a brave heart and high moral courage. The latter was shown upon his death-bed. He calmly faced the inevitable, gave minute directions about his temporal affairs, and designated the spot of his burial—that he should be placed beneath a spreading tree upon his own ground, and not consigned to the cheerless graveyard where the drifting sand hid all trace one day, and the next permitted the wind to blow upon the unearthed coffin!

I know not if tree or grave remains now, so completely has the city swallowed up the surroundings—so much has

the vandal hand of "improvement" obliterated old and cherished land-marks. But I do know that in former days the grave of Henry B. Clarke was held in reverence by old settlers and huntsmen, and each in passing laid (at least mentally) a flower upon the grassy mound.

No man in whom the love of dogs and horses is as strongly developed, as was the case in Mr. Clarke, can ever be otherwise than warm-hearted and full of tenderness; but if, at times, bitterness fell from his lips, it was but the natural out-cropping of the trials through which he had passed. But it was a growth of tares that could never uproot the wheat—of weeds that were held in check by blossoms of humanity. Had he been thrown upon the extreme frontier he would have been foremost in the ranks of pioneers; had he been with Boone and Simon Kenton they would have had a brother who would have won an equal name, and never shirked trial or flinched danger. If more lapped in City life he would have sighed for gun and for freedom, and the leaves of the ledger would be irksome, no matter what the profits. As it was, his later life was a happy medium between the two extremes. He lived upon neutral ground between civilization and wilderness—could turn in a moment from one to the other, and when not actually engaged in agriculture his face was more often seen at the Calumet and the O'Plain than in Lake Street, and his gun more often heard on prairie and river than his voice upon the public square. For all his ambition in house-building he loved nature, primeval, better than right-angled streets and piles of brick and mortar; and believing, to the full, in the creed that "God made the country and man made the town," he gladly turned his back upon

"The cold, heartless city, with its forms
And dull routine; its artificial manners,
And arbitrary rules; its cheerless pleasures,
And mirthless masqueing."

Mr. Clarke belonged to the "old stock" that are rapidly fading away from the sight of men—but not to be forgotten. That can never be. Their names are written as with pencils of steel upon tablets of marble—written upon all of Chicago as indelibly as those of the Indians are upon headland, river, prairie, and waterfall. Every thought of the past brings them back—repeoples the earth again with the forms long since laid down to their silent rest. A few—a very few remain, with the furrows plowed by years upon their faces, and "the snow that falls but never melts" lodged in their scant hair; and it is a duty, as it should be a pleasure, not only for their children and children's children, but of all in Chicago to gather and garner all possible reminiscences against the time when their history will be more valuable than letters of gold.

There was a manliness about these old Argonauts—a self-dependence, an iron nerve, and unbending front of which we see but little now. Perhaps it is not called out. They were men to be relied on in every emergency, and among them Henry B. Clarke stood high-placed, and, as far as I ever knew, with unsullied character. He never (to the best of my recollection) sought or held public office—a striking commentary upon some that might be named, and on that very account left a purer record. He never could have been a sycophant for place or power—a Janus for loaves and fishes; and while he might, by so doing, have left more property, what he did was unmortgaged to political corruption and broken promises. From his life and those who stood shoulder to shoulder with him in the ranks, the "rings" of to-day may learn a lesson it would be for their benefit to ponder and remember, if they aim for a higher and nobler manhood. Aye, it would be well for the younger business men of Chicago to go to such graves as that of Henry B. Clarke and learn wisdom from their dust and ashes.

SAMUEL J. LOWE.

In the first Directory of Chicago (*Robert Fergus, Compiler and Publisher, A.D. 1839*), can be found the name of Samuel J. Lowe, "High Constable and Deputy-Sheriff," showing that he was a resident at an early day, but I have no means of deciding the exact time. He was twice elected Sheriff (1842 and 1844), and subsequently Justice of the Peace, an office, I think, he held at the time of his decease. He was twice married, and a number of his children still survive.

Mr. Lowe was of English parentage—and he was born, if recollection serves me rightly, in the mother country; and, though thoroughly Americanized in feelings, retained some of the traits that mark the subjects of Queen Victoria to the end. This, however, was only in manner, accent, and idiom. There was nothing of worship for the crown remaining. And—if indeed he had ever been much tinctured in that direction, which is exceedingly doubtful in my mind—all of early prejudice, and love, and reverence for royalty had been obliterated. He was a democrat at heart as well as in name—a strong partisan; and the "divine right," according to his belief, was vested in the people and not in kings—the *vox populi* paramount to the single will of man or woman. In fact he had little patience with any who boasted the superiority of England in any respect, and could scarcely tolerate them at his own table, although one of the most hospitable of men.

One instance of this came under my own immediate observation.

He, like all Englishmen (and are not, "Yankees" the same if blessed with the slightest epicurean taste?) was fond of roast beef, and he was a good judge of the article in its primitive state, and knew when it was properly cooked. At dinner one day, at his house, were some genuine specimens of the newly arrived John Bull—sex, masculine; species, cockney—who, ignoring the etiquette and politeness of the occasion, indulged in egotistical bombast as to their native country, and were loud in condemnation of everything this side of the water. Mr. Lowe heard them in silence, though rising color told how unpalatable was the theme to him. Under other circumstances he might not have borne so patiently. In the role of host he was fettered, and endeavored again and again to turn the tide of conversation, but without success. And everything came in for censure, from the President and Cabinet down even to food, and the wholesale declaration was made (and that in the face of as prime a piece of beef as Straun ever fed and "Bill Gallagher" ever butchered, and which it would have been very difficult to duplicate in any market in the world) "that there was nothing fit to heat in this 'ere blarsted country," or words to that effect.

Quick almost as a lightning flash the hot blood surged to the very temples of Mr. Lowe. Not only his adopted country, but himself and his table, had been insulted, and by those partaking of his kindly proffered hospitality; and before second-thought came to his rescue he answered and asked: "Why, then, in the name of heaven, didn't you stay in England?"

That he regretted it afterward I know, although the reproof was richly merited, and he felt he had lowered himself to their level. However it mattered little. They were too thick-skinned to feel his virtuous indignation, and if the shaft was felt at all, consoled themselves with a double allowance of the beef that "was not fit to eat," and which was such a toothsome morsel as they had, probably, never easted upon before in their lives.

And here (though out of place) I cannot refrain from introducing an anecdote of Henry G. Hubbard, as it bears directly upon the subject—he sharing with Mr. Lowe his disgust of such ill-breeding and ignorant assumption, and especially as it was first told me by the latter.

Mr. H. G. Hubbard was dining at the City Hotel (transformed from stores by the Hon. Francis C. Sherman “because they were built too far from trade!” and subsequently rebuilt and rebaptised as the “Sherman House”) with some of his friends, when a party of English (not English gentlemen and ladies—very far from it) who were seated opposite indulged in loud-mouthed vituperation of all things American. Mr. Hubbard listened quietly for a time and then with straight face, but eyes twinkling with mischief, began to describe to one of his friends (but intended for other ears) the severe trials of the early settlers of Chicago—how they had to go out upon the prairie, and dig under the snow for old buffalo bones, left by the Indians the previous summer, to make soup to sustain their lives, and much more to the same effect.

“‘Orrible! ’orrible!’” was the comment of the foreigners.

Mr. Hubbard seeing that the bait had been swallowed, enlarged his stories, and as the vulgarity of “Western people” had been harped upon, wound up by calling aloud to the waiter who was serving pudding:

“Here, bring me about a quart of that poultice and put on plenty of the ointment!”

That was enough for John Bull. They left in a hurry, and Chicago, as reported by them, must have had a hard name. But could they have heard the explosions of laughter that followed, and have known Henry G. Hubbard as did the others at the table, they might have been a trifle sceptical as to the information they had put down as “perfectly reliable!”

That Mr. Lowe possessed more than usual qualifications for Sheriff will not be questioned by any one familiar with

his character. He had firmness, coolness under the most trying circumstances, a quick, working, and decisive mind; was fertile in expedients and endowed with honesty that nothing could shake.

If specific proof of the latter were needed it could be found in his being among the first, if not the very first, selected to guard the specie while in *transitu* from the Government Land Office at Chicago to St. Louis. Of the danger, as well as the responsibility of the undertaking, at such an early day, when the means of conveyance was simply stage coaches, often floundering through muddy prairie and "stuck" in muddy sloughs, those living in Illinois at the time will need no testimony. Organized bands of counterfeiters, horse thieves, and desperate men, versed in crime of every character, abounded. The "Regulators" had at best been only "scotched," not killed. For every head of the serpent crushed another was reared. The "Davenport murderers" were in their glory—the "Driscolls" flourishing and banded for evil with their brothers in infamy throughout the wide west. Every grove from Inlet and Paw Paw to the Wabash might have been said to contain *caches* of stolen goods and horses, the cellar of many a tavern, the bones of murdered men, and the "Hubbard Trail" was not unmarked by blood. In every respect it needed men of inflexible nerve and the most sterling honesty, for such an undertaking as the transportation of such a tempting lure, and to be among the number chosen was "proof as strong as holy writ" that the man was looked upon by his fellows as the right one in the right place.

And so it was with Samuel J. Lowe in all his business transactions, whether public or private. If as Justice of the Peace he ever erred in giving judgment, the fault arose not from a want of determination to do right at what ever cost—no matter who was to be mulcted, but from a failure to comprehend the intricate manipulation of keen-witted law-

yers, the wilful perversion of evidence, the almost impossibility to draw the line of demarkation between truth and falsehood. But he never was blinded by gold. Had he been, he would have died a richer man—have left perchance a more towering marble above his grave, but a less shining record upon it.

At the time he was Sheriff the office was the reverse of a bed of roses. It was not a very lucrative one—the jail was an old log building—eternal vigilance was truly the price of the safety of the prisoners—the city had police that were little better than a farce—was a chosen refuge for scamps—rail-roads were in their infancy—the State Prison was at Alton, and sentenced men had to be taken thither by stage, with daring confederates watchful and ever ready to aid them to escape, even at the cost of bloodshed; the journey was long—the roads (spring and fall) muddy, running through a sparsely settled country, and the price for their transportation did not admit a plethora of guards. But the record of Samuel J. Lowe challenges the assertion that he did not ever-faithfully keep watch and ward—that he failed to safely deliver, within the grim walls of Alton, every one entrusted to his care.

The starting of a lot of prisoners for State's Prison, as then manipulated, would be a curiosity in the Garden City now. Nearly opposite the jail (on Randolph Street, between Clark and LaSalle) stood the old, smoke and dirt begrimed shop of "Jake Lower, Blacksmith." (I give the name from memory and spell it phonetically, and may be wrong in both, though I think not.) When the time came for departure, the stages of Frink and Walker were drawn up before the apology for a prison, the doomed men brought out handcuffed and with heavy shackles upon their ancles. Then "Jake" appeared upon the scene and *rivettted* a bar of iron from one of the double fastenings to the other, and the men were bundled into the stage and whirled away to punishment under the care of keepers, the crack-

ing of the driver's whip and the shouts and cheers of the gamins.

In this connection, I might add that his official duty forced him to be present at and take part in the execution of John Stone for the murder of Mrs. Thompson (July 10, 1840), and, that, though the circumstances were particularly atrocious—the doom a just one—the culprit hardened and ribald—yet the inner heart of Mr. Lowe would gladly have turned him aside from seeing the death agony, even while his high sense of duty led to unflinchingly stand upon the scaffold.

The love of his adopted country was very strong in Mr. Lowe. It was shadowed forth during the Mexican war, and had he lived at the time of the "late unpleasantness" he would have thrown all his influence into the scale for the Union, and given liberally of his means. At one time (in the City of New York) I believe he was a member of a military organization, and his tastes ran strongly in that direction.

Circumstances that could not be avoided, duties and family cares that must ever be paramount in the heart of any true man, kept him from following the bent of his inclination, and going to the Mexican war. But he could compensate for his absence by giving of his children, and there was no mawkish sensibility about his so doing. Two at least of them burned to "revel in the halls of the Montezumas," and he bade them go and furnished the means for horses and all "the pomp and glory of war."

"But," said one, "in case our army should be beaten, driven back, and we forced to retreat, what then?"

"Then," was the reply, and, though jokingly uttered, intended in all its soundness, "then, if you come to Chicago, ride through it as fast as you can run your horse, and don't ever stop where I will see you again!"

And such words were not idle from his lips. With Jackson, I take it, he would have indeed stood as a "stone

wall"—with his countrymen at Waterloo, he would have been among the last Wellington would ever have been called to blush for.

I have spoken of his being a man of nerve, firmness, and coolness, and am confident he would have walked to the scaffold rather than given up a principle. Though far from being an athlete—not being above the medium size, and ungifted with any remarkable physical power, yet he never shrank from an encounter, if necessary, and in more than one instance, to my knowledge, arrested breakers of the law who had "whipped out" and defied others. This his own self-command and the rare faculty of controlling and intimidating others enabled him to do, and looking back through the data of memory, I fail to find a single instance where he resorted to weapons, though the necessities of his situation sometimes made it obligatory upon him to carry them. Indeed, I remember to have frequently heard him speak scornfully of others who did so and made a boast of it, and no more humane man in the treatment of prisoners could have been found, even while exercising all of firmness and permitting nothing "but what the law allowed and the court adjudged."

Of these things peculiar family associations, and the *entrée* of his house at all times and at all hours gave me a better opportunity than another to judge, for Mr. Lowe was a modest, reticent man, quiet in his speech and manner, and I never heard anything boastful fall from his lips. To know him, one must have been with him—to have read his character aright, have watched the details of his actions, and sought the mainspring of his motives—have looked at that which was hidden rather than at that which was revealed. Perhaps—and there are many who so judge of men—his penmanship was a true index to his character. It was rather stiff than graceful—precise to Quakerism—neat to a fault and legible as the cleanest cut type—was, as might be said, without a blot—was in perfect keeping with

the man. To compare it with the fashionable handwriting of the present would be to compare the beautiful Roman simplicity of these pages with the fanciful fonts that are elaborated almost to unintelligibility—and, if anything Mr. Lowe detested, it was “flourish.”

In the circle of his associates Mr. Lowe was noted for his hospitality. A courteous and genial welcome met all who visited him, and though naturally somewhat retiring, yet when business cares were thrown aside there were few more companionable men to be found. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and was always a welcome guest at the St. George and Yorkshire dinners. He was a regular attendant, if not a member, of the Episcopal Church.

Death came in the midst of his usefulness, and while he was still a young man—came at a time when he could but illy be spared by his family—came in a terribly painful manner. He bore all patiently and bravely, and left behind a name that will be remembered and honored.

Save his own immediate family no one saw his eyes close, save Darius Knights and myself. It was a trying, terribly painful scene. His disease was said to have been the same as that of Napoleon, and the “Hero of St. Helena” could not have more bravely faced the Destroyer, and, as far as mortal eyes could judge, with a more trustful heart and firm belief that for his soul the golden gates were already ajar.

May we sleep as well when for us the summons comes.



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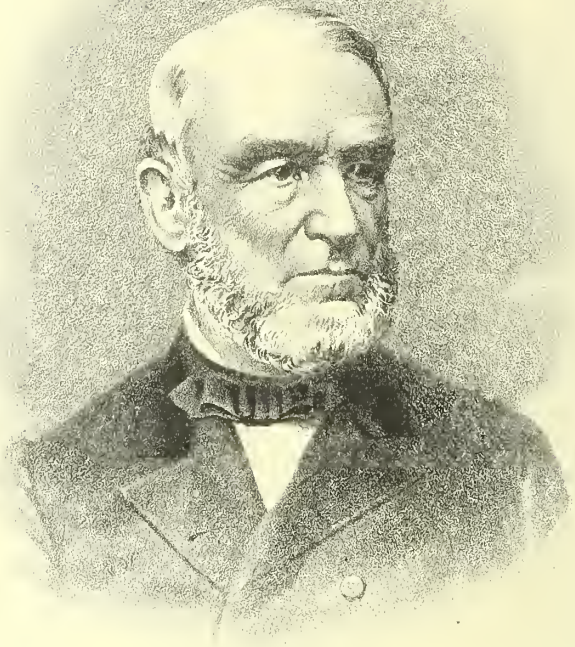
Number Six

Short Biographical Sketches
of some of Chicago's Early Settlers:

Part 2.

WM. H. BROWN, ✓ B. W. RAYMOND, Esq., Hon. J. YOUNG SCAMMON,
CHARLES WALKER, Esq., ✓ THOMAS CHURCH, Esq.





I am, Dear Lady,
Yours truly,
W. A. Brown

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CHICAGO:
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1876.

HON. WILLIAM H. BROWN.

[From the Chicago Magazine, March, 1857.]

To write a sketch of some living men which would be truthful and at the same time readable, which shall present their virtues in due relation to their faults, and as relieved by them, without injustice to the feelings of the parties concerned, is not an easy matter.

Some men are, like the head of a certain statesman, of which the phrenologist could make nothing, because he could find no "bump" about it—it was symmetrically smooth in every part—while others exhibit such decided traits of character, that inequalities are a matter of necessity. Their virtues and their failings alike exhibit themselves decidedly, and in natural correspondence with each other.

Mr. Brown, the subject of this sketch, is a man of marked and decided traits. What he knows, he knows; what he says, he means; and whatever subject comes before him elicits, without delay, a plump and square opinion. Such men must of necessity cross somebody's track, in the course of their lives, and will come to be somewhat differently regarded by different classes of people.

While, therefore, this sketch will endeavor to set forth Mr. Brown as he is, as far as it goes, it cannot of course enter upon such a discussion as would be called for were he not yet moving among us.

Mr. Brown is a native of the State of Connecticut, and was born about the beginning of the nineteenth century. His father was a native of Rhode Island; his profession was that of the law, which he practiced for some twenty-five years, at Auburn, N.Y., with decided talent and success, and then removed to the City of New York, where, a few years since, he died.

The son William, gained his education, as many young men of his time were accustomed to do, while the country was not as well supplied with schools of a high grade as at present, partly in the office of his father, and at various schools; but not extending it in youth, far beyond what are considered good business acquirements. He studied law with his father, and then engaged in its practice with him.

In December, 1818, about the time of his majority, as we infer, he came to seek his fortune in the farther or extreme West, as it

then was; and opened a law office in the old French town of Kaskaskia, in this State. His inducement to select Illinois as the State of his residence, he declared to be, that it had, in the summer of that year, adopted a *free* Constitution; without which he would by no means have taken a residence in it. In the spring of 1819, he was appointed a Clerk of the United States Court, which office he held for the period of sixteen years. The seat of government being removed to Vandalia, and the law requiring the Clerk of the Court to keep his office at the Capitol of the State, Mr. Brown followed it thither in December, 1820. He immediately purchased one-half the proprietary interest in a newspaper then published, and called "*The Illinois Intelligencer*." This paper dated back to 1815, and was the first newspaper ever established in the Territory. Mr. Brown entered upon its editorial duties, and continued in that connection until February, 1823. His partner in the paper was Mr. Wm. Berry, who was a member of the legislature of 1823; which legislature passed a resolution for a convention to alter the Constitution of the State, with a view to the introduction of slavery. The means, by which this resolution went through the legislature, were of a very high-handed character, which the reader will find somewhat illustrated on pages 52-3 of Ford's History of Illinois; and in a lecture delivered before the Historical Society of Chicago, by Mr. Brown.

Mr. Berry voted for this resolution, while Mr. Brown the editor was against it, and denounced it in such terms as he thought applicable to the case. Having prepared an article for the next paper, which exposed the scandalous measures by which the resolution had been carried through the House of Representatives, and having taken proofs of it, preparatory to its insertion, these proofs were surreptitiously taken from the office; and being read by the parties implicated, a storm was at once raised, such as is not uncommon, even in our day, when this same question of slavery is at stake. The usual remedy for such impertinent boldness was at once proposed, *viz.*: a mob, which should demolish the office, and send Mr. Brown about other business. Luckily, Mr. Brown had friends, and his friends had pluck; and their rally saved the office. The paper containing the awful exposition appeared; and was deemed such an indignity to the august body whose doings had been censured, that a resolution was adopted citing the author to their bar. To this citation Mr. Brown declined to answer; giving as his reason, that the Constitution secured the liberty of the Press: and so the resolution went over as unfinished business, and the wounded honor of the House was committed to the tender mercies of the time for its healing.

The partnership in the Illinois Intelligencer came to an end, by the sale of Mr. Brown's interest; and the paper advocated the convention—or in other words, the introduction of slavery

—for the next year. By some reasons, nevertheless, not made public, the paper was given into other editorial hands, some eight months before the vote was taken, and, during that time, did good service in the canvass for freedom.

As Mr. Brown had embarked in the cause of freedom in the State, and had determined to leave it, should the folly of re-introducing slavery prevail, he now gave most of his time to writing and working against that policy; and did much toward securing the verdict rendered in the 2000 majority which forbid its establishment; for which we who now dwell here, and our posterity, will owe him a debt of gratitude and honor.

In December, 1822, the subject of this sketch was married to Miss Harriet C. Seward, daughter of Col. John Seward, deceased, then of Montgomery Co., Ill. Mrs. Brown is the mother of four living sons and one daughter; of whom three are now in active business, and two in the course of their education.

Mr. Brown removed with his family to Chicago, in October, 1835, having been appointed cashier of a branch of the State Bank of Illinois, which had been created here in the winter of 1834. This position he had accepted with some reluctance, under the impression that his previous pursuits had not been of a kind to give him that knowledge of financial matters required in the charge of such an institution. In urging upon him the appointment, one of the principal stockholders remarked, that he possessed one qualification very necessary: in that he could say NO, as easily as most men could say YES. As soon as the proper arrangements could be completed, the bank commenced operations, and continued as the only institution of the kind till the year 1843.

The Bank prospered well under Mr. Brown's management, and might, perhaps, have been prospering yet, had the state of the country been anywise settled and healthy. But the serious derangements commencing in 1836, or rather back of that period, in the financial affairs of the nation, carried away bank, and business, East and West; and the Illinois State Bank did not escape. It suffered great losses, and these, with adverse legislation, induced the stockholders to wind it up. The Chicago branch suffered with the rest; for real estate was forced upon it in place of money. Yet, in the aggregate, it was so managed that the profit and loss would have shown a balance on the right side.

At the time of Mr. Brown's arrival in the State, its population was not over 40,000; and none, or next to none, of them lived north of the present limits of Bond County. When he came to Chicago, it was a village of about two years' growth, and contained about 2000 people. All Northern Illinois was a wilderness; and, two years later, the whole north half of the State was included in one congressional district; and sent Hon. John T. Stuart, of Springfield, to Congress; electing him over his com-

petitor, Stephen A. Douglas, who, on that occasion, made his first appearance on the stage in pursuit of political honors. The writer of this sketch cast his first vote in Illinois against Mr. Douglas, at that time, and made one of the five majority which defeated him.

In the conduct of such an institution, through times such as these, there were two things which it were impossible to secure together. One was the safety of the institution, and the other, the good-will of all the community. Everybody was in a condition of suffering, and wanted money, with an intensity that could take no denial; and the very urgency of the want, pointed, in no inconsiderable number of cases, to the very reason which made it unsafe to accommodate them. The Cashier of a bank must of necessity look to the safety of his trust. If he is faithful to that, no matter whether *no* is an easy word to him or not; he is forced to make the two letters which compose it, current in his institution. *No*, is not a popular word, with men who wish to borrow money, especially if they wish to borrow it very much; as those then did, who wanted to borrow it at all. Mr. Brown's peculiar qualification already mentioned perhaps conduced more to the safety of his trust, than to his popularity for the time being. But integrity and decision vindicate themselves sooner or later, and he has lost little in the long run. Indeed the men who supposed themselves to suffer from lack of a decision in their favor, would now often choose him as the very man to take charge of a trust of their own, had they one, requiring sagacity and decision united with integrity in its management.

The building, in which the bank was kept, stood at the S.-W. cor. of LaSalle and South Water Sts.; and is well remembered by all the oldest residents of the city. It has only disappeared within the last four or five years.

While the bank was in operation, Chicago was confined principally to the vicinity of the river. The dwellings even, did not stretch far away from the centre. In the spring of 1835, a three story brick building, probably 117 Lake street, was erected, and finished in the fall, and then filled with goods by Breese and Shepherd. It was the general impression that the stand was too *far from the centre* of business, and would prove a bad speculation.

Mr. Brown has been a professor of religion in connection with the Presbyterian Church for many years. He sustained the office of ruling elder in that connection in Vandalia, and has held the office from 1835, or nearly the entire period of his residence in this city; and is as well acquainted with ecclesiastical, as with legal business. He has constantly been a staunch supporter of his own branch of the church; and a reliable helper in any thing properly claiming his aid in any other connection.

The first church edifice of the Presbyterian connection was erected upon the alley on Clark Street; between Lake and Randolph, on the West side of the street, (54 Clark street,) where the firm of S. H. Kerfoot & Co. are now situated. The building fronted towards Lake St.; and a large slough run diagonally through the lot in front of the Church, which, on rainy Sabbaths, and in wet times, was bridged by benches from the Church. The writer of this, has a distinct recollection of thus reaching the interior of this place of worship. This church, was at the time, the only one erected by any denomination; though the Baptists, Methodists, and Episcopalians, all had a church organization; and the Catholics had a small Chapel near the corner of Washington Street and Michigan Avenue. A few families lived on the north side of the river, and a few stores of goods had been opened there. The town had no sidewalks; and mud of no very certain depth, was plenty, and easily reached. Nothing like a harbor existed; and vessels were accustomed to lie outside, and unload by lighters.

In 1840, Mr. Brown was appointed School Agent; an office which involved the care of the funds for School purposes in this city. His election was almost accidental; being by a majority of one only of the Whig party, with which he always acted. His acceptance was on the condition, that his services should be gratuitous; and this very likely contributed to keep him in the office, at a time when party greed watched for every post of profit, however small, very much as hungry dogs watched for bones, without regard to their size, or the sort of animals to which they belong. Perhaps the city never made a more fortunate hit, either by blunder or design; for the state of our Schools hitherto had been most deplorable. The School Fund was all unproductive; having been let, for the most part, to parties who had failed to pay, either principal or interests. There were no school-houses fit for use, and the whole matter of Schools was in a decidedly helter-skelter condition. The real era of a change dates with the election of Mr. Brown to this office of School Agent. Confidence began at once to revive; for all parties, even the hungry ones, felt that the fund *was now safe*.

It was no small labor to collect the scattered fragments of the fund, and put them in shape to be productive; but it was accomplished: and though Mr. B. devoted twelve or thirteen years to this business, in connection with his other affairs; loaning it out as it was collected, he never made an uncollectable debt. The Schools gradually assumed tone and character; suitable houses were built, and the system, as it now is, gained shape and consistency.

At the time of his resignation of the office of School Agent,

in view of his gratuitous services, the Common Council of the city passed the following resolutions:

"Whereas, In the resignation of Wm. H. Brown, late School Agent, the community have lost the services of a faithful, diligent, and meritorious officer; one who for the long period of thirteen years has bestowed a paternal care—to the fostering and judicious management of that sacred trust—the School Fund; and

Whereas, Although the unsolicited expression of public approbation may not add one iota to the already established character of the individual, who is the object of it; yet we believe that a testimonial, of this nature, may afford to any honorable mind a feeling of pleasure and gratification on retiring from office, with the unbiased verdict of well done thou good and faithful servant.

Thereupon be it resolved by the Mayor and Aldermen of the City of Chicago in Common Council assembled.

That we tender to Wm. H. Brown, late School Agent, our fullest expression of respect and approbation, for the correct and judicious manner in which, for such a long period of years, he has fulfilled the duties appertaining to his late position.

Resolved, That in the economical execution and careful attention, with which the late agent has performed his official requirements, we have presented, for the future guidance of his successor, an example well worthy of imitation; and in which we discern the very unusual occurrence of a public office being held by one individual for so long a period, more for the promotion of a laudable and praiseworthy object, than for the emoluments attached to it.

Resolved, That for the more fully carrying out the intention of this Preamble and Resolutions, they be entered on record, and a copy presented to the subject of them."

Mr. B. was one of the first Inspectors of Common Schools, elected under the city charter; and was in that Board for twelve or thirteen consecutive years. This Board of inspectors has been the instrument and agency, and in good degree the cause of our present School System. He was a constant and punctual attendant at its sittings, and a leading and influential member of it; and is entitled to his share of the credit of what it has done.

In the winter of 1846, in connection with a few others, Mr. Brown purchased the original charter of the Galena and Chicago Union Rail Road, from the Estate of E. K. Hubbard, Esq., then lately deceased. Measures were immediately taken to put on foot a working Railroad in the Northwest. A little piece of road had been built before Mr. Hubbard's death, but it was never worked, and went to decay. To start this Galena Road

was an undertaking of no small labor. The country was poor: there were no Rail Roads anywhere in the West; and nobody had much faith in them, nor in fact in anything else. So completely had all confidence been wrecked, in the great revulsions of 1836, and onward, that nobody was willing to embark in any new scheme, either with effort or capital. The extent to which this was then true, cannot be conceived of now, by those who have no experience in that chapter of our history. This Galena Road was therefore looked upon as a very doubtful affair; and any amount of writing and cyphering, conventioning and speech-making, was necessary to get it started. The farmers in the country, who had felt in all their bones, as well as pockets, the need of some means of getting to market with their crops, were much more alive to it than our city property holders; who had saved what little they had out of the fire, so to speak; and who did not like to risk it again beyond their fingers' ends. But the farmers were poor and able to take but little stock; and as the citizens would not risk much, the road was begun on a rather small scale. Mr. B. became one of the largest subscribers to the stock, and is yet one of the most extensive of its stockholders. He has always been a Director of the Road, and is now its Vice-President. He has therefore had ample opportunity to aid in giving shape to the policy under which that Road has been managed.

Mr. Brown was the very man to have a hand in that undertaking. Cautious to a degree verging on excess: knowing the full value of every dollar that passes through his hands: and constitutionally determined that every dime shall do its own duty, he was the very man to aid in the beginning of a road, without adequate means and without confidence, and carry it forward, step by step, to success. The first twelve miles of the road only cost about \$6000 per mile; but the first twelve miles told the story, for they showed that the road could be built, and would pay. This road has been the goose that has laid our golden eggs. It is the mother of all the rest in our Northwest.

Mr. B. is a man of capital. He had acquired a competency before his removal to this city, and since that time, with the exception of the perilous years succeeding 1836, has been constantly adding to the amount. He early became possessed of considerable tracts of real estate, which has of late, very rapidly enhanced in value. He has entered into no rash speculations, nor made any desperate pushes for fortune. He takes care of what he has; and adds to it when he can do so with safety. He has never entered so largely upon building as have some others, but has expended considerable sums in that way at one time and another. His late residence, at the N.-W. cor. of Pine and Illinois Streets, North Side, he erected at a cost of ten thousand dollars, in 1836; and it was, at that time, considered

the best house in the city. He is now building a residence, with front of Athens marble, on Michigan Avenue, to cost about thirty thousand dollars. As to his present possessions, he is not a man who makes any exhibition of his property. His answer to a question regarding it, was, that the inquirer would have "to guess as to the amount." Our guess therefore is, that it will not fall below \$500,000, and may go to twice that sum, or even above that.

Mr. Brown is personally a tall, well-formed man, with a slight stoop of the shoulders; with a keen dark eye, and hair once black as the raven, but now inclining to iron-gray. When young, he is said to have been a very fine-looking man, and we can well believe it, for he holds his honors very well as yet.

Mr. Brown is a *giving* man; being applied to, perhaps, in aid of more charities than any one man in the city; and perhaps he answers to as many, or more, than any man. But he is not *naturally* a giver, for his *motto* is, to keep what he has; and his native answer to all applications, when that answer does not flow through the channel of his christian principles, would very likely be his easy *No!* His manner is often *brusque*; but his heart is kindly; and though he who comes to him for an object not wholly explained, may be chilled by the perpendicularities of a nervous impatience, which explodes suddenly: he has only to wait for the flow of kindness and good sense, which is sure to come, to be reassured.

Mr. Brown has the talent of good common sense; one most certainly of which the world has need, as fully as of any other; this, with his inflexible integrity, gives him a position in regard to trusts, both public and private, held by few men in our city. He is now in the midst of well ripened middle life, and yet in active duty—a large part of it connected with these trusts, of various kinds, put into his hands. We say of him, as Horace said of Augustus—we forget the Latin of it—but the meaning of it is, "Late may he go hence."

Mr. Brown died in Amsterdam, Holland, June 17, 1867, aged 72 years.

HON. WILLIAM H. BROWN.

By R. W. PATTERSON, D. D.

THE present writer has been requested to add to the foregoing sketch of Mr. Brown's life such facts as may be within his knowledge. Being obliged to depend solely on his own memory, he cannot hope to give such interesting particulars as may probably be known to other parties.

During the financial troubles of 1857-1860, Mr. Brown carefully managed his affairs, and escaped serious embarrassment, having, as usual, kept out of debt, and taken good care of his property. In the year 1860, he was elected a member of the House of Representatives in the State Legislature. In this position he acquitted himself honorably and usefully, being among the most industrious, judicious, and influential members of the body.

In the great struggle for the preservation of our government, which may be said to have commenced in a decided form in 1856, and which culminated in the memorable rebellion in 1861, Mr. Brown, as might have been expected, was deeply enlisted for the cause of liberty and the Union. During the Presidential canvass of 1860, he took an active part in support of Mr. Lincoln, and was as much elated, perhaps, as any man by the success of the Republicans. When, however, the rebellion of the Southern States became a certain fact, and internal war was inevitable, he was very much depressed, feeling, as he often said to the writer, that no one could predict the end. But he had faith in God, and had no doubt that it was the duty of every good citizen to stand for the defence of the right and the support of good government at whatever sacrifice. He cheer-

fully paid his taxes to the Government, incurred by the war, and gave up his sons to the service of his country without a murmur.

After the war, as age was advancing upon him, Mr. Brown retired, in part, from business; devoting himself, chiefly, to the management of his own property. But he never lost his interest in the public welfare, and never gave up his positions in the several Boards of trust with which he was connected, such as those of the Chicago Orphan Asylum, and the Insane Asylum at Jacksonville. He continued to be active and faithful as a member and an elder of the Second Presbyterian Church until his departure for Europe, shortly before his death. He several times represented the Presbytery of Chicago in the General Assembly as a Ruling Elder, and was widely known in the denomination as among the most reliable friends of its enterprises. For many years, he was a corporate member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, to whose funds he was a large contributor during his life, and by a handsome provision in his will. And the cause of Home Missions had few, if any, more generous helpers. He was deeply interested, also, during all his later years, in the Mission Sunday School work, and in the Bethel cause, while in his own particular church he was always among the foremost givers, and the most devoted and steadfast supporters, being uniformly in his place on the Sabbath and in the weekly prayer meeting, as well as on special occasions.

In the summer of the year 1866, Mr. and Mrs. Brown left Chicago on a tour to Europe, partly for pleasure and partly on account of his failing health. During this trip, his keen relish for new scenes, and his habit of activity, led him to exert himself beyond his strength. After traveling through Great Britain and extensively through the countries of Europe, he occasionally exhibited signs of exhaustion, and in Amsterdam, Holland, he was taken with the small-pox. When he seemed almost recovered from this distressing disease, and was preparing to resume his travels, he was suddenly seized with paralysis, and shortly sank under it, dying peacefully on the 17th of June, 1867, at the age of 72 years. In the early part of August, following, the writer visited the old Bible House and the room

in which Mr. Brown's spirit took its flight, went to his grave, and saw the coffin that contained all of him that was mortal.

In the autumn of that year, his remains were transferred to their final resting-place in Graceland Cemetery.

His widow, Mrs. Harriet C. Brown; his four sons, S. Lockwood, Charles B., Theodore F., and Frederick, and his daughter, Mrs. Mary Tyler, survive him, and are still residents of Chicago.

I trust I shall be pardoned if I now add some of my own personal recollections and impressions of Mr. Brown, as I knew him in his public and private relations.

It was my privilege to become acquainted with Mr. Brown in the year 1833, when I was a student in Illinois College, although I had known him, by reputation, for a considerable time before. For he was a prominent citizen of this State almost from its admission into the Union, having become a citizen in the Territory while he was yet a very young man, and having risen to a position of distinction and public usefulness before he had reached the age of twenty-five years. Being, when I first saw him, among the more noted friends of church music in the State, he was invited to attend a musical convention at Jacksonville, which was held immediately after the annual commencement in the College. In this way I was first drawn to him as being interested in a subject that always engrossed a share of my own thought and attention. After that occasion, I kept up a knowledge of his movements until the year 1840, when I met him again in Chicago, where he had already resided for some years, and was an officer in the First Presbyterian Church. During the summer of that year, I learned more of his personal traits and peculiarities than I had known before, and was more than ever attracted to him. From that time onward until his death, I knew him intimately as a friend and as an Elder in the church of which I was Pastor from its organization in 1842, till the year 1873, six years after his decease in Europe. It will thus be seen that I had an opportunity of special acquaintance with Mr. Brown, such as few others enjoyed. And still cherishing his memory with the warmest regard, I take pleasure in adding this small contribution to the memorial of him, which it is the desire of his

family and friends to put on permanent record in this volume.

I have known well and long many of Mr. Brown's attached friends, among whom were Joseph Eccles, Esq., of Hillsborough, Hon. Samuel D. Lockwood, formerly of Jacksonville, and who died two years ago at Batavia; Hon. Thos. Mather, Hon. John T. Stuart, John Todd, M.D., and Rev. John G. Bergen, D. D., of Springfield; President Abraham Lincoln; Rev. William K. Stewart, of Vandalia; and Rev. Thuron Baldwin, D.D., late of New Jersey. A man who commanded the confidence of such gentlemen must have possessed excellences of no ordinary class. Especially deserving of mention was the life-long intimacy between him and Judge Lockwood, one of the purest and noblest men Illinois ever numbered among her jurists and citizens. Only a year before Judge Lockwood's death, in conversation with the writer, he referred in the most affectionate terms to his lamented friend, Mr. Brown, whom he was accustomed to visit every month during all the later years of his life. I well remember the estimation in which Mr. Brown was held by the older citizens of the State—lawyers, physicians, clergymen, and others, such as Judge Pope, Benj. Mills, Esq., Dr. Newhall, Hon. David A. Smith, and Rev. John M. Peck, D.D.

Among the notable traits of Mr. Brown's character were the following:

1. He was fair and conscientious in his political commitments and action. He was decided in his convictions, first as a Whig and then as a Republican, but never did I know or hear of his espousing the cause of a notoriously bad man of his own party. He may on some occasions have quietly voted for one man of questionable character, but of good principles, in preference to another worse man whose principles he deemed erroneous and mischievous. But he never warmly supported a corrupt man of any party. And he always urged the nomination of good men. He was not a political partisan, but a true, generous patriot.

2. Mr. Brown was a sincere philanthropist. He abhorred those levelling ideas of equality that would destroy all the rights of property, and break up family and social ties as established at present in civilized communities. But he earnestly

contended for individual and political liberty, and while he never favored what seemed to him impracticable schemes for the emancipation of the enslaved, he firmly resisted the efforts that were made for the introduction of slavery into this State, and did more, perhaps, than any other man to avert that great curse from Illinois, when parties were nearly equally balanced; thus saving the State for the cause of freedom—an event, that, in its consequences, probably turned the scale in favor of our national government in the recent bloody strife between the North and the South. Mr. Brown was not a sentimental philanthropist; he carefully inquired how he could do the most for humanity at large, instead of yielding to every momentary impulse on the presentation of distress. Thus he co-operated with every well-devised endeavor to provide for the needy and the suffering, while he sometimes turned away the improvident beggar. He was a foremost friend of orphan asylums, hospitals, and other kindred institutions established by the State or by private beneficence, doing always his full share to help them. He was philanthropic on principle, and not from mere impulse.

3. He was, in general, a liberal and useful member of society. He gave generously to every cause that commended itself to his judgment, while at times he firmly rejected applications that seemed to him unworthy of patronage. It would be difficult to name a good enterprise begun in Chicago, during his residence in the city, for which he did not contribute. And he was an active helper in a great number of patriotic endeavors. I used to think there was scarcely another man in Chicago whose name was found high up on more subscription papers, or who was a member of more committees and boards organized for beneficent purposes.

4. Mr. Brown was scrupulously honest and trustful in every relation of life. I never knew him to be accused of unfairness or deception in any business transaction. I never heard a suspicion breathed against his integrity. I never met with a person who ventured to charge him with untruthfulness or prevarication. He always seemed to me unusually fair and candid in his statements of facts. I am sure I express the judgment of all those who knew him best when I say that he was extraordinarily exact in his adherence to the requirements of truth and

justice, both in speech and conduct. This would hardly have been denied by his bitterest enemy.

5. He was naturally conservative, but never seemed to regard public opinion, when his duty required him to assume unpopular ground. He never betrayed any cause to which he had pledged his support, however misrepresented and misunderstood it may have become. And yet he was open to conviction in regard to the wisdom of any measure that he might have formerly sustained or refused to further by his money or personal influence. He was not vacillating in his judgments, for he usually considered every subject carefully before he formed his opinions respecting it. But I always expected to obtain a fair hearing when I undertook to present reasons for any view of a subject which I knew he did not favor; and in several instances he changed his grounds sooner than I had hoped for. In business matters, he was, perhaps, too conservative for such a city as Chicago; but, on the whole, his slowness to fall in with the prevailing estimates of property was, it may be, a good safeguard to his financial interests, and it tended to moderate the enthusiasm of the speculative spirit in times of dangerous inflation. Had he lived, he would, no doubt, have passed through this present trying crisis without disaster to his private fortunes.

6. Though not a man of brilliant mental powers, Mr. Brown was possessed of excellent practical judgment. He was not liberally educated, but he was not ignorant of books, and knew much more of the world than most men of more varied learning. His opinion in regard to matters of Church, State, or business, was always worthy of consideration. In fact, he seldom made a great mistake. I relied on his practical judgment, especially in trying situations, as on that of few other men; for he was scarcely ever carried away by temporary excitement, and he never lost sight of the main interests involved in any question, personal or public. Hence his counsel was often sought in relation to practical difficulties, both in church and in private affairs.

7. He was a most agreeable gentleman in social intercourse, and was warmly regarded as a personal friend. Those who knew him only slightly had but little idea of his power of

imparting interest to a social circle. His conversation was always entertaining, and hence his presence was sought and valued in general society. His house was the favorite resort of many gentlemen and families, who were attracted by his generous hospitality and the cordiality of his excellent lady.

As a friend, Mr. Brown could be safely trusted in all emergencies. He never flattered, and at times seemed cold and unsympathetic; but in the season of need he was uniformly a ready helper, and he could be relied on to speak kindly of you behind your back, if he professed friendship to your face. He could disagree with you without any breach of friendship. For he knew how to distinguish between great and little things. I sometimes thought it my duty to dissent from his opinion and to contend with him in regard to points of difference. But I could never see that it made any change in his subsequent deportment towards me. As a friend he was not demonstrative, but he was eminently true.

8. Mr. Brown was a man of positive opinions in regard to the character of others, but his judgments were, on the whole, charitable. He sometimes spoke severely of others, but not without apparent reason. He was, for the most part, careful in his utterances respecting his neighbors, and if he said anything unfavorable, it was usually qualified by some kinder expression. He was, by no means, guilty of double-dealing in his intercourse with men. If he was not always exactly tender of the reputation of others, he was usually reserved in the expression of adverse judgments, and almost uniformly he spoke kindly and commendingly of his neighbors and fellow-citizens. He was not a mischief-maker, and frequently merited the name of a peace-maker.

9. From intimate knowledge of Mr. Brown's principles, convictions, feelings, and conduct in a great variety of relations, I can truly say that I believe him to have been a sincerely and thoroughly *Christian* man. His religion was not impulsive, and he made no loud professions of zeal and spirituality. But I was always impressed with his evident depth of conviction in regard to the truth and claims of the Gospel, the purity of his Christian aims, the honesty and simplicity of his devotions, and his unfeigned and practical consecration to the service of the

Church and of his Lord. Few men have led more consistent Christian lives. His dying breath was one of prayer, and undoubtedly "he entered heaven with prayer."

In all that has been said, it has not been designed to assert or imply that Mr. Brown was, in the ordinary sense, a popular man. He had a certain severity of manner, in his intercourse with strangers, and sometimes with friends, that caused him to be misunderstood and misjudged. He did not sufficiently study the amenities of life, and he paid the temporal penalty of this neglect. Contrary to the common rule, he was most esteemed and loved by those who best knew his inner life. It was necessary to get through the outer shell to the real man to appreciate the nobleness of his character. Those persons who did this, will fully justify all that I have said of him.

Mr. Brown's memory will be blessed, not only by his own family, but by many friends, who felt, when he died, that a good and really great man had fallen, and who will keep his virtues embalmed in their hearts, when the blander traits of many more pliant men who were more widely applauded in life will be forgotten.



Engraved by D. M. Raymond for the Library of Congress

D. M. Raymond

BENJAMIN W. RAYMOND, ESQ.

[From the Chicago Magazine, April, 1857.]

Late in the seventeenth century, a few Huguenots, driven from France by persecution to England, settled afterwards in New England. The subject of this sketch is a descendant from these, on his father's side. He was born in Rome, Oneida county, New York, in 1801; and was the son of Benjamin Raymond, who, as early as 1796, left his birth-place, Richmond, Berkshire county, Mass. His mother was a daughter of Thomas Wright, one of the brothers of that name who, emigrating from Weathersfield, Conn., were among the first settlers of Rome, which was long known as Wright's Settlement, in the wilderness of the then West. His father was engaged for some years in connection with the late Judge Wright, (afterwards chief engineer of the Erie canal,) in surveying into townships the northern counties of New York: and which were then all a wilderness, from the Mohawk River northward to the St. Lawrence. He selected the site of the town of Potsdam, in St. Lawrence county, where he lived for several years, and where he held the office of Judge for the county. He died in 1824, in the state of Delaware; being then engaged as engineer upon the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal.

The early years of Benjamin W. were spent with an aunt in Whitestown, New York, having lost his mother at the age of five years. When he had reached the age of ten, he was taken home to pursue his education in an academy which his father had established; having erected, at his own expense, a building to be used for the purpose of a high school and of public worship. Here he spent four years, dividing his time between school and the duties of a clerk in a village store. He also spent a good part of a year at school in Montreal, boarding with a French family where no English was spoken.—Afterwards he resumed his clerkship at his father's store, in Norfolk, St. Lawrence Co., and wound up his school attendance in the study of practical mathematics, particularly surveying, which he afterwards practiced to some extent.

His introduction to the more responsible cares of business took place at the age of nineteen, when he was sent down the Ratchett River, into the St. Lawrence, to Montreal, with a large quantity of lumber, which he was to sell and account for, and

in which he acquitted himself to the full satisfaction of his employer. About two years after this, he purchased a small stock of goods, and commenced business on his own account: but his father dying soon after, he was left, at the age of 22, the eldest of nine orphan children, without other means of support than his small stock of goods, purchased on credit, and sold, of necessity, under all the disadvantages of a new country without currency, or other means of purchase; and dependant on a barter of crude commodities for whatever trade was done. As his eldest brother was but thirteen years of age, he soon saw the impossibility of sustaining the family at Norfolk, and so closed his business at that place, in debt to his largest creditor to the amount of \$600, (which was paid in instalments some years afterwards), and started for Oneida county, once more to try a new tack for his life voyage. Here, a clerkship introduced him to a partnership in business with Mr. Wm. Wright, one of the oldest merchants at Rome, which was continued for three years. A feeling of responsibility on account of his orphan brothers and sisters induced habits of the strictest industry and economy, and led him to adopt those principles of temperance to which he has ever since adhered. The circle of young men into which he had been thrown in St. Lawrence county were dissipated, and their gayety was not without a charm for young Raymond. But when returning to Oneida county he firmly resolved to leave all such associates behind, and to seek for the future only the society of the strictly virtuous. Temperance societies were not yet invented; but Mr. Raymond made a pledge for himself, and has kept it to this day.

It was here, during the great revival of religion, in which Rev. C. G. Finney figured as the chief preacher, that Mr. Raymond made a profession of religion, early in the year 1826.

One of the first Young Mens' Temperance Societies in the State was formed at Rome, and Mr. Raymond at once relinquished the sale of liquors, though it was a very important source of profit to the merchant at that time. That was in 1828

In 1831, Mr. Raymond formed his first acquaintance with his future friend and partner, Hon. S. N. Dexter; and very soon after turned his steps westward, determined to seek his fortune in what was then the *far west*; with a promise from Mr. Dexter that if he should find a good place near the western lakes for settlement and trade, he would supply him the capital necessary for a commencement of business. In this journey he pushed westward through northern Ohio and Michigan, as far as White Pigeon; the last twenty-five miles of which was reached on the back of an Indian pony, guided partly by lead of an Indian trail, and partly by the course of the sun. He found plenty of persons who, like himself, were in search of places for the sale of goods, but very few who promised to be

purchasers, and so turned backward as far as the town of East Bloomfield, in Western New York, where he once more commenced business. Here he spent four years in a successful trade, connected with the purchase of wool. Here, also, one of the most important steps of his life was taken, in his entrance into the matrimonial relation with Miss Amelia Porter, of East Bloomfield, his present wife; a step which has probably had as much to do with his success in life, and the position he now occupies, as any other. Mrs. Raymond was the mother of two sons, one only living, and now a professor in Williams College.

Finding that his business did not allow of much expansion at East Bloomfield, he began, in 1835, to look once more westward, and Chicago being then somewhat talked about, he at once fixed his attention upon this place, being confirmed in the idea, from its natural position upon the map, that it would at some time be a place of importance; and also from a remark he once heard from Hon. De Witt Clinton; whose sagacity in regard to such matters was seldom at fault.

In January, 1836, he therefore set out by stage for Chicago, being provided with authority to draw upon his friend Dexter to the amount of \$10,000, if he chose to do so, for purposes of joint investment in real estate. After some looking at Milwaukee and elsewhere, and investing his \$10,000, he returned, closed up his business in N. Y., and set his stake in Chicago about the 1st of June, 1836; having been preceded by a large stock of goods; which, however, having to go by sail vessels around the Lakes, did not arrive until July. The city was at that time running over with merchandise, wanting nothing but purchasers. Such a class of merchants, too, as were a portion of them, never seen elsewhere: being mere adventurers, who had, by hook or by crook, and commonly by both, got possession of their stocks; their next aim was to get rid of them at whatever price could be had.

This disheartening and ruinous condition of things, left but a poor chance for him who thought only of a legitimate trade, which should turn his stock into cash.—Mr. R. was therefore obliged to look about him for other avenues to help off his goods. He established a branch at Milwaukee, one at Geneva, in Kane Co., and another at DesPlaines, on the Canal.

The disasters of that period, commencing in August, 1836, were under full headway for about three years, and came especially upon such as had made purchases of real estate, with notes to mature from time to time. The fall of 1837 found the firm of B. W. Raymond & Co. minus the ability to meet their engagements by about \$15,000, in addition to their loss of capital, amounting to as many more. This was a state of things with a bad look to it, and was fully made known to his partner; but Mr. Dexter was a man with a back bone in him, and nobly sustained the house with \$20,000, as it was called for, during the

years 1837-8-9; so that, by attention to meeting and securing liabilities as they accrued, the credit of the house was unshaken and their business uninterrupted during the whole period of that terrible depression. From the year 1838 to 1843, business was good, and the firm had so far retrieved its condition that Mr. Raymond determined to make an effort to put himself square with the world again.

For this purpose he sold out his stock of goods, receiving one-half in cash and in paper running six months, and the balance in real estate. This latter consisted of sixty feet on Clark street, including the old Post Office on the alley of the Sherman House Block, which was valued at \$5000. By this sale, and by collecting dues, and by turning over all his interest in the real estate owned by the firm, to his partner, who was the largest creditor—Post Office property and all, at its estimated value, the whole precisely paid the liabilities of B. W. Raymond & Co., with 7 per cent. interest, together with all the private debts of Mr. Raymond; and left him with about \$2000 for a fresh start. Mr. Dexter rather objected to receiving all the real estate in their hands, as it had begun again to advance, and he was anxious that Mr. Raymond should share in the profit, as well as to have borne the labor. But Mr. R. preferred to have his affairs in a shape to leave his family with some resources in case of his death; and, besides, he wished to have one more clear start in the world. Mr. Dexter would, however, only receive the property on condition that Mr. Raymond should manage it as he had done, and gave him full power of attorney to that effect. After all transfers were made, Mr. D. so arranged matters as that an exact account should be kept of all real estate to him, with 7 per cent. added each year, and then that all profits over the cost and interest should be equally divided between Mr. R. and himself; as his intention, he declared to be, that Mr. R. should not spend seven of the best years of his life exclusively for his benefit; but that if anything was to be made from real estate, he should share it.

Previous to the year 1843, Mr. R. purchased, on account of Mr. D. and himself, of the late Jas. T. Gifford, one-half of his interest in the village of Elgin, and in that year commenced the erection of a woolen factory for Mr. Dexter, which was completed in 1844. He was also concerned in a store at that place till 1851, and owned considerable real estate in the town.

In the year 1839, he purchased the lot No. 122, on Lake street, Chicago, and in connection with Messrs. Strachan & Scott, erected, not the first brick, but the first *fire-proof* stores in the town. In about three weeks after their completion, the great fire of that year swept the whole block on Lake street, from their stores to Dearborn street, including the original Tremont House, standing diagonally across the street from its present position—and northward to the alley.

In March, 1839, Mr. Raymond was put in nomination for Mayor of the city, without any expectation on his part of an election, since party lines were then drawn in regard to city officers, as well as those in the state or nation; and Mr. R. acted with the whigs, while their opponents were largely in the ascendant. He was, however, elected, together with half the Council on the same side, which put upon him the duty of giving a casting vote, whenever the question of office, or appointment, or of party advantage should divide that body. Mr. Raymond acknowledges that for once he was swayed by his friends, who insisted that he ought to use his power for the party to which he belonged: but that on the next day he formed the resolution to which he has since adhered, of never voting for a man whom he deemed unfit, because he was of a particular party. From that time he has been opposed to bringing party politics into the arena of our municipal elections.

During this year the well-known counterfeiting of the Canal checks of \$100 occurred. Mr. Raymond gave such attention to the case that three fellows engaged in the business were put into the clutches of justice; of whom two went to Alton, and the other,* by changing venue, got off on straw bail, and was seen no more in these parts. He brought up in Sing Sing, however, and may be doing service to the state of New York till this day, for aught known of him.

The Mayor, at this time, was paid a nominal salary of \$1000, which, by depreciation of city orders, in which it was paid, reduced it to about \$750. Mr. R. made no money from his office, however; for that year being one of great suffering on the line of the canal, the occupants of the shanties naturally poured into the city for relief; and the salary, drawing after it more of the same sort, went to the aid of the Emeralds, as much more has gone since; not only from the plethoric pockets of Mayors, but from all other pockets reachable, by lugubrious jeremiads of want.

There came on, also, during the year, a great bridge contest. That over the river at Dearborn street being swept away, a strong party arose opposing the erection of another, thinking, either that those who wanted to get from that side of the stream to this, might crawl under; or, that people who would leave the "sunny south" side and banish themselves to those hyperborean regions lying to the northward of the current of mud, ought to stay there, and no more trouble those of so much better taste, and of better fortunes. So strong was this utterance of the *vox populi* that the matter was decided in that com-

* The genuine scrip was printed in the *Chicago American* office, and was an exceedingly poor job. Only a poor printer could have executed the counterfeit; the type, vignette—a ship—and the paper could be found in any country printing-office. The counterfeiter tried here was the notorious Otis Allen, of Buffalo, N.Y.

mon council by the casting vote of the Mayor, and a bridge obtained on Clark street, on condition that the north-siders should subscribe \$3000 of city bonds to put it over. And so the benighted hyperboreans were admitted once more to sunlight and the society of "the people."

The sale of Fort Dearborn addition to Chicago took place during that year. Mr. R. had the first intimation of it while in New York, in April; and as he knew from the history of like cases, that the people of Chicago expected the lands to be given to the city, as had been customary, he exerted himself for a postponement of the sale, till the matter could be brought before Congress—the sale being advertised by Mr. Van Buren, the President, to take place in June. For this purpose he visited Washington, and saw the President, who put him off with the soft-ambiguities which he knew so well how to use; and as soon as he was gone, hurried on the sale, under the avowal that the government was "in pressing need of funds." As the next best thing, Mr. R., with a committee of the council, put in for a public square, consisting of a block, to be reserved from sale.

Their success was better than nothing, inasmuch as they got half what they asked for; and Dearborn Park testifies to-day the result. He also persuaded the Agent of the Government to add 60 feet to the width of State Street, for a market.

As a sample of celerity of travel in those days, Mr. R. started, in the month of March, 1839, for New York. He left on Tuesday morning, by stage; that is, in a lumber wagon with trunks for seats, and after riding day and night, with one night's exception, brought up at Tecumseh, forty miles from Detroit, at three o'clock on the next Sunday morning, the last seven miles being on foot, as the four horses were sufficiently loaded by the aforesaid trunks and wagon. During one week more of travel, beginning on the following Monday, Buffalo was gained; and one week further still brought them to New York, making three weeks in the transit. Eight years after this voyage of three weeks, Mr. Raymond was laughed at for saying, that in ten years more, he expected to make the same journey in three days. Perhaps the laughers are eachinnating yet.

In 1842, Mr. Raymond was once more elected Mayor of Chicago. This was about the time of the expiration of the long depression which commenced in 1837. City orders were still hawking about at 70 to 75 cents on the dollar, for goods or truck of some sort; and the people were as poor as the city. Real estate had but little value, and everybody would have been rid of it but that nobody else would take it; and so being obliged to keep what they had, an abundance of people were made rich in time in spite of themselves.

The city government entered upon a rigid course of economy; their whole expenditures for the year municipal, 1842, were

about \$9800, and the receipts \$13,800, about \$4000 more than the expenditures, and before the end of the year, city orders loomed up to par.

During the year, the late cemetery grounds were selected; the old burying grounds being among the sand hills near Lill's brewery. Some forty acres of those grounds were bought, surveyed, and a public sale had. To get means of paying for the forty acres, some \$1200 of city script was pledged in a loan of \$600 for sixty days! The sale furnished the means to redeem the script. This will, perhaps, seem small business at this day, but a great many large things begin small.

During the next year, 1843, Mr. R. endeavored to induce some of his creditors to take the lot on Clark street, north of the Sherman House, and including the old Post office, at \$5-000 in discharge of liabilities. This idea was scouted, and the property was passed over to his partner as already stated. He kept it till it brought him \$19,500, and it could not be had to-day, probably, for less than \$60,000.

When the Galena Railroad was started, Mr. R. was fully ready to enter into it, with all the means and influence he could command. As one of its first Board of Directors he pledged almost his entire capital, in connection with other Directors, for the purchase of the first iron to build its track, and in connection with John B. Turner, Esq., then acting Director, afterwards President, negotiated the sale of the first issue of bonds of the Road in eastern cities, which, at that day (1848), was not an easy matter, while Wall street was well supplied with Illinois State Bonds, interest unpaid. The first sales were only made to confidential friends, who relied upon their representations, as capitalists generally had no confidence in any western enterprise.

In consequence of the success of that enterprise, and its beneficial effects upon the country and city, he entered upon active efforts to build the road known as the Fox River Valley Railroad, now called Elgin and State Line Branch of the North-Western. The construction of this road was somewhat delayed, owing to the great number of such enterprises on foot at once, and the failure of some of the more unimportant ones, but it is now finished, and in operation from Elgin to Geneva Lake.

Mr. Raymond, though in comfortable circumstances, is not one of the wealthy men of the city; for he has never worshipped the "Golden Calf." His aim has never been to make the most money. Hence, he has commonly sold out any considerable tracts of real estate in his hands, and used the money to advance objects of public use and benefit. He also gives largely and freely. Perhaps no man in our midst more fully realizes the pleasure of a deed of benevolence which costs something, than he. No man of his long residence and various experiences with all sorts of men in public and private life, has fewer

enemies, or more fully commands the public confidence. The trust in his entire integrity of character is full and universal. He has only to believe a thing right to be induced to act accordingly, without question or delay. He is a man of about five feet ten inches in height, with light hair and a blonde complexion. His words are few, in low tones, and his demeanor quiet; the aspect is that of amiability and harmony of character.

He was a Director of the old Hydraulic company, (which first supplied water to the city,) from its beginning to its close; is now a Director in the Gas & Coke Co., and was for many years a Director of the pioneer railroad of the west, the Galena & Chicago Union Rail Road.

He, as President, obtained the Charter for the Old Ladies' Home, of Chicago, and has been connected with the Board of Trustees, as President or Treasurer, since its organization; and Treasurer of the Old People's Home.

He was one of the originators of the City of Lake Forest; obtained the Charter for the Lake Forest University, and was President of the Board of Trustees, for the first twelve years; and still a member of the Board of Trustees; also, a member of the Board of Trustees of Beloit College; and Rockford Female Seminary. In 1864, he, as President, with the aid of a few friends, organized and obtained the Charter for the Elgin National Watch Company, and procured subscriptions to the Stock; he is still connected with the Company as a Director: having resigned the Presidency in favor of a younger and more active man—T. M. Avery, Esq.

Elgin is most indebted to Mr. Raymond for its early and later prominence. He made large investments there; and furnished the material for many of the most important enterprises. His contributions for the establishment of their Academy were liberal; he was one of the first, and for many years, their leading merchant, having placed there, in 1838, the largest stock of goods west of Chicago. He was a partner in the foundry of Adams & Co., the first manufacturers of corn-shellers in the West; he was chiefly instrumental in the establishment of the woolen factory built by S. N. Dexter, Esq., in 1842—the first woolen factory in the State of Illinois; he assisted in the erection of a large tannery; and, lastly, and of greater importance than all the rest, as President of the National Watch Company.

Mr. R.'s political views are Republican; but he regards strict moral character, integrity, and capability above party consideration.

Mr. R. is a consistent member of the second Presbyterian Church, and has held the office of Ruling Elder in it since its organization in 1842.

His health is pretty uniformly good, and the hope of his friends is to see him useful a long while yet.

HON. J. YOUNG SCAMMON.

[From the Chicago Magazine, March, 1857.]

The subject of this sketch was born in Whitfield, Lincoln Co., Maine, in the year 1812. His father was the Hon. Eliakim Scammon, of East Pittston, Kennebec Co., Maine, a man widely known and universally esteemed, and who, for many successive years, represented his town and county in both branches of the Legislature of that State.

Mr. Scammon's mother was the daughter of David Young, one of the first settlers, and most wealthy men in East Pittston. Mr. Young was a prominent man in the community in which he lived. As a Jeffersonian Republican, he often represented his town in the General Court of Massachusetts, Maine having formed a part of Massachusetts until the year 1820, when it was admitted into the Union as a separate State.

Mr. Scammon, from childhood, has had a fondness for agricultural and horticultural pursuits. He would have been a farmer, were it not that an accident deprived him, at the age of 10 years, of the full use of his left hand. Though this probably changed his occupation in life, it did not diminish his natural love for the cultivation of the soil, or destroy his taste for the beautiful and perfect, in all that relates to this truly noble occupation. When he resided at the corner of Michigan Ave. and Randolph Street, he had the finest garden to be seen in the city, at that time; and he now preserves his beautiful garden.

Mr. Scammon received his literary education at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Lincoln Academy, and Waterville College. He read law in Hallowell, in his native State; he was admitted to the bar in Kennebec Co., and immediately after started upon a tour of the States. He arrived at Chicago, in September, 1835, upon a cold and stormy day. He made the then somewhat more than unpleasant and hazardous passage of the lakes, in the old steamboat, Pennsylvania, which at that early period made a trip from Buffalo, by the way of Green Bay, to Chicago. On the passage of the steamboat from Green Bay to this city, a furious storm arose, compelling her to put into Washington Harbor, near Death's Door, at the north end of Lake Michigan. Here she lay until the storm abated; provisions running out, and the passengers being put on a short allowance, in the meantime. Taking a fresh start from Washington Harbor, the storm again

raged fearfully, and there was great apprehension of shipwreck among the passengers and crew.

Arrived at Chicago, the steamer was compelled to anchor outside the bar, there being no entrance to the harbor, except for vessels of a very small size. The passengers were landed in a boat, and made their way from the beach up to the old Sauganash Hotel, in a driving rain, through the tall prairie grass and deep mud. They found the hotel crowded, and a very large number of the inmates sick with the bilious fever. In fact, altogether, a more dismal and dreary aspect the town could not have presented. Coming from the beautiful hills of New England, and their bracing and healthy air, the town appeared to the new comer to be almost a dismal swamp; and his first impression was anything but favorable to a location in it.

Mr. Scammon had letters to Mr. Henry Moore, who was then an attorney in the town, and deputy of Col. Richard J. Hamilton, Clerk of the Courts of the County of Cook. In a few days, the weather cleared off, and almost as soon the mud disappeared and there succeeded one of those beautiful Indian summers with which the West is so highly favored. Just as Mr. S. was about to leave town, to continue his journey southward, Mr. Moore called upon him, and stated that the Circuit Court had just commenced its session; that his own business prevented his giving further assistance to Col. Hamilton, and that the gentleman that Col. Hamilton had employed in his place had been attacked with fever. He asked Mr. S. if he would not assist Col. H. during the term of Court. This was regarded by Mr. S. as a fine opportunity to become acquainted with the mode of practice and the forms of legal proceedings in Illinois, and was at once accepted. He accordingly assisted Col. H. through the term; who finding that he was ready and at home in the performance of the duties of Clerk, proposed to make him his deputy, and, at the same time, allow him to "hang out his shine" in the Clerk's office.

In those days, rooms for offices were not plenty in Chicago, and the lawyers, being mostly bachelors, lodged in their offices. Mr. S. had endeavored in vain to find an eligible office, so he accepted Col. H.'s proposal, and established his office in the "North-east Corner" of the Clerk's office, from which it was separated, not as often in early times in the West, were the places of the Bar, the Court, and "Jury, by chalk or coal lines, but by an imaginary one.

Col. H. then held about every office in Cook County which he could legally hold. He was Judge of Probate, Clerk of the Circuit Court, Clerk of the County Commissioners' Court, School Commissioner, Recorder of Deeds, Notary Public, and Bank Commissioner. All these were held in a small Grecian building, erected on the north-east corner of the Court House Square,

which was subsequently lengthened, and transformed into a Court House.

Mr. S.'s days were spent in this room, in the study of his profession and attending to the duties of clerk for Col. H. At night, he lodged like other young men, in the same office. As he made acquaintances his business increased, and in 1836, he entered into a copartnership with Buckner S. Morris. They continued together for eighteen months, and did a large and successful business. They then dissolved, and Mr. Scammon practiced alone for a year or more, when he formed a connection with Norman B. Judd, the partnership lasting until 1847, when Mr. Scammon becoming greatly interested in the building of the Galena & Chicago Union Railroad, and wishing to give much of his time to railroad matters, he and Mr. Judd dissolved their connection, though they continued to occupy the same office.

When Mr. Scammon came to Chicago, it was a time of almost universal speculation. Nearly every one was rich; at least in prospect. He was solicited to speculate, but declined, on the ground that he liked his profession, and should be happier in practicing it than in attempting to make a fortune by speculating. He thus was enabled to devote his time faithfully and unremittingly to the practice of his profession. His industry and promptness in paying over to his clients all monies collected—somewhat of a virtue in the early days of Western life—won him the favor of the community, both at home and abroad, and his practice soon became large and commanding. This favor, obtained by faithfulness and probity in the discharge of his business transactions, in the outset of his professional career, has been of great benefit to him in after life, and, no doubt, to it, to a very great extent, he owes the credit which he now enjoys in Chicago, as well as the Eastern cities.

Indeed, Mr. Scammon has made it a leading principle, in all his business transactions, to promise nothing that he could not perform, and to work with the greatest possible zeal and ardor to secure the completion of that which he promised. His credit as a banker he regards as above every other consideration, both of profit and present standing; and he would sacrifice all he possesses to preserve that untarnished. The business public are aware of this, and hence put great confidence in any monied institution with which he is connected.

Mr. Scammon has made great efforts to obtain a safe and reliable banking law in this State, which would be the means of preventing a recourse to the system of what is called "Wild Cat Banking," by which a number of irresponsible institutions are got up in neighboring States and Territories, for the purpose of circulating their irresponsible and irredeemable paper here. The law, as it heretofore stood, restrained and restricted the home banker, while it gave free license to the foreign institu-

tions, which are responsible to no one, and which, at best, depend wholly upon the ability, or rather inclination, of the owners to redeem their promises. Mr. S. has endeavored to make our banking system of that character which would invite the capital of the best business men of this and other States for investment, at the same time that it would possess such guards and restrictions as would secure the public in the most perfect manner. Mr. S. has worked long and faithfully to this end, and hopes finally to be able to accomplish an object which has been one of the leading purposes of his life. The feeling against banking of all kinds which exists in some portions of the State, and which has been taken advantage of by the advocates of irresponsible banking in the northern part, has hitherto been the great obstacle with which Mr. S. has had to contend; but he hopes, in time, and by the aid of the growing intelligence and good sense of the people, to succeed in perfecting such a system of banking as will be a credit to the State, and of the utmost advantage to its inhabitants.

In 1837, without solicitation on his part, Mr. Seammon was selected as the Attorney of the State Bank of Illinois; and in 1839, he was appointed Reporter of the Supreme Court of the State, which office he continued to hold till 1845, when he resigned, on account of the press of his business at home. He was the first Reporter in this State that ever published a volume, and his books introduced an entirely new era in Western Reports. They were brought out in a style inferior to none, and superior to most of the reports in the Eastern States.

The writer might here probably state, that Mr. Seammon has ever taken a lively interest in public affairs. While being indefatigably occupied with the management of his private business, he has not allowed himself to be wholly engrossed in the labors necessarily incident to men of large and accumulative means, but has been, in one way or another, connected with most of the great leading undertakings associated with the progress of our state and city. He has, in fact, been among the foremost in contributing to the development of the resources of Illinois, and the advancement of the interests of Chicago and the surrounding country. A New Churchman or Swedenborgian in religion, which includes all great measures of useful and beneficent progress he is himself progressive in sentiment, and conservative in practice. His motto is, and always has been, at least as long as the writer of this has known him, "Conservative Progress." Still into whatever undertaking he enters, he throws himself with his whole soul, and with all his might; and whenever he undertakes a project, he is indefatigable and preserving, until it is accomplished.

To the Hon. William B. Ogden and Mr. Seammon are the public specially indebted for the commencement of the Galena & Chicago Railroad. After the railroad enterprises which had

their inception in 1837, had failed, and were abandoned, and all confidence in Illinois was lost by capitalists, when hope was nearly dead in the minds of our people; Messrs. Ogden and Scammon counselled together upon the subject of railroads, and the Galena Railroad in particular. To induce the Michigan Central Railroad, which then hardly reached New Buffalo, to come to Chicago, and thus aid in extending railroad lines farther West, Messrs. O. and S. went to Indiana, and spent much time in getting hold of and reviving the charter of the Buffalo and Mississippi Railroad, which possessed the sole power of building a road from Michigan City to Illinois State Line, in the direction of Chicago. They had previously, on the opening of books for the road, traveled over the entire distance between Chicago and Galena, holding meetings, making speeches, and procuring subscriptions to the stock of the Galena Road. They were themselves among the largest stockholders in the Company, and by their exertions and personal pledges of fidelity to the interests of the stockholders, they obtained stock enough to commence operations in the road; and it is not claiming too much to say, that but for them this great pioneer road in the West would not have been commenced till many years later.

In the commencement of the building of this road, Mr. Scammon devoted a large portion of his time, gratuitously, to the project. He familiarized himself with the details of the transactions of the Company, and kept a strict watch upon its operations. Besides, to sustain the credit of the Company, he borrowed money more than once upon his individual name, and loaned it to the Treasurer, when the road had not sufficient credit to obtain an additional accommodation from its banker; nor even the confidence of a majority of its Directors, in their ability to go on with their enterprise. But the faith of the subject of our sketch was full and unwavering. Indeed, so great were the difficulties, and so numerous the disappointments in the outset of the operations of this Company, to which Chicago is indebted for so much of its material prosperity, that at one time, during the absence of Mr. Ogden, all the Directors, with the exception of Mr. Scammon, the late James H. Collins, Esq., and Charles Walker, Esq., appeared discouraged at the prospect of affairs.

The labors and difficulties attending the early days of the history of this enterprise can hardly be realized at the present time. The country was poor; there was no surplus money in it; subscriptions to the stock of the Company could only be obtained in very small quantities; of eighteen hundred shareholders, the larger number held single, or not more than two or three shares each; while all the shares which were taken were subscribed for, not with a view to profit on the stock, but solely to aid in the enterprise. Mr. S. was one of the largest stock-

holders from the commencement of the undertaking, and when great efforts were requisite to keep up the credit of the Company, and to prevent its stock from greatly depreciating, he purchased freely of it, and was, by this means, at one time its largest stockholder. With a view, also, of procuring Eastern aid, he proceeded in company with Mr. Ogden, to Boston, and had an interview with Eastern capitalists. There was at that period so little confidence in the West or Western enterprises, that they were very coolly told by one of the largest railroad proprietors in New England, that "Statistics amount to very little in influencing us. You must go home, raise what money you can, and when you can get no farther, come to us, and give us what you have done, and we will take hold of your road and complete it. You can afford to do this, the road will be of such immense advantage to your country." Mr. S. determined, upon the instant, that these prophetic wishes should not be fulfilled. He returned home, and by his exertions and caution contributed not a little to that careful management of the road, which ultimately in the success of the enterprise, and in establishing, in the minds of capitalist everywhere, the ability of Illinois men to build and manage railroads.

The success of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad is the parent of all subsequent railroad movements in this State. Had that enterprise failed, Chicago would not now count half its present population.

In the very momentous matter, to the present and succeeding generations, of establishing the free school system of Illinois, Mr. Scammon bore a very prominent and important part. There was no provision for absolutely free schools in Illinois when Mr. Scammon removed to the State, and for years thereafter. It required a great struggle to get through the Legislature a special law for Chicago, authorizing the establishment of schools by the Town; and the law was only passed on condition that it would be submitted to a vote of the people, before it became operative. When the vote was taken in 1836, the law was voted down. Its defeat at that time was probably caused by the large number of unmarried men, the greater part of whom were speculators in real estate, who were unwilling to have their property taxed for, as they alleged, the benefit of other people's children.

Mr. Scammon took an active part in getting up the first charter of the City of Chicago. It was partly through his efforts that provision for our present free school system was made in it. The schools first established under it were not, however, sustained by public opinion. There were few children in the town, most of its population being young people, and little interest was felt in the subject. The schools had thus but a sickly existence, and were of very little value.

Mr. Scammon was appointed one of the Board of School

Inspectors in 1839. The free schools were then so nearly extinct, that it was determined to suspend them, until they could be re-commenced under more favorable auspices, and upon a more stable foundation. Mr. S. took hold of the subject in earnest. He drafted new Ordinances and Laws for the regulation and government of the school system, which were passed; and through him and his co-laborers in the Board of School Inspectors, the system of Common Schools, which has been so successful, and of such incalculable benefit to our City, was established on a broad and permanent basis. He remained in the Board of School Inspectors till 1845, when he was elected an Alderman for the First Ward. His election to this office was opposed by some citizens, who feared he was in favor of too extensive a system in public schools. The first school-house—the brick edifice Nos. 81—7 Madison street, east of Dearborn street—had been built under the direction of the Board of School Inspectors, in 1844. Much complaint had been made by residents of the North and West Divisions of the City, at the large expenditure; very many persons residing in the South Division, also denounced the cost of the construction of such a building as extravagant. Mr. S. determined to secure as large a vote as possible, in order to satisfy the public that “big school-houses” were not unpopular. The consequence was, he received more votes, and was elected by a larger majority, than any Alderman, up to that time, had ever received in the City.

When the new Council was inaugurated, the Mayor recommended that the “big school-house” should be sold, or converted into an “Insane Asylum,” and one more suitable to the size and wants of the City be built. It was supposed by the Mayor, that so large a school-house would not be required by the City for a dozen years. Mr. S. was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Schools, in the new Council, and immediately brought forward an ordinance for building a large brick school-house on the North side of the river, stating, at the same time, that it was the policy of the Board of School Inspectors to build another, on the West Side, the next year, and to build a new school-house at least every year. The order was adopted by the Council, and the school-house was built. The construction of this house was followed by that of the fine school building on Madison street, on the West Side. Thus a policy was adopted, which has since been continued and improved upon by the successive Boards of School Inspectors, until our Common Schools have reached their present proud position and high state of usefulness.

In any mention of the Common Schools, however, the name of William Jones, Esq., should not be omitted. For years, in their days of trial, he was one of their most devoted and efficient friends. He seconded Mr. Scammon’s efforts and labors with great energy and zeal.

Mr. Scammon has always taken a warm and decided interest in politics. He was a Whig during the existence of that party, and for many years chairman of its Congressional, County, and City Committees; and though often solicited, and more than once nominated for office, he was never a candidate before the people, except on two occasions—once when elected Alderman, and in 1848, when he was the Whig candidate for Congress in this District, which at that time was composed of seventeen counties, and overwhelmingly Democratic. Mr. S. received a very flattering vote, carrying the City of Chicago by a considerable majority, although his party in the city must have been in a minority of more than a thousand votes.

In politics Mr. Scammon also exhibited his progressive proclivities, having been always on the side of freedom and progress in his party. At the same time he was conservative in his action, preferring present good, when he could obtain it, to sacrificing everything to the abstract principles of right. For this reason, though his freesoil sentiments dated back before the great contest between Clay and Polk in 1844, he preferred voting for Mr. Clay, to throwing away his vote. In 1848, also, he advocated the election of General Taylor, knowing there was no probability of the election of a freesoil candidate, and doubting the sincerity of purpose of Mr. Van Buren, who was supported by that party. In 1852, he voted for General Scott, although he preferred Judge McLean, who was his choice for President. In the late contest, he supported Colonel Fremont with all the ardor he was capable of, sparing neither his time nor money in the canvass. Mr. S. has always been inflexibly opposed to the extension of slavery into the territories, and he endeavored, in every way in his power, to divorce the Whig Party of this State from the Pro-Slavery measures with which a large number of its friends seemed willing to suffer it to be embarrassed. He contended that his policy in this respect was both just and expedient; and it is due to him to say, that if his advice had been carried out, the Whig Party in the Northern portion of the State, at least, and especially in this city, would not have remained so long in the hopeless minority in which he found it when he came to reside here. Many who afterwards claimed to be Seward, or freesoil Whigs, had previously to their sudden conversion—subsequently to the election of Gen. Taylor—opposed, with all their strength, the positions which Mr. S. took, and which had they been accepted and carried out by the leaders of the party generally, would have placed the Whig Party in a far better position before the people than it had ever attained.

Mr. Scammon was also among the first to perceive the tendency to the breaking up of old party lines in the country generally, and particularly in this City and State, preparatory to the present fusion of all persons and parties opposed to the spread

of slavery. He suggested and procured the writer, many years ago, to furnish a series of articles on the subject, to a neutral paper then published in this city. These articles, and also other measures taken by him, had no small influence in breaking up party lines in the Chicago City Elections, and in the Northern counties of the State. Although a strict party man himself, as long as he could see any great good which the old Whig Party was capable of performing; still he believed in voting for the best men, and in many instances refused to vote for unworthy or incapable nominees of his own party. It may be proper to state in this connection, that Mr. S. from first to last, has always opposed Native Americanism or Know Nothingism, in all its forms and principles. The writer well remembers the indignation of Mr. S. at an article which appeared in a paper in 1844, of which he was one of the editors. He had a portion of the edition of the paper which contained it suppressed immediately; the article gave great offense, however, as it appeared in part of the edition, and was made a great handle of by the Democrats at that time to the injury of the Whigs. Mr. S.'s principles of civil and religious polity are of too broad and comprehensive a character to accept for a moment the narrow and bigoted platform of that party, which of late has had, for a short time, such a prominent position in our National and State politics.

Mr. Scammon, in 1849, re-organized the Chicago Marine and Fire Insurance Company, an institution which had been chartered in 1836, as a monied corporation, but which had suspended business, although it never had suspended payment. He was one of the chief stockholders under the new organization, and the President of the Company. It commenced with a nominal capital of about \$35,000, and an actual cash capital of not exceeding \$25,000. Under his auspices, as President, the institution has gradually increased its capital, and extended its business, until it has now an actual cash capital of half a million of dollars, and is the largest monied institution in the State.

Mr. Scammon likes to be a pioneer, judging from his past life. He was the first Swedenborgian in Northern Illinois; the first homœopath; and was among the first and most efficient organizers and supporters of the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad. He also established the first bank under the General Banking Law of this State—the Marine Bank of Chicago. He organized the Chicago Society of the New Jerusalem, when it had only three members, one other beside himself and wife. He also organized, in connection with three other gentlemen, the Illinois Association of the same Church, when there were probably not over a dozen Swedenborgians in the whole State.

Mr. Scammon possesses excellent business tact and management, which is evinced not only in his own prosperity, in the

accumulation and investment of a large private fortune, but in the success of the many enterprises in which he was one of the pioneers. He was one of the original stockholders of the Galena; Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, and several other railroads. Though never a speculator, Mr. S. has become wealthy by judicious and prudent business habits. He is at the present time owner of large and productive real estate in the very centre of the business part of our city. His policy has been not to speculate, by running in debt, but to invest his surplus earnings, and thus reap the advantage of the steady rise of property by the growth of the city. To this policy, together with his industry and economy, he owes his present prosperous position, financially speaking. Mr. S. is a great advocate for the singleness of employments, nevertheless, his practice does not conform to his theory in this respect, as he is banker, lawyer, real estate owner, and has a large interest in railroads himself. It has been asserted by some—perhaps those too envious of another's prosperity—that accommodations from the old Illinois State Bank contributed to Mr. S.'s wealth. This is a mistake; he never borrowed a dollar from the bank, or had any accommodations from it, or purchased a foot of land, or other property belonging to it, except at public sale, in competition with others. The only favor the bank ever did him was to select him as its attorney. He had no other connection with it.

In his profession Mr. Scammon has stood deservedly high, and at one time had the most lucrative practice of any lawyer in the city. In fact, he has generally had more business than he could attend to, and of late years, his banking and other matters have demanded so much of his attention, that he has for the last two or three years given little time to his profession. In 1849, he took Mr. Ezra B. McCagg, who had been his confidential law clerk, for two years previously, into partnership, and they have since practiced together. He has always been a friend to young men, and has had a very large number of students in his office. These it has ever been his habit to accustom to the details of practice, thus grounding them well in the most important particulars in the profession. Thus he has been successful, in almost every instance, in making good, practical lawyers of his students. The advantages of the thorough training received by students in the office of Mr. S., is fully indicated by the fact, that of all the young men who have been under his supervision, not more than two have failed to turn out well.

Mr. Scammon, like all men of positive principles, is decided in his opinions, still he is liberal and kind to those who disagree with him. Indeed, a majority of the young men in his office, who have received his assistance, countenance, and support, have been, in political opinions, opposite to himself.

Though Mr. S. has devoted himself for many years so ardu-

ously to the law, and also been deeply immersed in business, he has not forgotten his early love for literature and fine arts. He continues still to cultivate it. He writes on political and religious subjects, gives public lectures, etc. In conversation he is entertaining, his information being general and varied, and his desire to impart it, a natural attribute of the man. He reads and speaks several modern languages with fluency, and continues his early study of the classics, to which he has always been drawn by his taste for ancient literature.

Mr. S. is blessed with the companionship of a congenial partner, a lady every way qualified to contribute to his happiness, and an interesting family of children, the oldest grown to a fine-looking young man, who is receiving the benefit of as good an education as his father's means and position can afford.

Mr. S. still continues to work as heretofore, though less in his profession. To the question "Why do you not give up business?" he replied, "I have no right to do so. Use is the central principle of Heaven, and no one can be happy, except in the degree in which he is occupied in some useful employment."

The foregoing sketch of Mr. Scammon's life was printed in 1857, in which year he went to Europe with his family, where his wife died, and her remains were interred at Soden, in Nassau, about ten miles from Frankfort on the Main.

When he returned in 1860, the first intelligence that reached him after his arrival at his home, was that the entire capital of the Chicago Marine and Fire Insurance Company had been squandered by its responsible officers, during his absence.

He at once resumed its management, and endeavored to arrest still further disasters; but just then the Rebellion broke out, and the Southern Stocks, upon which the circulation of the Illinois banks was based, becoming nearly worthless, the whole banking system of the State went down. Mr. Scammon worked away resolutely, dealing equally and fairly by all his customers, and in a short time had paid off the indebtedness of the institution, which had been thus robbed and ruined. He restored capital and credit to the company, and under his management his institution continued to enjoy the public confidence, and to transact a large business, until the losses of the great fire and the panic of 1873 rendered it expedient to wind them up. He was always opposed to illegal and depreciated currency of the "wild-cat" order. The acts of the Legislature, which drove illegal currency from the State were written by him, and passed

through his exertions. As a member of the Legislature of 1861, he obtained further stringent legislation on the subject of banking. At the time of the great fire he occupied an enviable position. He had won celebrity as a lawyer, and unlimited credit in business as a banker, and had become possessed of a vast fortune. But the terrible fire swept away his banks, warehouses, stores, and residence; fully half a million dollar's worth of property. In less than a week he had improvised a building on the site of his late residence and resumed his banking business. He was confident the city would be rebuilt, and the old landmarks restored. In fifteen months from the time of the fire, he had expended over a million dollars in rebuilding stores, warehouses, etc. He not only shouldered this enormous work, but he also assisted others to a large extent in their efforts to rebuild. Just in the midst of these gigantic undertakings occurred the defection of the *Chicago Tribune* from the cause of the Republican party, leaving that party without a representative morning paper in the city. Through all his eventful professional and business career he had never failed to take a deep and active interest in national politics, and had aided materially in establishing both of the Republican newspapers in Chicago. In view of this defection, and the approaching Presidential campaign, he decided to found a first-class metropolitan newspaper, that should be a powerful representative and advocate of the principles of the Republican party. He accordingly constructed a building in the rear of his residence, put in the necessary fixtures, engaged his editorial corps, and on March 25th, 1872, issued the first number of the *Inter Ocean*. This paper proved a success, and now has a larger weekly circulation than any other political paper west of the Alleghanies. The paper, outgrowing its limited accommodations, was removed to its present commodious quarters, 117 Lake St. But this enterprise brought upon him the most malignant and slanderous attacks from a rival press, which were followed up with such persistence and ferocity, as to injure both his individual credit, and that of the moneyed institutions with which he was connected. It remains to be said that, after the splendid success of a lifetime, Mr. Scammon has become seriously involved, in consequence of his great losses by fires, his immense expendi-

ture in rebuilding, and the loans and assistance he rendered others who were rebuilding. He has suffered from four considerable conflagrations within the last four years; and, what is remarkable, his fine residence and surrounding buildings have been twice swept away; first in the great fire of 1871, and again in the great fire of July, 1874, and in both instances his premises were the last ones burned, while adjoining buildings, that were not so well protected, escaped unharmed.

He is now quietly engaged in the settlement of his affairs, and in the practice of his profession as a lawyer in Chicago. Many of the public institutions of the city owe their origin to him. He was one of the founders of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, and of the Chicago Astronomical Society. He was the first of the Swedenborgian or New Churchman in Chicago, and one of the original founders of the Illinois Association of that Church. He organized the Church of the New Jerusalem in Chicago. He was the first layman of prominence to favor the practice of homœopathy in Chicago, and built and conveyed free to the Hahnemann Homœopathic Society a commodious hospital. The Dearborn Tower of the edifice of the Chicago University, in which is placed one of the largest refracting telescopes in the world, was built at his expense, and the salary of its director paid by him till the great fire of 1871. On his return from Europe in 1860, he was elected one of the trustees of the University, and has been for many years Vice-President of its Board of Trustees, and the acting President of the same.

As a lawyer, banker, and editor, he has achieved distinguished success, and is a man of large literary and general culture. His private character has been one of moral and religious worth. Mr. Scammon is an industrious, energetic man, of robust constitution, and vigorously employing the powers which have in times past reaped wealth for him; and there is still prospect before him of years of honor, usefulness, and fortune. He bears on his shield the words *Confide in Domino*.

CHARLES WALKER, ESQ.

[From the Chicago Magazine, March, 1857.]

The subject of this sketch is a descendent of an old and wealthy English family of some note, who, in Cromwell's time, were portioned upon the Tweeds and called by the significant name of *Borderers*; members of which were among the earliest adventurers to this country, for we find mention made of his more immediate ancestors, as settlers in the Eastern part of New England, as early as 1640.

Col. William W. Walker, the father of Charles, was a native of Massachusetts. His father, who was a noted cattle dealer, at an early day moved his family to Ringe, New Hampshire, from which place Col. Walker emigrated at the age of 21, having little or no capital, save his trusty axe and that hardy education, which ever characterized the early sons of New England. Admiring the country of Central New York, he located in Plainfield, Otsego County, then but a wilderness. Here he became acquainted with a Miss Lucretia Ferrell, also a native of Massachusetts, whom he subsequently married, and with whom he lived upwards of fifty-five years. Though an Octogenarian, Col. Walker is still in the full enjoyment of all his faculties, having in his life-time filled many important political stations, been prominent and active in the church, ready to lend a help-hand to all worthy benevolent objects, and at the same time secured to himself a competence and the universal respect and esteem of his fellow citizens.

Charles is the oldest son of William W. and Lucretia Walker, and was born February 2, 1802. The country being new, as we have before stated, his educational advantages were necessarily very limited. To a new log school-house, which a few enterprising farmers had built, the young lad was sent, at the early age of six years, to gain those elementary lessons, which have been turned to such practical account through a long life of usefulness. Inheriting a vigorous constitution, and withal an active and inquiring mind, together with uncommon diligence, he not only performed an unusual amount of manual labor upon his father's farm, but made most rapid progress in his studies. Improving his advantages to the utmost during three months in the year, he studied with his teacher during the day, and with his parents during the long winter evenings. Though as a boy

among boys in these juvenile days, his vigor of mind and decision of purpose was such, that notwithstanding his limited advantages, we find he was qualified for, and entered upon, the duties of teacher at the early age of 15; and from that time forward continued in the same vocation during the winter months until he attained his majority, with uncommon success. He may well, we think, look back upon that era of his life, with peculiar pride and pleasure, as he now recognizes the names of many of his old pupils among the distinguished men, of the East and West. While thus engaged, then 18 years of age, he commenced the study of law, but soon found the sedentary habits of that profession not suited to his temperament, with the advice of his physicians he relinquished that idea and turned his attention to more active pursuits; we next hear of him riding through the country, during the summer months, making purchases of sheep and cattle for his father.

At twenty-one, his health being then much impaired, he resolved to enter the mercantile business, and to that end hired himself out to a friend as clerk for a short time, at the very moderate salary of eight dollars per month. It did not, however, require a long clerkship for him to become a complete master of that merchant's method of doing business, and in two months he had fully determined to start in business for himself the following spring.

In the spring of 1824, with \$1350 aggregate capital, compiled of \$350 of his own private funds, \$500 given him by his father, being in fact his own earnings, and \$500 loaned of a neighboring farmer, he started for the city of New York, with no letters of credit, reference, or recommendation; and the following May, opened his store upon the economical plan of doing his own work, and soon after made his first purchase of grain. The next spring, when he went East to make his purchases, he made his first appearance at the Bull's Head Cattle Yard, New York, where the Bowery Theatre now stands, with a fine drove of fat cattle. By close and judicious management business prospered till 1828. But shipping in the fall of that year a large amount of cheese, butter, and pork, to a southern market, the cheese became damaged at sea, and through the mismanagement of agents, and the misapplication of funds, nearly all the accumulated fruits of four years laborious toil were swept away.

But by attending personally to the sales in New York, and the purchases at home, business flourished till '32, when a sudden decline in the price of provisions occasioned another heavy loss. But from 1833 to '34, large operations in all the leading products, attended by a steady and gradual rise, brought to a successful termination all his business operations. In the spring of '33, being in New York, he accidentally became a purchaser from a cargo of raw hides from Buenos Ayres, which he was enabled to obtain upon favorable terms; but upon getting them

home, and finding they were somewhat injured and could not be turned into the New York market without serious loss, he hit upon the expedient of manufacturing them into boots and shoes, and disposing of them at the fall Indian payments at Chicago; in the furtherance of which plan, his brother, Mr. Almond Walker, was in due time sent on, who opened his assorted stock of guns, boots, shoes, and leather, at Fort Dearborn, in the autumn of 1834.

By this adventure his attention was turned toward the West, where he soon saw and appreciated her undeveloped resources; and early the ensuing spring—not twenty-one years ago—he was on his way to this city, with ready means, enlarged and liberal views, an extensive business experience and acquaintance, in the vigor of manhood, with a widespread and favorable reputation at the East, to unite his fortunes with the destinies, and contribute his energies to the development of the unknown resources of this then lake shore village. Among his first operations here was the buying of several lots of real estate, among which was the purchase of John S. Wright, Esq., the corner of Clark and South Water Streets, in connection with Capt. Bigelow, of Boston, and Jones, King & Co., of Chicago, for the sum of \$15,000, *cash*; which was considered by many at that time, a most visionary speculation. Some days subsequent to making this purchase, after reconnoitering in the country, he publicly avowed the then bold opinion that Chicago was destined to be the great city of the inland seas, and in test of his faith in this prediction, immediately set about making this city the principal point for his future operations. In May, '35, while on his way to Chicago, being detained at St. Josephs, there being no regular means of conveyance across the lake at that time, he made several purchases of hides from the flat boats and butchers' stalls for the Eastern market, to which were subsequently added purchases made in and about Chicago; this shipment, it is believed, is the first ever made from the State of Illinois to any point as far east as Utica or Albany.

The next year he established business in Chicago with the late E. B. Hurlburt, Esq., under the firm of "Walker & Co.," upon South Water street, for importing implements of husbandry and household utensils from the East, together with a store of general merchandise, taking in exchange the various products of the West. During this period he was much of the time riding through the country, on horseback, as far north as Green Bay, locating government lands at the Four Lakes (now Madison), Beloit, and other points on the Rock and Milwaukee Rivers.

The next year came the terrible financial revulsions of '37, when ruin and desolation swept the whole country, those who sat in the high places of wealth and affluence were drawn irresistably into the maelstrom of utter insolvency. Banks, like

business men, came down with a crash, and the depreciation of currency produced ruinous confusion in the mediums of exchange. But Mr. Walker was one of the very few men, extensively engaged in business, who stood up against the storm; though he had to bring to bear his best energies and most expert financial skill, for maturing liabilities pressed hard upon him, and his name was largely endorsed upon the paper of other men; had not his reputation in Eastern commercial circles been of the best character, he would certainly have been swamped with thousands of others. But he found, in this emergency, that the relation he thus held as an important commercial medium between the merchant and artisan of the East, and the pioneer husbandman of the West, of immeasurable advantage. The extensive and favorable business reputation he enjoyed among the leading men and Banks of the East, as well as the confidence of the dealers of the West, enabled him to greatly enlarge his operations. To prevent the necessity of purchasing Eastern drafts at ruinous rates, he adopted the plan of purchasing the products of the country with the depreciated currency of the West, and made his extensive shipments of products the medium of exchange through which to meet his Eastern liabilities. Thus he was enabled to prevent the entire stagnation of business at home, preserve his reputation abroad, and in a few years of almost unprecedented vigilance and activity, to entirely overcome all his embarrassments.

The next year his firm purchased a few bags of grain of the surrounding farmers, which were sent to his mills in Otsego County, New York; this shipment of wheat, we believe, was the first ever made from Chicago to so Eastern a market.

During this period, though making Chicago the principal theatre of his labors, he was yet a resident of the State of New York, dividing his time nearly equally between this city, his home in Otsego County; New York City, and traveling on business. In '39, the famous struggle between the old Safety Fund, and the so-called Red Dog, or free banking system, was at its height. As a Representative from his native county he was sent to the Legislature. Carrying with him the same comprehensive and far-seeing views as a legislator, that ever characterized him as a business man, he was instrumental, in no small degree, in carrying through, though opposed by the great preponderance of the money power of the State, that deservedly popular system of redemption and exchange, which has since that time been in effect.

Each succeeding year his business in Chicago continued to increase, so that in 1840, his shipments had so much enlarged, that in the purchase of hides and skins alone, he not only exhausted his supply of merchandise, but was obliged to bring money from the East. In 1842, he established a partnership with Cyrus Clark, Esq., of Utica, under the firm of Walker &

Clark, for receiving Western produce; to bring himself nearer the chief point of business, he resolved to close out his affairs in Otsego County, and in May, 1845, he removed his family to our city.

In 1847, came the great crisis in the grain trade which carried down the oldest and best houses in the Union. Though not escaping without some most terrible losses that would have intimidated ordinary men; with a courage undaunted by reverses—with a nerve and will, equal to the emergency, his craft was guided to a safe anchorage from the fearful breakers that engulfed his less fortunate competitors; and his firm continued to hold its position as the leading grain and produce house in the West.

In 1851, it was found that C. Walker & Son of Chicago, Walker & Kellog of Peoria, and Walker & Clark of Buffalo, were the largest purchasers of grain from the farmers, in the United States. So that the few bags of grain, which in 1839 were sent on their eastern journey and the few bushels of 1840, had, in 1851, grown to 1,500,000 bushels.

At this period a severe attack of that malignant disease, the cholera, destroyed his health and compelled him to leave the financial management of the business to his oldest son, who continued the same under the firm of C. Walker & Son and C. Walker & Sons, till 1855, when he retired from the business altogether, leaving it to his two sons and others, who continue the same under the firm of Walker, Bronson & Co., prosecuting the business with all the vigor of its founder, this firm have during the past year, handled over *five and a quarter millions* of bushels of grain, an amount, we think, which will bear comparison with that of any other establishment in our own country or in Europe. Mr. Walker retires, we understand, the oldest grain merchant in the Union, having steadily remained in one of the most hazardous speculations in the world over thirty-one years. Acting upon the principle that he who can so cheapen and make efficient the avenues of trade, as to bring the productions of the country so much nearer a market, that the farmer can receive but one penny more the bushel for his grain, brings millions to his country, he feels amply repaid for the great risks he has run; and whatever benefit may have accrued to himself, that he has rendered an ample equivalent to those whom he has served.

While thus engaged as a pioneer in his own peculiar business he has been none the less efficient in promoting works of public utility. Prominent in all those great schemes which do so much towards developing the resources of the country, he has ever been one of the foremost in opening up and turning to account those great thoroughfares which vein our broad prairies, and wind their deep channels through our hills and valleys, and which, with every throb of animated industry, quicken into life

new avenues of trade, turning their accumulated wealth to swell the commercial tide that has so strongly set to the heart of our western metropolis.

When the Galena Rail Road was recuscitated, in 1847, Mr. Walker was chosen one of its Directors. He entered into the project with all his heart. In its gloomiest days, his faith never faltered; his confidence in the ability of the country to build the road never failed. When it was found that more subscriptions were necessary, he, as one of a Committee for soliciting additional subscriptions, traversed the country westward, and as far north as Beloit. His courage never wavered. When, in its darkest days, at a meeting of the Board, all confidence seemed to have departed from a majority of the Directors, he, with two or three others, remained firm in his confidence that the work would go through without failure. "A Committee of the Believing" was appointed to take measures to prevent immediate disaster, composed of himself, J. Young Scammon, Esq., and one other. Their measures were successful; and when, on the return of its President, Mr. Ogden, from New York, it became necessary that the Directors should become individually liable for a large sum of money, to secure the iron to lay the first division of the Road; Mr. Walker did not hesitate to be among the first to do so; and to the credit of the Board be it said, that all the Chicago Directors, but one, pledged their individual liability for the progress of the work. Mr. Walker remained in the Directory from the first, and took an active part in the construction and management of the Road.

In Feb., 1856, the enterprise of pushing forward, across Iowa, the counterpart of the Galena Railroad, was projected; and the Chicago, Iowa, and Nebraska Railroad was organized, having its eastern termination at the young and growing town of Clinton, on the western bank of the Mississippi. Of this Company Mr. Walker was one of the main directors and its president.

During the summer of 1856, he, in connection with others, erected and put in operation, at Beloit, Wis., an excellent paper mill, and a large reaper manufactory; and from a very superior quality of clay, upon his farm in Morris, Ill., commenced the manufacture of "Green Mountain Ware," expecting, in time, to supply Chicago and the Northwest with a quality of stoneware equal to any in the United States. He also was largely engaged in farming in the interior.

The conviction, that he who does the most towards opening up the great channels of trade, so that the poor man's labor will gain a level with the rich man's capital, is a practical philanthrophist, he was in theory and practice a thorough utilitarian. In private life, a plain man and thoroughly democratic; he recited the incidents of his boyhood and early struggles with a degree of well-earned satisfaction, and none more ready, in every consistant way, with kind words or material countenance

and aid, to cheer onward honest and persevering industry. From the first, a faithful and influential member of the church, and a most exemplary man, we think we do no injustice to any other citizen to say, that while we are frank to concede there are others who have added to themselves greater wealth, to none is Chicago more indebted for her unexampled prosperity than to the late Charles Walker.

In closing this brief notice of one so highly esteemed, we may fitly add the words of another: "In the internal improvements, which have done so much to develop the exhaustless resources of the State, in Railroad enterprises, which have poured a flood-tide of wealth and business into our commercial metropolis of the Northwest, in every public work, whose intention and effect was to build up and promote the healthful growth of the City, he has ever been in the foremost rank of public-spirited men. In short, taking into consideration the varied incidents of his active life, his indomitable perseverance and industry, and the financial ability he has exhibited, Mr. Charles Walker has had few equals and no superiors, as a skilful business man and a good citizen."

THOMAS CHURCH, ESQ.

BY JAMES TAYLOR, PH. D.
Author of "Moral and Social Manners," etc.

INTRODUCTION.

There is a laudable craving in the human heart, to know the history of those who have become distinguished, whether such distinction is the result of personal merit, or of the peculiar circumstances by which they are surrounded. It has been said, that "some are born great, some have greatness thrust upon them;" but certain it is that, however favorable circumstances may be, it requires an inherent power to seize, at the right moment, the advantages which time and circumstances may offer the enterprising and watchful. The life of Thomas Church furnishes interesting material, in connection with the early settlement of Chicago, and is a very prominent example of what may be accomplished by a steady perseverance in an honorable course of industry, integrity, and self-reliance.

The name of Thomas Church will ever be remembered with respect and affection by those who knew him best, and were able to appreciate the many estimable qualities which so well fitted him to take an active part in the early settlement of Chicago, with the interests of which he was identified from the year 1834, to the time of his death, on the 25th day of June, 1871.

The honorable and exemplary life of Thomas Church well deserves a record, which will hand his name to posterity, and keep green the memory of his many virtues, his goodness of heart, and noble aspirations.

ON the front page of the "Family Bible," as is customary in rural homes, the record of the Church family was kept, from which it appears, that Thomas Church was born, in the Town and County of Onondago, in the State of New York, on the 8th day of December, A.D. 1800. His father died while Thomas was in his infancy. His mother's maiden name was Olive Rawson, who had been bereft of her husband, and afterwards, by a second marriage, became the wife of Thomas Yates, a man of moderate means, but industrious, enterprising, and honorable. In the household of his step-father, young Church was brought up. Mr. Yates was the owner of a distillery, and the boy, Thomas, was employed in such matters as his strength would permit him

to perform. It was his business to carry, on horseback, the meal from the mill, and to assist in clearing a small farm, where they raised wheat for the family consumption. They had three cows, and a span of horses, with which, when the roads were passable, Mr. Yates used to do teaming, from Albany, for the neighboring merchants. The family were in good circumstances, compared with their neighbors. They were very temperate, for Thomas never knew but of one pint of rum being sent for, and that was on account of sickness, except, on another occasion, when two quarts of whisky were purchased, when they had a 'logging bee.'

When Thomas was twelve years old, the father removed to the town of Benton, Ontario County. From this time he used to assist his mother, and, at times, went to school. He occasionally did little chores for the neighbors, for pay, and one day earned six and a-half cents, for gathering stones from a hay meadow. Small as were these earnings, he had a purse of his own, and was anxious to increase his store. When he was fourteen years of age, his parents removed to Bennington, Genesee County, on the border of civilization, and there he practiced a pioneer life, helping to clear, with his two younger brothers and his father, as much land as they were able. Here were spent five years, their home a log house, roofed with split-staves and bark, split and hewed logs for the floor, and stakes set in auger-holes, with a board on them for seats; a broad chimney, funnel-shaped, big end down, plastered within with clay and straw. The manufacture of maple sugar formed a part of their employment, and very much interrupted the attendance at school.

And now occurred one of those events which illustrate on what trifles our destinies depend. A disagreement between Thomas and his step-father took place, as to whether he should have the large or the small knife to cut basket wood. His father told him, that "unless you have everything your own way, you will not do anything." This charge was denied, and he was then told: "If he did not like to remain at home, he could leave." The young man replied: "If I thought you were in earnest, I would jump the bars as quick as you like." And upon this he let fall the axe, "jumped the bars," and left his home. That jump—from home into the world—was ever remembered as a mighty event.

And now, launched upon the world without knowing where to go—without money—without friends—with only the clothes he had on—no friends to aid or advise! His thoughts turned to those who were better off, who had the advantages of education, wealth, parents, kind friends that would help them. He envied those who had learned a profession or trade. He stood alone—without help—almost without hope! But he had health and youth, and as the first sadness wore away, hope revived, he felt stronger, and resolved that, with an honest purpose, and with the help of God, he would on himself rely; that he would take

no step backward, and he hurried on to seek employment. About three miles from his home, he engaged to tend a mason for two weeks, for which he was to receive twelve bushels of wheat and six York shillings in money. The man he had worked for was a miller. There came to the mill a brother of young Church, with a grist. Thomas told him that he had twelve bushels of wheat, for which he could get only thirty-seven and a-half cents a bushel, but he wanted to help pay the clearing, and if his father would send his bags, he could have the wheat.

The boy soon came back with the bags and got the wheat; but young Church was afraid his father might relent; but he did not. The wheat was gone, and he now had a capital of six York shillings. However, he agreed to work for the same man, Mr. Owen Cotton, for one year, at ten dollars a month, the payment to be made as follows: fifteen dollars in cash, fifteen dollars in orders on a dry-goods store; half the balance in horn cattle, and the other half in grain, at barter price, *viz.*, fifty cents a bushel, the market price being thirty-seven and a-half cents. In this situation he learned to run a linseed oil mill, a grist mill, and a saw mill; and, as Mr. Cotton was often from home, young Church acted as clerk, sold lumber, grain, and oil, and often went with produce to the neighboring towns and exchanged it for raw material. Thus he gained some knowledge of trade, improved his education, and saw a little of the world. He had now made the acquaintance of Miss Rachel Warriner, and this inspired his ambition. Times improved, money became more plenty, and he exchanged his cattle and grain with Mr. Cotton for a little farm. He worked another year, during which time he sold the farm for cash, and, at the end of his term, he again agreed to work for six months for the sum of sixty dollars.

At the expiration of the two and a-half years, he had \$227.00 in cash, and a new suit of clothes. Rachel waited, and, in 1823, they were married.

With new responsibilities, new plans were laid, and often thrown aside; but, ultimately, it was concluded to buy a small farm, and establish a home. With this view, Mr. Church went to Chatauque county, selected and bought a small piece of land, built a cabin on it, and then returned home on foot, by the way of Buffalo. There he was overtaken by a snow-storm, and detained one whole day. This delay was the cause of a radical change in all his plans.

Buffalo was then a village of 2500 inhabitants, and Mr. Church did not know any one. He had heard, however, of an acquaintance of his cousin, and this man he sought out. He found him keeping a little store, and as busy as a beaver, notwithstanding the bad weather. While sitting in the store, the idea occurred to him, Why cannot I do something of

this kind? And this thought occupied him during the remaining walk home of thirty miles. Of course, his wife was consulted. Her advice was—"Go to Buffalo—if your heart is set upon this enterprise, it will be successful." To Buffalo accordingly they went, in February, 1824, leased a spot of ground, and erected on it a small store and dwelling. When a stock of goods had been laid in, their money was exhausted, and customers were anxiously looked for. The first sale amounted to three cents. A one dollar bill was presented, and taken, and ninety-seven cents in silver given in exchange. Woful to relate—the bill proved to be on a broken bank! This mishap was a source of much self-reproach, that he should have taken a young wife to a strange place, locked up all his means in a business he knew nothing about; and here was a pretty beginning.—He did not tell his wife for some time. A bank note detector was now purchased, and soon matters began to mend. The venture proved successful. Trade increased; and the first year Mr. Church cleared \$200. This was probably one of the pleasantest years of his life. It was his first venture in business, and the first year of his married life. All things prospered with him; and he had good reason to look forward to a successful business career, and a happy domestic life.

They remained ten years, during that time the lot he had occupied had grown in value, from \$150 to \$4000. In fact, Buffalo had become a city, competition came in, and it was this suggested a removal further west.

In the spring of 1834, Mr. Church embarked with his effects on board of a small schooner, bound for Chicago. Ever since 1832, when Gen. Scott's army had returned from the Black Hawk war, reports had been circulating of the great fertility of the soil of Illinois, and of the advantages which Chicago would offer to the adventurous settler. Congress, too, had made an appropriation of land to the State for the purpose of constructing a canal from Chicago to the Illinois river.

Far-seeing men discerned in this great enterprise an unbroken chain of water communication between the Mississippi and the great lakes, a sure prognostic of the future development of Illinois, and a bright harbinger of the brilliant destiny in store for her. Mr. Church himself was not insensible to these great advantages, although he, in common with the early settlers of Chicago, had no idea of the rapidity of the future growth of the city. It was supposed, too, that Congress would soon make an appropriation for the improvement of the harbor at the mouth of the Chicago river.

The schooner on which Mr. Church had embarked, arrived at Chicago on the second day of June, 1834, and anchored about three-quarters of a mile outside of the mouth of the river. No vessel had as yet passed over the bar into the river. The passengers came ashore in boats, and landed their goods in the

same way. We may mention here, that the first vessel that entered the Chicago river was the schooner Illinois, Capt. Pickering. This adventurous officer succeeded in passing the bar in safety in the fall of 1834. It was considered, as indeed it was, quite a feat, and an epoch in the history of the State. That night a jubilee was held in the cabin of the schooner, at which plenty of champagne was drunk, toasts given, and speeches made.

There were about four hundred people in Chicago on Mr. Church's arrival, besides the garrison at Fort Dearborn, which embraced 200 U. S. troops. The business of the place was all done on Water street. Mr. Church endeavored to buy a lot there, but was unsuccessful. The land called canal lands was principally owned by the State. Individuals who owned lots would not sell them. Individuals claiming the canal lands by possession, designated their claim by having a stick of timber or an old stove on it, and asked \$500 or \$600 for their right of possession. But speculation in lands was not what Mr. Church came to Chicago for. He desired to get into business, and wished at least to own the property on which he lived. He succeeded, finally, in purchasing two lots, Nos. 111 and 113 Lake street, for \$250 each, and immediately erected a store and dwelling house on the property, 20 by 40 feet, and two stories high. There were few or no regularly traveled streets in Chicago at that time. The travel from the Fort to the branching of the river was along the river bank and on some ridges that crossed ravines leading to the stream. Mr. Church's store was the first one built in Chicago fronting on Lake street. Mr. J. K. Botsford had built a store on Dearborn street a little while before, the end of which reached to Lake street:—but at that time there were not enough houses built to give direction to Lake street. In building his house, Mr. C.'s greatest difficulty was to get assistance enough. After buying a raft of timber in the river, he had to get it sawed by hand into joists and rafters, in the same manner that ship-timber is sawed. The frame being prepared, a derrick was rigged, and the frame raised to its place by a pair of oxen. His weather boards were brought from the Wabash country, by what were called "prairie schooners;" wagons drawn by five or six yoke of oxen. This *land voyage* occupied several days, the *crew* taking their provisions with them, and camping out at night. After selling out their cargo and part of their oxen at Chicago, they would take on board a return load of salt, groceries, or dry goods, and 'set sail' for home again. A great deal of Mr. Church's early trading was done with the captains of these *prairie schooners*. They continued their trips till the march of civilization rendered them no longer necessary.

In the spring of 1835, Mr. Church went to Buffalo for a stock of goods. It took five days to get to Detroit by stage. Send-

ing his goods by lake, he returned by way of Detroit and Michigan City. There was no regular wagon road, and all vehicles ran along on the beach of the lake. It took two days to come from Michigan City to Chicago. There were fourteen passengers on this trip. A lady and two gentlemen rode on the top of a wagon loaded with baggage. The other eleven passengers walked on before. The lady was Mrs. JOHN S. C. HOGAN, wife of the then postmaster at Chicago. Her husband, and Mr. JOHN L. WILSON, afterwards Sheriff of Cook county, were also in the party.

On arriving home, Mr. Church found that his goods had got there before him. During his absence, James Whitlock, Esq., Register, and Col. E. D. Taylor, Receiver of the General Land Office, had been negotiating with his wife for the preparation of a building for the use of the office, and she had agreed with them that, on his return, Mr. Church would fit up and furnish two rooms, in the upper story of his store, for their purpose. He immediately hired the necessary assistance, and set about the fulfilment of the contract. The rooms were finished by the first day of June, 1835, and the land sales of that year immediately commenced. The attendance of buyers was very large and the bidding quite spirited. The purchasers stood out on Lake street in front of the land-office, and the constant tramping of such a crowd made the place very muddy. To obviate this, and to give the public a dry place to stand, Mr. Church caused a large quantity of gravel to be brought from the lake shore, and spread daily over the street. The receipts from the sales of land in two weeks were over half a million of dollars. Mr. Church's profits on the goods sold at the same time and for three weeks thereafter, five weeks in all, was \$800. The next spring, Mr. Church built an addition to his store, making it one hundred and eighty by twenty feet, and replenished it with a fresh stock of goods. In the year 1838, his retail sales for cash amounted to over \$41,000. That year, and the preceding, was a hard year with merchants generally. The great commercial smash up of 1837 had shaken the country to its remotest extremities, and even Chicago felt its disastrous effects.

There are some very interesting incidents connected with Mr. Church's early experience of merchandising in Chicago. In 1837, he purchased at one time seventy-five tons of goods, the freight on which, from New York to Buffalo alone, was \$1100. Late in the fall of 1837, sugar was very scarce here, and Mr. Church went to St. Louis, bought a large quantity, and had it re-packed in barrels. This was necessary, as it had to be transported in wagons from Ottawa here, and the roads being none of the best, there was some danger that the teamsters might get stuck in the sloughs. In case this accident should happen, they could roll the barrels to *terra firma*. This lot of sugar cost eight and three-fourth cents per pound in St. Louis, and it sold

here at the rate of six pounds for a dollar. It was customary to buy everything by the dollar's worth. The smallest change in money was a half dime. Sixteen of these, or eight dimes, passed for a dollar.

It was about this time that a change took place in the business of Chicago. Instead of importing all articles of necessity, Chicago now began to export provisions. Chicago merchants, too, now began to give credit to dealers in the country, to buy their produce, to borrow money on warehouse receipts, and to appoint foreign agents to do their business for them. Mr. Church, however, did not engage in this branch of traffic, but added to his other importations, paints, glass, oils, iron, and domestic dry goods. In 1840, he moved his old store, and built a forty feet front, fire-proof brick building on Lake street, Nos. 111 and 113, and moved his goods into it, taking into partnership his best clerk, Mr. M. L. Satterlee, late of the firm of Satterlee, Cook & Co.

After a successful business of three years, Mr. Church bought out Mr. Satterlee, and this partnership was dissolved in 1843, when Mr. Church disposed of his interest in the store, and invested his means, which were now considerable, in the purchase of real estate. In his transactions in real estate, he was as fortunate as in his mercantile career. One of the predominant traits in his character, though not the ruling one, was caution. He was never disposed to embark in hazardous undertakings; but he has uniformly succeeded in whatever he has undertaken.

An estimate of Mr. Church's property, on retiring from merchandising, showed a clear value of \$37,000, and this was the result of twenty years' prudent enterprise, during which time he never was embarrassed to meet his engagement, and has always paid one hundred cents on the dollar, and never had a law suit which required the argument of an attorney.

Mr. Church now invested his means in real estate, having gained, by experience, a knowledge of the rapid rise in value; and so successful were his investments that, in the year 1856, his interest and rents amounted to \$10,000; and, in 1857, to double that amount. The property was estimated, January, 1857, at \$300,000, and his income \$22,554.50 per annum. The havoc of panics has rendered these estimates subject to great vicissitudes; but, like the receding wave of the flood-tide, the rise of the reflux exceeds the depression, and an advance is maintained.

The rise in the value of land in Chicago, commenced at an early day. In 1830 or 1831, twenty feet of ground on Lake st., west of, and adjoining No. 113, sold for \$7. In 1834, the same ground was sold for \$250. In 1836, it was sold for \$8000, it having then a building on it not worth over \$2000. It is now worth or \$1500 per foot, the snug little sum of \$30,000.

In June, 1836, the great Canal sale commenced, and a large

amount of canal lands were sold. The terms were, a quarter down, and the balance in one, two, and three years, with interest on the deferred payments at six per cent. in advance. That was all, however, that was ever paid, as a few years afterwards the State compromised with the purchasers, giving them one-half of the whole quantity of the land for the one-quarter of the price which they had paid. In 1838, the State offered their lands on twenty years time, ten per cent. of the purchase money down, and six per cent. interest for the balance. They took in payment, too, State Stock, which was then depreciated to such an extent that thirty dollars of it could be bought for ten dollars. Such an opportunity to invest money profitably in lands has never occurred since; but at that time nobody wanted to buy, for there was very little money in circulation. In 1839, at the Fort Dearborn sales, lots on Michigan avenue were purchased at a little over \$1 per front foot, lots of 48 feet front selling at \$51. The same lots are now worth forty thousand dollars. Since that date, land has been steadily increasing in value.

In the summer of 1834, the first Tremont House was built on the north-west corner of Lake and Dearborn streets. It was burned down in 1839, that being the first large fire that had ever happened in Chicago. Mr. Ira Couch immediately built the second Tremont House on the site of the present edifice, and kept it till it too, was burned down in 1849. In the fall of 1849, Mr. Couch erected another noble structure. It was called by the croakers at first "Couch's folly" in derision, some persons thinking it much too large for a place like Chicago. But immense as it is, it has been thronged with guests, and its popularity is increasing every year. In 1871, the Tremont House was again ravaged by the flames, and is again rebuilt in a style still more magnificent.

Mr. Church, notwithstanding his close attention to business, his active mind and benevolent disposition has always led him to the discharge of his duty as a citizen; active in the promotion of whatever would benefit the interests of Chicago, he felt a pride in its rapid progress. For eight or nine years, Mr. Church was city assessor of the south division, and also Commissioner for the opening of streets and alleys, for the partition of real estate, and in awarding widow's dower; for the planking and paving of streets, and for appraising the damages and benefits arising from the establishment of lines of wharfage and dockage on the river. In the entire course of his official conduct, requiring the making of maps of subdivisions of the city, and placing the abstract titles on record, we have not heard of a single mistake, or a single complaint of unfairness or partiality.

In 1849, Mr. Church was nominated for mayor of the City of Chicago, by the Whig party, but was defeated.

On the organization of the Fireman's Insurance Company, Mr. Church was elected president, and filled the office with great credit, commanding the respect and esteem of his brother directors. As a token of their respect, in 1863, they presented Mr. Church with a handsome gold watch; value, \$250. The character of Mr. Church is too well known to require eulogy, but the object of a biographical sketch is to hand down to posterity the record he has made with his cotemporaries.

In 1854, when the cholera raged in our midst with such alarming fatality—when the angel of death held high revel in our streets—when strong men and little children alike were stricken down on every side—when medical skill and the tenderest care were unavailing to stay the progress of the plague or to snatch its victims from its deadly grasp—when all business was paralyzed and when hundreds were fleeing from the pestilence, Mr. Church remained at home, discharged his usual duties, and ministered to the wants of the sick around him. He was not alone in this. Many others of our citizens, like him, devoted themselves to the noble work of alleviating the sufferings they could not prevent.

Successful in his pecuniary circumstances, Mr. Church was not less prosperous in his domestic relations. He was happy in his first marriage, in the possession of the choice of his heart's first affections; in whom he found a congenial help in his early struggles, and a companion in his early successes. To her was born five children, two of whom survive and are married to very estimable gentlemen now living in Chicago. In April, 1839, Mrs. Church died, which was the cause of great affliction to her husband and family. His two children were deprived of a mother's fostering care, and his happy home had become desolate. Hired help can not supply the place of parental affection, and, for a time, there was sorrow in that dwelling.

In the fall of the same year, at the sick-bed of a neighbor, Mr. Church accidentally met Mrs. Rebecca Pruyne; knowing that she had no other interest than a neighborly sympathy, he thought it a manifestation of a kind heart, and became favorably impressed. She was a lady of comely appearance, respectably connected, was the widow of the late Peter Pruyne. Mr. Pruyne was senator of this State, and Rebecca was daughter of S. W. Sherman, of this city. She had one child. Mr. Church had two children; it was a legal proportion, she was entitled to her thirds. This casual meeting ripened into an acquaintance, and, ultimately, into a mutual sympathy and attachment, and, in November, 1839, they were married. The alliance proved mutually satisfactory, and, as their pecuniary circumstances were ample for their moderate habits, they had only to seek happiness in the rational enjoyments suited to their tastes. Their quiet of home life, they diversified by travel; they visited the homes of their early youth, and gratified themselves in again

viewing the scenes with which their affections and memories were entwined. These travels were extended to many places of interest. Mr. Church was, in the meantime, carrying on his enterprises in real estate, building largely, and watching with great interest the progress of the city, until June, 1871, when, after a short illness, he died, regretted by a large circle of friends. Obituary notices were published in the daily press, and the directors of the Firemen's Insurance Company passed the following resolutions:

Resolved—That the news of the death, on Sunday evening, of our first and only president, Thomas Church, fills our hearts with sorrow, and is an event greatly to be deplored.

Resolved—That his death is not only a loss to this company, but to the community in which he has so long honorably and exemplarily lived.

Resolved—That we will, in a body, attend his funeral, and that we extend to his family our sympathies, and that these resolutions be spread upon the records of the company, of which he has so long been an honored and useful president.

Mr. Church was a large and fine looking man, of plain and unaffected manners, and modest and retiring in his deportment. We are not informed whether or not he was connected with any religious society, but from our personal knowledge of his character, we should pronounce him to be Christian at heart and in practice, whether he was so in name or not. He was one of our wealthiest citizens, but he was esteemed and respected far more for his estimable qualities, for his sound good sense, for his active usefulness, and for his quiet and unostentatious benevolence, than for the adventitious glare of mere wealth.

Although part of the present sketch was in type before it was submitted to the present editor, he has been permitted a sight of an autobiography of the late Thomas Church. It is replete with very interesting matter bearing upon the history of Chicago during nearly forty years of close observation. These observations will form invaluable material in preparing a history of Chicago, but are too lengthy to be even glanced at in this sketch we extract the following: "I feel very grateful and thank a divine Providence for the good and kind husbands that our daughters have. They are thrifty, industrious, and good providers for their families. The eldest, Geo. A. Ingalls, is a lawyer; the second, Ephram Ingalls, is a doctor; the youngest, S. D. Kimbark, is an iron merchant. Neither of them use profane language, or tobacco, and are quite temperate. They all came home last Thanksgiving-day, each brought their eldest child, and I believe the arrangement is, that on next Thanksgiving-day, our extension-table is to be spread so as to admit three more little ones. I feel proud of our boys, and have reason to hope that they will continue in well-doing; remain good men, good husbands, and good fathers!"

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AT McCORMICK HALL,

ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 7TH, 1876,

BY

HON. JOHN WENTWORTH,

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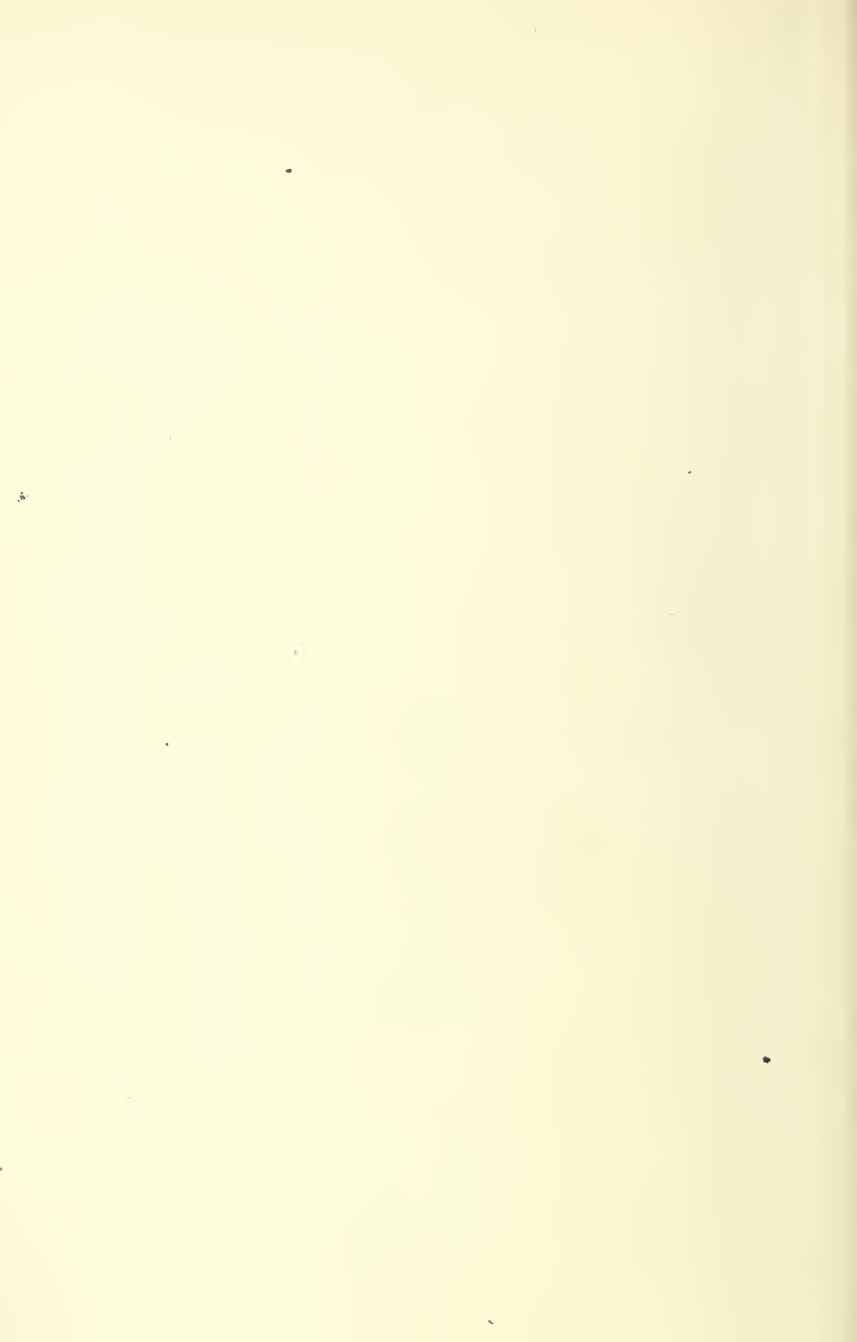
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AND A SETTLER OF 1836.

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EARLY CHICAGO.

One year ago, I gave a lecture at this place, as I then stated to you, "with a view of exciting among our people a spirit of historical research which would result in recovering lost newspapers and documents, and placing upon record the experiences of our early settlers." I had no ambition to figure as a lecturer, or as a historian. I waited until the regular lecture course was finished. The proceeds were given with pleasure to the Committee for the employment of men more at home in the lecture field, as the proceeds of this lecture will be,—such men as pass six months in preparing one, two, or three lectures, and pass the next six months in delivering them. As this is their sole means of living, it is right that they should be well paid for them; and it is one of the noble objects of this Association to furnish you, at an hour when you have no worldly pursuits nor religious entertainments, for ten cents, what other people on a week-day pay from fifty cents to a dollar for.

I can think of no other object that would have brought me before you with a written lecture. I felt that the duty peculiarly devolved upon me, and I performed it with pleasure. There are scarcely half a dozen persons, habituated to public speaking, who were here before the city was incorporated. I was sole conductor of a public press for twenty-five years lacking a few months. It seemed proper that I should lead off in this important matter.

The *Chicago Democrat* was commenced on the 26th of November, 1833, by the late John Calhoun, whose widow now resides in this city. Augustine D. Taylor, now living in this city, saw the press landed; and Walter Kimball, now living in this city, was a visitor in the office, and saw the first number printed. That paper fell into my hands in November, 1836, and contained not only a history of current events, but also a vast amount of information touching the early history of the entire Northwest. It is a

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sad reflection that the same fire which swept away my files, also swept away those of everyone else, and all our public records. But there are copies of the *Chicago Democrat* scattered all over the Northwest, as well as of other papers and documents that will be of service in restoring our lost history. No person should destroy any papers or documents of a date prior to the fire. If there is no one who wants them, let them be sent to me, and I will take care of them until our Chicago Historical Society becomes reorganized. Our old settlers are fast passing away. Some of the few remaining have very retentive memories. Let them not be discouraged because they do not remember dates. It is events that we want; and by comparing them with other events, the dates of which we know, we can in time obtain the exact dates of all of them. While so many of our old settlers have passed away, there yet may be remaining among their effects old papers whose value their legal representatives do not appreciate. Many old packages have been given to me, with the remark that they did not see of what use they could be to me. One widow sent me some pieces of newspapers, which the mice had kindly spared, with the remark that she was ashamed to be sending such old trash to any one; but from them facts enough were gathered to save another widow from being swindled out of her homestead. When I lectured before, it was a matter of dispute what was the name of the first steamboat that ever came to Chicago, and who was the person in command. She came to bring the troops for the Black Hawk War in 1832, and brought the cholera with them. All that was known for a certainty was the place where they dug the pit into which they most unceremoniously plunged the dead bodies. That was remembered because it was the site of the old American Temperance House, northwest corner of Lake street and Wabash avenue; and many old settlers remembered that from the fact that they always passed by the Temperance House on the other side, and so could read the sign. The river and lake water, which we had to drink in those days, was considered unhealthy. I made a statement as to the name of that boat, based upon what I considered the best authority. But when I had finished, a gentleman came upon the stage and gave me another name, claiming that he helped fit out the very vessel at Cleveland, and I changed my manuscript to correspond. But some of the reporters published the statement as I delivered it, and

thus two statements were before the public as given by me. Thus different persons, anxious to assist me in reestablishing the landmarks of history, had an opportunity, by quoting the one statement to provoke discussion by insisting that the other statement was true, when they really did not know any more about the matter than I did, and had perhaps consulted only one authority, when I had previously consulted many. But a lady, in looking over her old papers, found, where she least expected it, a *Chicago Democrat* dated March 14, 1861, containing a letter from Capt. A. Walker, giving a history of the whole expedition, showing that both statements were correct. The United States Government chartered four steamers to bring troops and supplies to Chicago, and their names were the Superior, Henry Clay, William Penn, and Sheldon Thompson; but the Superior and Henry Clay were sent back when the cholera broke out on board. Capt. Walker says, that when he arrived at Chicago, in July, 1832, there were but five dwelling-houses here, three of which were made of logs. There are other old newspapers yet to be found settling questions equally as interesting.

All must admit, that there has been more said about the history of Chicago, and more important publications made, the past year than ever before. Booksellers inform me that they have had within the past year, a greater demand than in all time before for all works appertaining to the history of the Northwest, and that they have had, all the while, standing orders for such works as are out of print. And it is to encourage a still further research that I address you to-day. And, if the result of this year's researches is not satisfactory, I shall feel myself in duty bound to address you again in a year from this time. Many aged settlers have thanked me for bringing them into a higher appreciation. One octogenarian lady informs me that, for the past fifteen years, when any young company came to the house, she was expected to leave the room. After my lecture, she said she saw a gentleman approaching the house, and she left the room as usual. But soon her granddaughter came out and said, "It is you he wants." And this was the first gentleman caller she had had for fifteen years. When she entered the room, and he told her he wanted to inquire about early Chicago, she felt as if her youth had come again, and she told the others that it was their time to leave the room. She said, "He has been to see me six times, and has printed nearly all I said,

and there is not another member of our large family who has ever said a word that was thought of sufficient importance to be printed; and now I am thinking over what I know about early Chicago, and letting the newspapers have it." She observed with great force that the young folks were constantly asking her how she used to get along amid early privations, and she insisted that, if I ever lectured again, I should assert that the early settlers of Chicago were the happiest people in the world, as I believe they were. But a strict regard for the real historical purposes of this lecture will permit me to allude only incidentally to our early sources of entertainment.

We are apt to speak of Chicago as a new city. But it is not so, compared with the great mass of other cities in the United States. Take out Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and New Orleans, and what is there older, in the date of its incorporation, in the West, extending to the Pacific? But when our city was organized we had no Pacific possessions, save Oregon Territory, which we then owned in common with Great Britain. The future historian of America will not, however, take into consideration the date of our incorporation. The ancient Romans were in the habit of dating events from the foundation of their city. But "*Urbs condita*" or "*Chicago condita*" will never be a reckoning point in our city's history. Even in this assembly, there are not as many who know in what year our city was incorporated as in one of our public schools there are children who can spell Melchisedec, notwithstanding modern politicians have kicked from the public schools the Book that contained the eighth commandment.

From Washington's inauguration, in 1789, to Chicago's first Mayor's inauguration, in 1837, we have but forty-eight years, a period of time that the future historian of America, when speaking of Chicago, will not notice. But a resident of Chicago was not elected to Congress until 1843, and yet he became associated not only with men prominent under every Administration of the United States Government, and many of them born before the inauguration of Washington, but with some born even before the Declaration of Independence, and two, at least, before the tea was thrown overboard in Boston harbor. John Quincy Adams was born in 1767, and he was accustomed to tell us that among his earliest recollections was that of hearing the report of the guns at the battle of Bunker Hill. Benjamin Tappan, Senator from Ohio, was born in 1773. Then there

was Henry Clay, Secretary of State while John Quincy Adams was President, United States Senator as early as 1806, Speaker of the House in 1811, born in 1777, nine months after the Declaration of Independence, and one who could collect a larger crowd and disperse it quicker and in better humor than any other man who ever lived in America. I shall never forget my last interview with Henry Clay, and its description is appropriate to the history of Chicago. Our harbor was suffering for appropriations. President Polk had vetoed them all. A change of dynasties had been effected. Millard Fillmore was the acting President, and he was a warm friend of our harbor. It was in the spring of 1851. The Harbor bill had passed the House, and was sent to the Senate at a late day, and the controlling spirits had managed to keep it back until a still later day. The Southern Senators, under the lead of Jefferson Davis, spoke against time, declaring the bill unconstitutional. Clay did all that man could do for us, but in vain. Our bill was talked to death. Clay came on with us to New York City, to take a steamer for New Orleans. As the vessel was about to sail, we went on board to take our leave of him, and we all expressed a hope that the next time he returned home he would go around by the lakes. He replied, "I never go where the Constitution does not go. Hence I must travel by salt water. Make your lakes Constitutional. Keep up the war until your lake harbors get their deserved appropriations, and then I will come out and see you." We finally got the Constitution out here, but not until after Henry Clay had paid the debt of nature.

Then there was John C. Calhoun, Vice-President while John Quincy Adams was President in 1825; a member of Congress in 1811; Secretary of War when the reconstruction of our fort was completed in 1817; born in 1782, the year before Great Britain acknowledged our independence. He said his name came once very nearly being associated with Chicago, as the new fort had been completed while he was Secretary of War, and it was suggested that it be called Fort Calhoun. But he did not think it right to change the old name which had been given in honor of Gen. Henry Dearborn, who was Secretary of War when the first fort was built, in 1804. Official documents tell us that, in 1803, Capt. John Whistler, then a Lieutenant at Detroit, was ordered here to build the fort, that his troops came by land, and that he, with his family and his supplies, came

round by the lakes in the United States schooner Tracy, with Dorr for Master. This probably was the first sail-vessel that ever came to Chicago. I can think of no business that could have brought one here before. This Capt. John Whistler was father of Col. William Whistler, who died in 1863, and was so favorably known by our early settlers, and who was father-in-law of the late Robert A. Kinzie, of this city.

Besides, there was Judge William Wilkins, of Pennsylvania, born in 1779; Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, born in 1782; John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, born in 1786; and Judge Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, born in 1789.

Then there were three men whose names are identified with the history of the West. There was Lewis Cass, born in 1782, appointed, in 1813, Governor of the Northwestern Territory, then embracing Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and all west. And William Woodbridge, born in 1780, appointed in 1814, Secretary of the same Territory. These gentlemen were walking histories of the Northwest. Then there was Thomas H. Benton, born in 1782, Senator when Missouri was admitted in 1821, who made his first trips to Washington on horseback. Add his knowledge to that of Messrs. Woodbridge and Cass, and we have a complete history of the entire West. Many now before me will remember the patriotic lecture he delivered here in the spring of 1857, upon the approaching crisis to this country, about a year before his death, probably the last lecture of his life. Nor should I fail to mention Gen. Henry Dodge, the Anthony Wayne of his period, born also in 1782, one of the first Senators from Wisconsin.

A single member of Congress, and the first one elected from Chicago, was associated in Congress with two members who served in President Monroe's Cabinet, one in President J. Q. Adams', three in President Jackson's, one in President Van Buren's, five in President Harrison's, four in President Tyler's, four in President Polk's, four in President Taylor's, seven in President Fillmore's, four in President Pierce's, five in President Buchanan's, and six in President Lincoln's; embracing a period of American official history from 1817; and some of these men were born before the tea was thrown overboard in Boston harbor.

For some years after Chicago elected her first member of Congress, the widow of President Madison gave recep-

tions at Washington, and on the first of January her guests were shown apartments where were suspended dresses which she had worn upon all great occasions, including the receptions of Presidents Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and her husband. James Madison was not only a member of the Continental Congress, but also a member of the first Congress under the Constitution, and so continued during the terms of Washington's Presidency; and was Secretary of State under Mr. Jefferson's Administration. So this lady had had ample opportunity to know the customs of every preceding period of our Governmental history. Now, if her heirs bring out these dresses for the Centennial (she had no children), the public will be astonished at their remarkably small number, she not having had, in over a quarter of a century, what the wife of the average office-holder of these days will have in a single year.

Then there was the widow of Gen. Alexander Hamilton, the confidant of Gen. Washington in the Revolution, and his Secretary of the Treasury, who was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr. She was born in 1757, and died at Washington in 1854. She was soliciting Congress to aid her in publishing her husband's works. She could tell all about her father, Gen. Philip Schuyler, of the American Revolution; the personal appearance of Gen. Washington and his lady; and of almost all other public persons of the Revolutionary period. In fact, when you sent your first member of Congress to Washington, all society was redolent with scenes of the Revolutionary period; and here in our midst were several Revolutionary soldiers; and one, Father David Keniston, who claimed to have been one of the party who threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor.

You will excuse me for digressing from the direct purpose of this lecture if I here state to you, that since I commenced writing it, I have received a letter from an old colleague in Congress, who was born the same year Great Britain acknowledged our independence, 1783,—as it will probably be the last opportunity that many of you will ever have of hearing a letter read from a man now living who is older than our Government; I allude to the Hon. Artemas Hale, of Bridgewater, Mass. He is the oldest ex-member of Congress now living, in his 93d year. Do you want to hear what the veteran says?

My health, considering my age, is quite good. But my time for taking any active part in public matters is past. Still, however, I feel a deep interest in the welfare and prosperity of our beloved country,

and am pained to hear of the corruption and frauds of so many of our public men. It appears to me that it is of the highest importance that our circulating medium should have a fixed and permanent value, which it cannot have but by a specie basis. I should be very much pleased to receive a letter from you, with your views of public matters.

I answered his letter in one word, "Amen !"

Thus you will see that our history laps so closely upon the Revolutionary period that there is no precise point at which we can say that Chicago began, unless it be in 1832, when the marching of the troops of Gen. Scott to Rock Island, on the Mississippi, called attention to the fertility of the soil and the beautiful locations west of us. We often hear of different men who have done much for Chicago, by their writings, their speeches, or their enterprise. But I have never heard of a man who has done more for Chicago than Chicago has done for him. God made Lake Michigan and the country to the west of it; and, when we come to estimate who have done the most for Chicago, the glory belongs first to the enterprising farmers who raised a surplus of produce and sent it here for shipment; and second, to the hardy sailors who braved the storms of our harborless lakes to carry it to market. All other classes were the incidents, and not the necessities, of our embryo city. Chicago is but the index of the prosperity of our agricultural classes. And to this day we hear Chicago mercantile failures attributed to the inability of farmers to get their produce to market, when the roads are in a bad condition. If we pass by the impetus given to the agricultural development of the country west of Chicago by the Black Hawk War of 1832, we must admit that we are passing into the bi-centennial period. What did Chicago know of the Declaration of Independence, the Revolutionary War, the Peace of 1783, or the inauguration of Washington, until years afterwards? It is probable that Capt. Whistler, when he came here to build the fort of 1804, brought to Chicago the first information on these subjects, and probably had to employ an interpreter to explain it. It was probably his Chaplain that made the first prayer for the President of the United States and all in authority; and his vessel that first floated the Stars and Stripes on Lake Michigan. But there were prayers here 200 years ago, and a flag that did not denote our national independence, but French territorial aggrandizement.

I have used my best efforts to find the earliest recognition of Chicago by any official authority. Charlevoix

and other French writers make mention of the place, but I cannot find that the French Government in any way recognized it. After the Canadas were ceded to Great Britain, the whole Illinois country was placed under the local administration of Canada by a bill which passed the British Parliament in 1766, known as the "Quebec Bill;" but there is nothing to prove that the Canadian Government took any official notice of this place. It may be interesting to know what was religious liberty in those days. At the period of the change of Government from the French, under the treaty of Paris, in 1763, Thomas Gage was Commander-in-Chief of the British King's troops in North America; and in 1764, he issued a proclamation authorizing the Roman Catholics of Illinois to exercise the worship of their religion in the same manner as they did in Canada, and to go wherever they pleased, even to New Orleans.

In October, 1778, the House of Burgesses of Virginia created the County of Illinois, appointed John Todd, of Kentucky, Civil Commander, and authorized all the civil officers to which the inhabitants had been accustomed, to be chosen by a majority of the citizens of their respective districts. From this we should infer that there were then settlements somewhere in the State. But I can find nothing of Chicago while we belonged to Virginia. The late Wm. H. Brown, of this city, in a lecture before our Historical Society, in 1865, said: "The French inhabitants of Kaskaskia, in 1818, the year in which I made my residence there, claimed that that village was founded in 1707. There were evidences at that time (the remains of former edifices, among them the Jesuit College) that their chronology was substantially correct."

In 1788, Gen. Arthur St. Clair became Governor of the entire Northwestern Territory, and was the first man to fill that position. The seat of government for Chicago people was then at Marietta, O. In 1790 he came to Kaskaskia (some writers say Cahokia) and organized what is now the entire State of Illinois into a county, which he named for himself. Besides this there were but two counties in the whole Northwestern Territory—the County of Knox, embracing Indiana, and the County of Hamilton, embracing Ohio. But there is nothing to show that Chicago at that time was known to the civil authorities. Besides consulting all the early writers upon the subject, I have corresponded with all the men in the country who I thought

would know anything concerning it. And I cannot find anyone who has any authority for stating that there was any official recognition of Chicago until Gen. Wayne's Treaty, made at Greenville in 1795, in which he acquired title from the Indians to a tract of land, six miles square, at the mouth of the Chicago River, where a fort formerly stood. Greenville is in the southwestern part of Ohio, in Dark County, upon the Indiana State line. There is nothing to show that, at that time, Gen. Wayne came any farther west, not even as far as Fort Wayne, although he appears to have had the same knowledge of the importance of the position of Fort Wayne as he did of that of Chicago. Why the fort at this place, referred to, was built here, and who built it, I have not been able to ascertain. As the French and Indians were always allies, there is no reason why the French should have built such a fort. It may be that it was built by one of the tribes of Indians to defend the place from some other tribe. But offsetting tradition against Gen. Wayne's official recognition of a fort here, it may be that there was a mere trading and store-house, surrounded by pickets. The prevailing impression is that such was the character of all those places called forts prior to the abdication of the French authority. Col. Gurdon S. Hubbard, our oldest living settler, who was here in 1818, favors this idea, and has reminded me of an almost forgotten, but at one time extensively received, tradition, that this old fort, or palisaded trading-post, was on the West Side, upon the North Branch, near where Indiana street now crosses it; and it was erected, or at least was at one time occupied, by a Frenchman named Garie, and hence the tradition that our North Branch river was one called "Garie's River."

There was a powerful chief of the Illinois named Chicagou, who went to France in the year 1725. The Hon. Sidney Breese, who settled at Kaskaskia in 1818, who was in the United States Senate six years during my service in Congress, and who still honors our Supreme Court, is the best informed man in Illinois history now living. He writes me:

I know of no authorized recognition of Chicago as a place on this globe, anterior to Wayne's treaty. I have a copy of a map, which I made from one in the Congressional Library, which I found among the papers of President Jefferson, made in 1685; in which is a place on the lake shore, about where your city is, marked "Chicagou;" and Father Louis Vivier, who was a priest at Kaskaskia in 1752, in a letter to his Superior, says: "Chikagou was a celebrated Indian chief,

who went to Paris, and the Duchess of Orleans, at Versailles, gave him a splendid snuff-box, which he was proud to exhibit, on his return, to his brother redskins."

Some have contended that our city was named from him. But Charlevoix, in his *History of New France*, gives us that name as early as 1671, in which year, he says, a French voyageur, named Nicholas Perrot, went to Chicago, at the lower end of Lake Michigan, where the Miamis then were. This was before Father James Marquette came here.

The treaty of Greenville, at the time considered of no other importance than as settling our difficulties with the Indians, afterwards became a matter of very serious importance in the settlement of our difficulties with Great Britain, while the treaty of Ghent was being negotiated, 1814. When the Commissioners met, the Americans were surprised by the British Commissioners demanding the recognition of that treaty as the basis of negotiations as to the western boundary of the United States. The British at first refused to negotiate except upon the basis of that treaty, and insisted upon the entire sovereignty and independence of the Indian Confederacy. They claimed the Indians as their allies, and considered themselves bound to protect them in their treaty. It will be remembered that the Indians had, for a long time, received annuities from the French Government, and that these annuities were continued by Great Britain after the treaty of cession in 1763; and that, after our independence was acknowledged by Great Britain, the Indians annually sent delegations to Canada to receive these annuities. During the pendency of these negotiations, it was ascertained that there had been an alliance, offensive and defensive, between the celebrated Chief Tecumseh and the British authorities. After discussing the matter, and finding the Americans peremptorily refusing to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Indians, the British Commissioners proposed that the United States and Great Britain should exercise a joint protectorate over the Indians, and consider all the territory not acknowledged to belong to the United States by the treaty of Greenville as embraced within that protectorate. This would have left the six miles square at the mouth of the Chicago River in a permanently Indian country. The West would have been situated similarly to Oregon, which was so long held under the joint occupation of Great Britain and the United States; and the final result of the joint occupation would have been the same as in Oregon, a division of the territory;

a part of it, perhaps including Chicago, being attached, in the end, to the Canadian provinces. The British Commissioners were so pertinacious on this subject that it was thought at one time that negotiations would have to be given up. And when the British Commissioners finally yielded, the British Government received the bitter curses of the Indians.

Billy Caldwell, better known in Chicago as Sauganash, who lived here several years after I came here, and was well known to me personally, had been the intimate friend of Tecumseh, and declared that if Tecumseh had been living he would have aroused all the Indians in the Northwest in a general warfare upon the Canadian settlements, in retaliation for what he considered the treachery at Ghent. Caldwell, to the day of his death, insisted that Tecumseh, not long before he was killed, predicted that the British in time would abandon them, and seriously meditated, during the war of 1812, upon going over to the Americans with all his forces. Caldwell was the son of an Irish Colonel in the British army, stationed upon the Detroit frontier, whose name he bore. His mother was Tecumseh's own sister. He ultimately went to his tribe at the Pottawatomie Reservation in Shawnee County, Kan., and died there.

When the Illinois territory was a part of Indiana, our seat of government was at Vincennes. When it was set off from Indiana, in 1809, the whole territory was organized into two counties, St. Clair and Randolph. Judge Breese, whose home was in Kaskaskia in 1818, informs me that his home was never in the same county with Chicago, being in the southern County of Randolph.

From St. Clair County, what is now Cook County, was set off in the new County of Madison; thence in the new County of Crawford; in 1819, in the new County of Clark; and so little was then known of the northern country, that the act creating Clark County extended it to the Canada line. In 1821, we were set off in the new County of Pike; in 1823, in the new County of Fulton; and in 1825, in the new County of Peoria. I have not only caused the County records of these counties to be examined, but have also corresponded with their earliest settlers, and I can find no official recognition of Chicago until we reach Fulton County. The Clerk of that County writes me, that the earliest mention of Chicago in the records is the order of an election at the term of the Fulton County Commissioners' Court, Sept. 2, 1823, to choose one Major and

company officers, polls at Chicago to be opened at the house of John Kinzie. The returns of this election cannot be found, if they were ever made. As the county was organized in 1823, this, of course, was the first election under the organization of the county. The same Court ordered, April 27, 1824, that the Sheriff, Abner Eads, be released from paying the money tax collected at Chicago by Rousser. In those days the Sheriffs were ex-officio collectors of taxes. The name indicates that our Tax-Collector was then a Frenchman, or a mixed-breed French and Indian. It seems that they had defaulters in those days, as well as now. It would be a gratifying historical fact if we could know how much this man Rousser collected, as showing the financial resources of our population at that time, when all the real estate belonged to the General Government. The numerous followers of this man Rousser have shown their ingratitude to the founder of their sect by their failure to erect any monument to his memory, or to name after him a street, a school-house, or a fire-engine house. These Rousserites are getting to be a numerous body of men, and their motto is, "Keep what you collect." One election and one steal are all that the records of Fulton County show for Chicago!

The Clerk of Peoria County writes me, that his earliest records commence March 8, 1825. From these records I learn that John Kinzie was commissioned Justice of the Peace July 28, 1825. He was the first Justice of the Peace resident at Chicago. Alexander Wolcott, his son-in-law, and John B. Beaubien, were commissioned Sept. 10, of the same year.

I have also the assessment-roll of John L. Bogardus, assessor of Peoria County, for the year 1825, dated July 25, which is as follows:

Tax-Payers' Names.	Valuation.	Tax.
1 Beaubien, John B.	\$1000	\$10.00
2 Clybourne, Jonas,	625	6.25
3 Clark, John K.	250	2.50
4 Crafts, John,	5000	50.00
5 Clermont, Jeremy,	100	1.00
6 Coutra, Louis,	50	.50
7 Kinzie, John,	500	5.00
8 Laframboise, Claude,	100	1.00
9 Laframboise, Joseph,	50	.50
10 McKee, David,	100	1.00
11 Piche, Peter,	100	1.00
12 Robinson, Alexander,	200	2.00
13 Wolcott, Alexander,	572	5.72
14 Wilemet [Ouilmette], Antoine,	400	4.00

The entire valuation, land then being not taxable, of all the property in Chicago was \$9,047, and the rate was one per cent. But the property of the American Fur Company was assessed to John Crafts, its agent, at \$5,000. He was a bachelor, and died the next year, and Mr. Kinzie was appointed in his place. Deducting the American Fur Co.'s assessment, we have only \$4,047 as the personal property of Chicago, in 1825, \$40.47 as the tax, and thirteen as the number of the tax-payers.

The clerk sent me a copy of two poll-books used at Chicago—one at an election held Aug. 7, 1826, containing thirty-five names; the other at an election held Aug. 2, 1830, containing thirty-two names; thus showing a decrease of three voters in four years. I will read you the names of our voters in 1826, and you will see that only ten of the fourteen tax-payers in 1825 then voted :

1 Augustin Banny. [Bannot?]	19 John Baptiste Lafortune.
2 Henry Kelley.	20 John Baptiste Malast.
3 Daniel Bourrassea.	21 Joseph Pothier.
4 Cole Weeks.	22 Alexander Robinson. 1825
5 Antoine Ouilmette. 1825	23 John K. Clark. 1825
6 John Baptiste Secor.	24 David McKee. 1825
7 Joseph Catie.	25 Joseph Anderson.
8 Benjamin Russell.	26 Joseph Pepot.
9 Basile Displattes.	27 John Baptiste Beaubien. 1825
10 Francis Laframboise, Sr.	28 John Kinzie. 1825
11 Francis Laframboise, Jr.	29 Archibald Clybourne.
12 Joseph Laframboise. 1825	30 Billy Caldwell.
13 Alexander Lorant.	31 Martin Vansicle.
14 Francis Laducier.	32 Paul Jamboe.
15 Peter Chavellie.	33 Jonas Clybourne. 1825
16 Claude Laframboise. 1825	34 Edward Ament.
17 Jeremiah Clairmore [Clermont?]	25 35 Samuel Johnston.
18 Peter Junio.	

I will now read you the names of our voters in 1830, showing that only three of the fourteen tax-payers of 1825 then voted :

1 Stephen J. Scott.	13 William See.
2 John B. Beaubien. 1825, 1826	14 John Van Horn.
3 Leon Bourrassea.	15 John Mann.
4 B. H. Laughton.	16 David Van Eaton.
5 Jesse Walker.	17 Stephen Mack.
6 Medard B. Beaubien.	18 Jonathan A. Bailey.
7 John Baptiste Chavellea.	19 Alexander McDollo. [McDole?]
8 James Kinzie.	20 John S. C. Hogan.
9 Russell E. Heacock.	21 David McKee. 1825, 1826
10 James Brown.	22 Billy Caldwell. 1826
11 Jos. Laframboise. 1825, 1826	23 Joseph Thibeaute.
12 John L. Davis.	24 Peter Fricque.

25 Mark Beaubien.	29 Michael Welch.	
26 Laurant Martin.	30 Francis Laducier,	1826
27 John Baptiste Secor 1826	31 Lewis Ganday.	
28 Joseph Bauskey.	32 Peresh Leclerc.	

It is a remarkable commentary upon the fickleness of our population, that only six of the men who voted in 1826 voted in 1830; and these six were half-breeds or Government employés. Father John Kinzie, however, died between the two elections, upon the 6th of January, 1828, aged 65. But there were some not voting at the second election, such as the late Archibald Clybourne, his father Jonas, and half-brother John K. Clark, who ended their days with us. The half-breeds and French who did not vote may have been away on a hunting and trading expedition. The voters in 1826 seem to have understood their true interest, being dependents upon the fort, as every one of them voted the Administration ticket, John Quincy Adams then being President. If there were ever three men in the United States who electrified the whole country with their fiery denunciations of the military power, they were President John Quincy Adams, his Vice-President John C. Calhoun, and his Secretary of State Henry Clay. Neither of the three ever forget Gen. Jackson! It would have seemed malicious, and yet quite pertinent, on the part of the Chicago member of Congress to have asked either of these gentlemen whether it was not a singular fact that, while Mr. Adams was President, the people of Chicago unanimously voted with the fort! Ninian Edwards for Governor, Samuel H. Thompson for Lieutenant-Governor, Daniel P. Cook for Congressman, the Administration candidates, each received thirty-five votes, being all there were. The much-complained-of military power of the present day has never secured a greater unanimity in the colored vote of the South. But four years later, in 1830, when Andrew Jackson was President, there was a material change in the politics of the place. John Reynolds, the Jackson candidate for Governor, received twenty-two out of the thirty-two votes cast. Of the six who voted at both elections, and who voted for the Adams candidate in 1826, five voted for the Jackson candidate in 1830; showing their consistency by each time voting with the Administration, or more properly with the fort. Billy Caldwell, the Sauganash, the nephew of Tecumseh, voted the Jackson ticket; while Joseph Laframboise, a noted Indian chief, stood out and voted against it. Perhaps Gen. Jackson, in some of the

early Indian wars, had caused the death of some of Laframboise's relatives or friends. Up to 1848, we had the viva voce system of voting in the State of Illinois. Each man went up to the polls, with or without a ticket in his hands, and told whom he wanted to vote for, and the judges so recorded it. But in those days the masses knew as little whom they were voting for as they do now. For the judges often read off the names of the candidates from the tickets, and the voter would nod his head. There was no chance, however, for stuffing the ballot-box under the viva voce system. It may account for the falling off of the vote between 1826 and 1830, that some persons would not vote the Jackson ticket, and yet disliked to vote against the fort. There were four of the Laframboise family voting in 1826, and only one in 1830. The names of voters in 1826, indicate that full three-fourths of them were French and half-breeds. The judges in 1826 were Father John Kinzie, the late Gen. John B. Beaubien, and Billy Caldwell. The clerks were the late Archibald Clybourne and his half-brother John K. Clark. The election was held at the Agency House, in Chicago Precinct, Peoria County. The Agency House was on the North Side, and was the second house built in Chicago, Mr. Kinzie's being the first. The Indian Agent was Dr. Alexander Wolcott, who died in 1830, son-in-law of Mr. Kinzie.

The election of 1830, was held in the house of James Kinzie, Chicago Precinct, Peoria County. This house was on the West Side, near the forks of the river. The South Side had no status at that time, there being nothing then on that side except the fort and light-house building, and the log-houses of the two Beaubien brothers,—one residing at the lake shore, and one near the forks of the river, with such a marsh between, that, much of the time, their most convenient way of visiting each other was in boats in the river.

The judges at the election of 1830, were Russell E. Heacock, the first lawyer to settle in Chicago, Gen. John B. Beaubien, one of the judges in 1826, and James Kinzie. The clerks were Medard B. Beaubien, well known in this city, now principal agent of the Pottawatomie tribe of Indians at Silver Lake, Shawnee County, Kansas, and Jesse Walker. The names of voters in 1830, indicate a large influx of the Anglo-Saxon race; but among them was one Irishman, probably the first Irishman who ever trod the Chicago soil. The first thought that occurred to

me was, What could bring an Irishman out here all alone? Who was to help him celebrate St. Patrick's Day? Who was to attend his wake? His name was Michael Welch. What have our many Irish Aldermen been thinking of, that they have never given us, in honor of their first settler, a Welch avenue, a Welch street, a Welch schoool-house, or a Welch fire-engine? The next thought that occurred to me was, What could he be doing out here all by himself? Now, what would an Irishman naturally do when he found himself here all alone, hundreds of miles distant from any other Irishman? He was a bugler. He blew his horn. He was a discharged soldier, and, having faithfully served out his time, he stopped long enough to vote the straight Jackson ticket, and then joined Captain Jesse Brown's Rangers and marched on to clear the Indians out of the way of his coming countrymen, who were already aroused by his bugle's blast, as his patron St. Patrick, centuries before, had cleared the snakes out of his way in the land of his nativity.

Capt. Jesse Brown was a brother of the late Judge Thomas C. Brown, of our Supreme Court, and was authorized by President Jackson to raise a company of men, who were called "Brown's Rangers," and was ordered to report to Gen. Stephen W. Kearney, on the Western frontier.

There is a prevailing impression that Irishmen never go anywhere except in squads. But the history of the American Continent will prove that Irishmen have ventured as far alone upon hazardous explorations as any other men. But he dislikes to stay alone. Like the honey-bee, when he finds a good thing, he wants some others to come and help him enjoy it. My original Congressional district extended north to the Wisconsin line, west to the Rock River Valley, south so as to embrace Princeton, LaSalle, Bloomington, Urbana, and Danville. I had to travel all over this district with a horse and buggy, and visit the spare settlements. I often found an Irishman cultivating the soil alone. But when I made a second visit, I found some more Irishmen there, or else the original one had gone. Gov. Winthrop, of Boston, in his journal under date of 1642, tells us of one Darby Field, an Irishman, who could not rest contented after his landing in America until he had climbed to the top of the White Mountains. He was the first man to ascend Mount Washington, and when asked why he went, replied, "Merely to take a look at the country!"

The official dispatches of one of the battles of the Mexican War commended the conduct of Private Sullivan, of one of our Chicago regiments. In the battle he had advanced before his company, engaged in a single combat with a Mexican officer, and killed him. I called President Polk's attention to the report, and asked for Sullivan's promotion. He referred the matter to the Adjutant-General. Time passed along, and no appointment was sent to the Senate. I called upon the Adjutant-General, and he read me a letter from Sullivan's superior officer, commending his courage and general good conduct, but strongly protesting against his appointment as Lieutenant in the regular army, on account of his deficiency in West Point education. I appealed to the President, and it did not take long to satisfy him that good fighting in war-time would counter-balance all deficiencies in education, and Sullivan was promoted. Some time after the close of the war, his father called upon me, said he had not heard from his son for a long time, and wanted me to find him. Many of you will remember the father, Jeremiah Sullivan, at one time Justice of the Peace,—a tall and well-proportioned gentleman, with as prepossessing a general appearance as any gentleman who walked our streets. I wrote to Washington, and received for answer that Sullivan resigned his Lieutenantcy at the close of the war. Inside the official letter was a note marked "private and unofficial." "Tell Sullivan's father to read the news from Mexico. I enclose some scraps from a New Orleans newspaper, and the Col. Sullivan therein mentioned is reported to be the late Lieut. Sullivan of the regular army." Some time afterwards, an officer of the army gave me the following account: After the close of the war with Mexico, some of the officers were tarrying late at dinner, when Lieut. Sullivan entered and was saluted with "Will you join us, Lieut. Sullivan?" "Col. Sullivan, if you please, gentleman," was the reply. Whereupon one of the officers said, "It will not surprise us at all if you are Col. Sullivan. If your killing that Mexican was of so much account as to put you on an equality with us who have studied four years at West Point, and have seen considerable active service, a little personal favoritism might carry you still higher, and make you a Colonel. Why, Lieut. Sullivan, if you should kill another Mexican, those politicians at Washington would make you Commander-in-Chief!" "Gentlemen," said Sullivan, "it is business that brings me here. Here is my commission as

Colonel in the Mexican revolutionary army, and now you know my authority. And now, here's my business in this paper, which I will read." He then read a paper authorizing and requesting him to employ a competent engineer upon his staff. The officers reminded him that they knew nothing of the face of the Mexican country, had no maps, knew not his route, and insisted that they could be of no service to him. "You do not understand me, gentlemen," replied Sullivan; "it is not for what I am going to do that I want any of your assistance. I only want you to map it out after I have done it. You are always talking about your military school, and what you have studied, and the like of you will be at school hereafter, and they will want to study Sullivan's Route to the Capital of Mexico; and if ever I should be Emperor, whom would I want for Secretary of War but my own Engineer?" Sullivan set out upon his march with no one to map out his route. He penetrated regions where no man had ever been before. He came out of forests where men least expected him. He appeared to be everywhere, and the inhabitants could make no calculation where he was not. They either all joined him, or fled before him. He had everything his own way, until, in his efforts to join the main army, he found himself in the fortified country. Here he missed his engineer and his military education. He was wounded, taken prisoner, marched into the Plaza, a bullet pierced his heart, and that was the last of Sullivan. But it just took a Chicago Irish boy to teach the Emperor Maximilian how to die the death of a soldier some twenty years afterwards; and Sullivan had as much right in Mexico as Maximilian.

There are 67 names upon the two voting-lists of 1825 and 1830. Six voted at both elections, leaving 61 different names, which, with the four on the tax-list of 1825 who did not vote at either election, constitute the 65 from whom our first families are descended.

And as there may be some pride in after years in tracing one's connection with our first families, the real Knickerbockers of Chicago, I have taken some pains to obtain interviews or hold correspondence with such of them as might be living, and with the descendants of such as are dead. Of a very large proportion of them I can obtain no knowledge whatever. I shall publish all their names, and at some future time shall publish what I have ascertained, or may hereafter ascertain, of their history and of their descendants. When it was known, in 1860, that the Prince

of Wales was to make Chicago a visit, one of our society men suggested that it was my duty, as Mayor of the city, to select about a hundred from our first families and give the Prince a ball. I asked him to give the names of the hundred from the first families. This he said he was unwilling to do. I asked him then to give me the names of even ten of our first families, meaning, of course, nine besides his own. This he also declared himself unwilling to do. But if, at any future time, any one of our society men should wish to make a party from our first families, he may derive some assistance from this lecture.

At this time I think there are but three of those voters living. One is Medard B. Beaubien, son of the late Gen. John B. Beaubien, of this city, now the leading man among the Pottawatomie Indians, in Kansas. The second is David McKee, now living near Aurora, Ill. He was born in Virginia in 1800, and went to Cincinnati when a young man, as a blacksmith. Under the treaty of Chicago, made with the Indians by Gen. Cass, in 1821, the Government was to keep a blacksmith here, who was to work exclusively for the Indians. Col. Benjamin B. Kerchival, then Indian Agent, afterwards a prominent citizen of Detroit, went to Cincinnati and employed McKee to come here in that capacity. McKee reached Fort Wayne, and there waited for a guide. At that time the only mail Chicago had was a monthly one to Fort Wayne. He did not wait long before the exploring expedition of Maj. Stephen H. Long reached that place, and he accompanied it to Chicago. Turning to the history of that expedition, by Prof. William H. Keating, of the University of Pennsylvania, I find that orders were issued to Maj. Long, April 25, 1823, for him to commence at Philadelphia, thence to proceed to Wheeling, thence to Chicago or Fort Wayne, thence to Fort Armstrong or Dubuque lead mines, thence up the Mississippi to Fort St. Anthony, etc. The expedition reached Fort Wayne, May 26, 1823, and Prof. Keating speaks of the fort then there as erected in 1814 on the site of the old fort, the location of which had been designated by Gen. Anthony Wayne after his victory over the confederated Indians on the 20th of August, 1794, which gave rise to the treaty of Greenville in the following year. The Professor says also, that the expedition fortunately met at Fort Wayne the express sent from Chicago for letters, and obtained him as guide. They left Fort Wayne May 29th, 1823. Their cavalcade consisted of seven persons, in-

cluding the soldier mail-carrier, and a colored servant ; and they had two horses loaded with provisions. On the 5th of June they reached Fort Dearborn, Chicago, having been eight days in traveling the distance of 216 miles, an average of 27 miles a day, their distance exceeding the usual allowance by 16 miles, in consequence of their circuitous route to avoid the Elkhart River. The railroad train now leaving here at 9 a.m. reaches Fort Wayne at 2 p.m. The post at Chicago was abandoned a few months after the party reached it, in consequence of the rapid extension of the white population westward, and the establishment of a chain of military posts along the Mississippi River, rendering the continuance of the force here unnecessary. An Indian Agent, Dr. Alexander Wolcott, uncle of our present County Surveyor, of the same name, remained here to keep up amicable relations with the Indians, and to attend to their wants, daily becoming greater in consequence of the increasing scarcity of game. Fort Dearborn was not occupied by soldiers again, except temporarily in transit, until 1832, when the Black Hawk troubles broke out. When Mr. McKee came here there were but two houses ; one belonging to John Kinzie, the other to his son-in-law, Dr. Alexander Wolcott, the Indian Agent,—Mr. Kinzie's having been built first. Both houses were built of logs, and lined with cedar bark. The third house was built by Joseph Pothier, a Frenchman, and one of the voters here in 1826, and who until recently was a resident of Milwaukee. He married an Indian half-breed, brought up by Mr. Kinzie, and was striker for Mr. McKee in the blacksmith shop. Mr. McKee was married by Mr. Kinzie, at Mr. Kinzie's house, and he built the fourth house. All four houses were on the north side of the river.

The inhabitants were soldiers, Frenchmen in the employ of the American Fur Company, and Indians. When the fort was not garrisoned, and the fur-traders were in the country making their purchases, the Indians constituted almost the entire population. In 1827-'28, Mr. McKee carried the mail once a month to Fort Wayne. As his Indian pony had to carry the mail-bag and the blankets for him to sleep upon, he could not carry corn for the pony and provisions for himself. He drove the pony in front of him, and cut down an elm or basswood tree for the pony to browse upon during the night. He carried a gun with which he killed the game for his own food. His route was from here to Niles, Mich., thence to Elkhart, Ind., and

thence to Fort Wayne. His average trip from this place to Fort Wayne was fourteen days; the quickest time he ever made was ten days. Gen. John McNeil, one of the heroes in the battle of Lundy's Lane, commanded the fort when Mr. McKee came to Chicago. Soon after his arrival, a sailing vessel, called the Heartless, undertook to enter the mouth of the river, ran ashore, and was beached in the sand. They tried to cut her out, but she went to pieces. About a year thereafter the first vessel entered the harbor, and anchored opposite the fort. It was the United States revenue-cutter Fairplay. When we speak of the first vessel coming to Chicago, there is always a confusion between the vessels that anchored outside and the vessels that actually came up into the river. It is claimed that this United States revenue-cutter Fairplay was the first one to actually enter the river. In 1826, there came here a sailing vessel called the Young Tiger, to enter the river, but she anchored out in the lake, slipped her cable, and went ashore.

Mr. E. Buell, now residing in Clinton County, Iowa, near Lyons, aged 75, claims that he was pilot and navigator on the schooner Aurora, Capt. Titus, that came to Chicago in 1820 or 1821; but he leaves the question unsettled as to whether or not he came up into the river. The steamers which brought here the troops of Gen. Scott, in 1832, had to anchor some distance outside. The persons claiming to have been upon the first vessel that passed over the Chicago bar and came up into the river, are even more numerous than those claiming to be descendants of the persons who had the first white child born in Chicago. I will not discuss this matter now, as the mass of you care less about those who had the first child than you do about those who are to have the next one, and what is to become of it.

The third man now living who voted in Chicago Precinct, Peoria County, in 1830, is our well-known fellow-citizen, Mark Beaubien. He came here in 1826, to visit his brother, John B. Beaubien, who was an employé of the American Fur Company, and who lived in a log-house near the lake-shore, near the mouth of the river, on the South Side. Mark returned to Detroit, and brought his family here, and built him a log-house, fronting the river, on what is known as the "Old Wigwam Lot," on the corner of Lake and Market streets; it being at that time the only dwelling-house on the South Side, except his brother's.

He constructed it for hotel purposes, and, when the Indian Chief Sauganash learned his design, he told him that Americans named their hotels after big men, and asked him what he was going to call it. Mr. Beaubien took the hint, and said "I'll call it Sauganash!" A few years afterwards, he built a large addition to it, which was the first frame-house built on the South Side. It was in this house that I took my first meal, on my arrival here in 1836, it being then kept by John Murphy. Mr. Beaubien was born in 1800, and in Detroit, where his father was also born; but his grandfather was an emigrant from France. He established the first ferry, at the forks of the river. He was an original fiddler, having inherited the art in the natural way; and he will probably die one. In case of the absence of the music at any of our parties in olden times, Mr. Beaubien was always sent for, and when one fiddle-string broke, he was good for the three; and, when another broke, he could still keep up the music; and if there were only one string left, a party would never go away disappointed if Mr. Beaubien was left to play upon it. He has done much to keep up our first families, having had twenty-three children. His grandchildren had numbered fifty-three when the great-grandchildren began to make their appearance, and he stopped counting. I introduce him to you to-day as the only man you will probably ever see who witnessed the surrender of an American army. God grant that such an event may never happen again! During the War of 1812, Mr. Beaubien's father, hearing that the town (Detroit) was about to be bombarded by the British army, had ordered his children to go down into the cellar, when news came that Gen. Hull had surrendered. Mark Beaubien saw Gen. Hull and his staff rowed over to the Canadian shore, and then the soldiers were taken over under the charge of the red-coat officials.

Cook County was set off from Peoria County under an act passed in 1831. The first election was in Aug., 1832. The county was named for the Hon. Daniel P. Cook, son-in-law of Gov. Ninian Edwards, who was one of the first United States Senators from this State. Mr. Cook was a member of Congress from 1820 to 1827, and died in 1827, aged 32, one of the most talented men who ever lived in this State. As our poll-lists of the first election, in 1832, were burnt, I can no longer trace our first families, and those who wish to marry into them must look back to those who were taxed in 1825, or voted

in 1826 or 1830, if they do not wish their honors disputed. Cook County then included the present Counties of Lake, McHenry, DuPage, and Will, all west being included in Jo Daviess County. The only voting-place of Cook County at that time was at Chicago. The highest number of votes cast for all the candidates for any one office in 1832 was 114, against 32 in 1830, and 35 in 1826.

It seems to have been the practice then, as now, to take our officers from Galena, and then, as now, they were very good men. Galena and Chicago were then in the same Representative and Senatorial Districts. Col. James M. Strode was elected to the Senate, and Benjamin Mills to the House, both being attorneys-at-law at Galena. Elijah Wentworth, Jr., who died at Galesburg, Ill., on the 18th of November last, received all the votes for Coroner at this election. He wrote me, just before his death, that he went with his father, Elijah Wentworth, Sr., from Maine to Kentucky; they moved thence to Dodgeville, Wis., where he was living at the time Jefferson Davis was constructing Fort Winnebago, about 75 miles distant. Davis had been ordered there soon after his graduation at West Point in 1828, and he often visited Dodgeville in attendance upon social parties, and is well remembered by old settlers there, to this day. In 1830, Mr. Wentworth and his father moved to Chicago, and rented a new hotel of James Kinzie, then the best in Chicago, on the West Side, near the forks of the river. It was a log-house, with upright boards upon the outside. He carried the mail from Chicago to Niles, once a month.

At the annual election in August, 1834, the highest number of votes for all the candidates for any one office was 528, against 114 in 1832. Thus our population began to increase. This vote was for the whole County of Cook. In 1835, the highest number of votes in the entire county, for all the candidates for any one office, was 1064. And religious enterprise and liberality had so far advanced that, at the Ladies' Fair at the old St. James, the mother of Episcopacy in the Northwest, on the 18th of June in that year, the receipts were \$1,431. In the spring of 1837, at our first municipal election, the city alone cast 709 votes.*

It seems not to be generally known that, up to the time of the opening of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, Chicago was not at all troubled with mosquitoes; a blessing which amply compensated for many of our early deprivations.

* For list of names on the poll-book, see "Fergus' Directory for 1839."

The history of Chicago furnishes one with a complete history of an irredeemable paper-money system. Emigration was fast tending westward in 1835. Government land was \$1.25 per acre. The emigrants had little or no money, and would purchase land on credit at greatly advanced prices. Eastern speculators flocked here and took advantage of this condition of things. The Government money received for lands would be deposited in the banks, credited to the Government, and then reloaned back to speculators. Thus the Government had credits in banks to more than the amount of their capital, and their assets consisted almost entirely of the notes of Western speculators. The Government was out of debt, and had no use for its surplus, which was forming the basis of those large speculative loans, and men became even more excited and reckless than were the land-operators here in Chicago at the time of the recent panic. Besides, money was taken from every branch of business to invest in these Western speculations. The President of the United States had no power to stop the sales of lands or to limit bank discounts. He saw the immediate necessity of arresting this condition of things, and he had no other way to do it than to issue an order that nothing but gold and silver should be received for the public lands. According to an invariable law, a redundancy of paper had driven the precious metals out of the country, and the banks had not the specie wherewith to redeem their bills, which were fast being presented to obtain land-office money. The banks all failed, and corporations and individuals issued certificates of indebtedness, which were interchanged as currency. States, counties, and cities paid their debts in warrants upon an empty treasury. The Canal Commissioners paid contractors in scrip, and the contractors paid their laborers in a lesser scrip, redeemable in the scrip of the Commissioners.

Nearly every man in Chicago doing business was issuing his individual scrip, and the city abounded with little tickets, such as "Good at our store for ten cents," "Good for a loaf of bread," "Good for a shave," "Good for a drink," etc., etc. When you went out to trade, the trader would look over your tickets, and select such as he could use to the best advantage. The times for a while seemed very prosperous. We had a currency that was interchangeable, and for a time we suffered no inconvenience from it, except when we wanted some specie to pay for our postage. In those days it took 25 cents to send a letter East.

But after a while it was found out that men were over-issuing. The barber had outstanding too many shaves; the baker too many loaves of bread; the saloon-keeper too many drinks, etc., etc. Want of confidence became general. Each man became afraid to take the tickets of another. Some declined to redeem their tickets in any way, and some absconded. And people found out, as is always the case where there is a redundancy of paper money, that they had been extravagant, had bought things they did not need, and had run in debt for a larger amount than they were able to pay. Of course, nearly everyone failed, and charged his failure upon President Jackson's specie circular. In after times, I asked an old settler, who was a great growler in those days, what effect time had had upon his views of Gen. Jackson's circular. His reply was that Gen. Jackson had spoiled his being a great man. Said he, "I came to Chicago with nothing, failed for \$100,000, and could have failed for a million, if he had let the bubble burst in the natural way."

A single instance will illustrate to what various purposes those little tickets of indebtedness could be put. A boy had a ticket "Good for a drink." He dropped it into the church contribution-box, and heard no more of it. He told another boy, who did the same thing with the same result. That boy told his sister, who told her mother, who told her husband, who deemed it his duty to tell the Deacon. Meanwhile the boys were putting in the tickets "Good for a drink," and telling the other boys to do the same. The Deacon, alive to all the responsibilities of his position, for the first time in his life entered a saloon; called the barkeeper one side, and asked him to change a \$1 scrip, well knowing he could not do so unless it were in liquor-tickets. The saloon-keeper was afraid to offer such tickets, and declined to make the change, until the Deacon gave him a hint that, although he did not stimulate himself, he thought he could use the tickets. Then, said the Deacon, "I have a curiosity to know the extent of the circulation of these tickets, and really wish you would put a private mark upon them, and notify me when one returns." Think of a Deacon putting such currency into a contribution-box! But he did it, and the boys put in some more. On Monday afternoon, the Deacon was notified that one of his tickets had been redeemed. Oh, what a chance for a scandal case! Imagine that such a thing had happened in our day! Think of our enterprising newsgatherers calling upon a

Deacon, and asking him what was the average time of a liquor-ticket's going from his church contribution-box to a saloon! With solemn tread the Deacon made his way to his pastor's residence, and asked him what disposition he made of the various tickets taken from the contribution-box. The reply was that his wife assorted them, strung them upon different strings, entered them upon a book, and gave the church credit as she used any of them. "And do you say, my dear brother," asked the Deacon, "that you have no knowledge of the particular uses to which these tickets have been put?" "I do say so," said the pastor. The Deacon breathed freer. He had cleared his pastor, but I have no doubt he prayed, "May the Lord have mercy on his poor wife!" The wife was called, and her husband said, "The Deacon wishes us to give an account of the proceeds of the contribution-box." "Not exactly so, my dear sister," said the Deacon; "but I wish to know for what purposes the liquor-tickets have been used." She comprehended the matter at once; and promptly replied, "Why, Deacon, did you want them? I never thought you were a drinking man. Now, as you didn't have the tickets, will you share with us the proceeds? Let us all take a drink!" She rushed to her pantry, brought out a pitcher, with tumblers, and it was filled with—milk! In making the change with her milkman his eyes had fallen upon these tickets, and he said he could use them. Thus throwing the liquor-tickets into the contribution-box was but a repetition of the old adage, "Evil be thou my good." They had discharged all the functions of the modern greenback, even to furnishing a poorly-paid clergyman's children with milk.

Not long after our Chicago citizens were victimized by another irredeemable currency device. Michigan legislators thought that, while there was not specie enough in the country for a banking basis, there was land enough. So they passed what is known as the "Real Estate Banking law." They contended that real estate was better than gold and silver, because a man could not run away with real estate. Chicago merchants, business men, and speculators generally, instead of paying their debts with their money, bought Michigan wild lands, had them appraised, and then mortgaged them for bills, which they brought home to pay their debts with. Real estate, which is generally the first property to feel the effects of inflated currency, soon rose in value, and its owners paid Michigan another

visit, secured a higher appraisal of their lands, and exchanged the second mortgage for some more bills. For about a year we had excellent times again in Chicago. But then confidence began to weaken. Agents were sent into the country to buy anything they could, provided Michigan money would be taken. Merchants would post in their windows a list of bills that they would receive for a given day, and then revise the list for the next day. The bubble soon burst, and every one was the poorer for the good times he had enjoyed. Manual labor, which was the last thing to rise, was the last resting-place of the worthless bills.

During all this excitement incident to our great variety of irredeemable paper, our sufferings were the greatest for postage money, which had always to be in specie, and specie was then at from 50 to 100 per cent premium in our depreciated currency. But postage was then reckoned by the sheet instead of by weight. The result was that, although friends wrote but seldom, their letters were a sort of daily journal. When anything occurred to them, they would write it out; and when they had filled a sheet, oftentimes writing crossways also, they mailed it as soon as they could raise the postage. In traveling at the East, I have fallen in with several of these letters written in early times, whose publication would add materially to the early history of our city. But their contents were so mixed up with private matters appertaining to different families that it is impossible to obtain possession of them. As our laboring men were paid in currency, it often took more than a day's work to pay the postage on a letter to an Eastern friend.

I will relate an anecdote to illustrate this matter. Soon after my first election to Congress, a young man who had rendered me material service, made me a call, and observed that postage was very high; in which sentiment I concurred, and promised to labor to reduce it. He then remarked that I would have the franking privilege; to which I assented, and promised to labor to abolish it. But all this did not seem to interest the young man, and I was perplexed to know the drift of his conversation. Finally, with great embarrassment, he observed that he was engaged to a young lady at the East, and wanted to know if I could not frank his letters. I explained that there was but one way to avoid the responsibilities of the law, and that was for him to write his letters to me, and then I could write a letter to her, calling her attention to his; and she could have the same privilege. The correspondence

took this form until the Congressman from her district asked me if, at the close of the session, I was going home by the way of his district. I did not comprehend him until he stated that he was well acquainted in the family of the lady with whom I had been corresponding, and suggested that, if I was going to be married before the next session, it would be pleasant for us to board at the same house! This put a new phase upon my way of dodging an abuse of the franking privilege, and I wrote to my constituent that he must bring his courtship to a close, and he did so. Four letters from him and three from her covered the transaction, and I stand indebted to this day to the "conscience-fund" of the Post-Office Department for \$1.75. But this was a very insignificant sum to pay for the securing of a good Yankee girl to the West in those days. Besides, there are seven in the family now, and one went to the War; and that \$1.75 was an insignificant bounty to pay for a soldier. After all, the best way to procure soldiers is to breed them yourself. But every time any one speaks to me about the corruptions and defalcations among public men of the present day, I see "mene, mene, tekell, upharsin" written on the wall! I think of that \$1.75, and say nothing.

Not satisfied with the real estate banking experiment in Michigan, of trying to make easy times without prompt specie redemption, some of the speculators of Illinois thought that they would try the Michigan system, with State bonds substituted for lands. The result of this last experiment is too familiar to the mass of our citizens to need an extended comment. Money was borrowed, and State bonds were purchased. The most inaccessible places in our State were sought out for the location of banks, and bills were extensively issued. Money was abundant, prices of everything advanced, and a financial millenium was once more among us. The consequences of this system were quite as disastrous as those of the real estate system of Michigan. Considering its age, Chicago has been the greatest sufferer of any place in the world from an irredeemable paper-money system. Its losses in this respect will nearly approximate those from the great fire. And when you talk to one of the early settlers of Chicago about the advantages accruing from an irredeemable money system, you waste your labor. He has been there!

One of our early amusements was that of wolf-hunting. Experienced Indian ponies were plenty in our city. The

last hunt I remember had for its object the driving of as large a number of wolves as possible up to the ice upon the lake shore, and as near the mouth of the harbor as could be done. There was to be no shooting until the wolves had got upon the ice. No person was to fire unless his aim was entirely over ice, and then to the eastward. Two parties started early in the morning, one following the lake shore south, and the other the river, to meet at a common centre not far from Blue Island. Then they were to spread themselves out, cover as much territory as possible, and drive the wolves before them. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a wolf made his appearance in the outskirts of the city. The news was spread, and our people turned out on foot, keeping along the margin of the river, so as to drive the wolves upon the ice of the lake shore. One wolf after another made his appearance, and soon we saw the horsemen. The number of wolves was about the same as that of Samson's foxes. The men were so eager to get the first fire at a wolf that the tramp of their horses broke the ice; and, as the wind was rather brisk, it broke away from the shore, with the wolves upon it, and drifted northeasterly, very much in the same direction as that taken by the recent unfortunate balloon. But the wolves, unlike the man in the balloon, took no reporter on board. Men, women, and children lined the bank of the lake, expecting to see the ice break in pieces and the wolves swim ashore. But it did not do so. Our people watched the ice, and could see the wolves running from side to side, until they faded away from view. When I took my last look, they appeared about the size of mice.

About two weeks afterwards, a letter appeared in a Detroit paper containing an account of some farm settlements, on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, being attacked by a large body of hungry wolves. They destroyed fowls and cattle, and for several days spread terror through the neighborhood. We always supposed that those were our wolves, but our hunters never laid any claim to them, as the news of their arrival was so long in reaching here. And as an evidence of the tardy transit of merchandise and mails, in those days, I will state that our newspapers of September, 1835, announce the arrival of a schooner, with goods, twenty days from New York City, the shortest time ever made. A newspaper of Dec. 24, 1836, announces that President Jackson's message to Congress was only twelve days on its route from Washington.

It was published here Saturday, but the editor says he would have issued it on Thursday, but for the extreme cold weather.

The first divorce suit in our city was brought in 1835.

Land speculation had become so brisk here in 1835, that from Jan. 4th to Oct. 21st of that year, the papers announce that Augustus Garrett (afterward mayor of the city) had sold land at his auction-rooms to the amount of \$1,800,000. Our people had commenced litigation so much that at the commencement of Cook county circuit court in May, 1836, there were 230 cases on the civil docket, and the court sat two weeks. Litigation so increased that in May, 1837, there were 700 cases on the civil docket. The newspapers pointed to the alarming fact that over a million dollars were involved in these cases.

The West Side was the last to advance in population. Although at one time, prior to the city's incorporation, it undoubtedly had, as it does now, the largest portion of our inhabitants, there were only 97 voters on the whole West Side at our first municipal election. These were mostly from our first families, as there were living there about that time three Indian chiefs, Sauganash, Laframboise, and Robinson, (whose Indian name was Che-che-pin-gua), with occasional visits from Shaboneh; and any number of Indians, French, and mixed breeds related to them. The West Side was the last side to have a piano, but the strains of the fiddle were always to be heard, and the war-dance was no uncommon thing. I remember attending the wedding of one of Laframboise's daughters. She was married to a clerk in the post-office, and is now the wife of Medard B. Beaubien, heretofore alluded to in this lecture. The clerk was the one who delivered letters, and of course was well known to all our citizens, and was remarkably popular. He went to the printing office and had 50 cards of invitation struck off. But when people went for their letters, they politely hinted that they expected a card of invitation to the wedding. So he was compelled to go to the printing office and have 50 more struck off. These did not last long, and he had 100 more. Then he said that tickets were of no use, and everybody might come; and about everyone did come. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Isaac W. Hallam, pastor of the St. James' Episcopal church of this city. Everything was high-toned, well worthy of an Indian chief's daughter. The house was of no particular use, as

it was full and surrounded with people. This wedding made a strong impression on my mind, as it was the first time I ever saw the Indian war-dance. Some of the guests not only had their tomahawks and scalping-knives, bows and arrows, but a few of them had real scalps which they pretended they had taken in the various Indian wars. Their faces were decorated with all the favorite pictures of the Indians. And some of our young white men and ladies played the part of the Indian so well that it was difficult to distinguish them from the real ones. It has been a wonder to me that, while our professors of music have been inventing so many different kind of dances, none of them have reproduced the Indian war-dance, which to me is much more sensible than nine-tenths of those which are now practiced at so many of our fashionable parties. I presume that the trouble is, that our ladies consider that the Indian war-paint extemporized for the occasion, would interfere with the original paint put on before they left their homes, and which they wished to remain through the evening. One of our young men claimed that, at this wedding, amid the crowd, unperceived, he had clipped a lock from the bride's long, flowing, raven hair. Some of this hair he had put into a breast pin, and very soon thereafter, these Indian bridal breast-pins were about as thick as were the manufactures from our old court-house bell after the fire. One man who had worn one for some years was suddenly taken sick, and expected to die. He called his wife to his bedside, and told her he deemed it his duty to state to her that he had been deceiving her for years, and he could not die in peace until he had made a confession. "I must tell you before I die, that the hair in that pin I have been wearing so deceitfully, is not the hair of that Indian chief's daughter, but your own." With pitiful eyes he looked to his wife for forgiveness. "And is that all that troubles you?" said she; "what you have just revealed in your dying hour, only confirms my opinion of you. I always supposed you thought more of me than you did of a squaw!" And now I suppose you think that that man died in peace. But he did not. He is alive now. There is occasionally an instance where a man has survived a confession to his wife. But where, oh where, is there an instance of a woman who has survived a confession to her husband?

After the marriage of this Indian chief's daughter, several of our wealthy citizens (wealthy for those days) gave return

parties. I remember attending a very elegant one given at the house of Medard B. Beaubien. I think the fashionable society of Chicago subsisted for about two months upon that wedding. Mr. Beaubien has given me several invitations, as he has others of our old settlers, to visit him at his residence among the Pottawatomes. He told me that I would be a big Pottawatomie! He gave as a reason for abandoning Chicago, where he was a merchant, that he would rather be a big Indian than a little white man. He has the reputation of being the handsomest man that was ever in this city. I met him at Washington, a few years ago, and he attracted great attention for his remarkable personal beauty.

The most of the families of wealth, education, and high social position, about the time of our incorporation, were settled on the North Side. The "Lake House" there was the first brick hotel constructed in our city, and it was as well furnished and conducted as any hotel west of New York city. Upon the South Side were most of the business houses, and hotels that were kept for the accommodation of farmers who came to Chicago with their loads of grain. Business men without families, clerks, and employes of business men, generally boarded at these hotels on the South Side, often sleeping in the stores. We could not have anything like a large party on the South Side without female domestics. The fashionable people on the North Side would invite our young men to their parties on that side; but when we had a party on the South Side, instead of coming themselves, the ladies would send their domestics. And if I were to go into details of the origin of the fashionable society of Chicago of the present day, I could satisfy our young men that whether they wanted to make money or raise healthy children, the best thing they could now do would be to imitate the example of some of our early settlers, and marry a lady who dares discharge an impudent or incompetent maid, and can do the work herself till she can get a better one.

There was considerable ill-feeling at one time between the North and South Sides in consequence of this discrimination. But politics then, as now, proved a great leveler in society. There was an elegant party given at the Lake House one evening, where one of the most fashionable men on the North Side, who was a candidate for office, thought he would throw an anchor to the windward by dancing

with a South Side dressing-maid, while he supposed his wife was being entertained at the supper-table. But she entered the ball-room while the dance was going on. At once a proud heart was fired. Quicker than thought she spoke to a carriage-driver who stood at the door looking in: "Can you dance, Mike?" "It's only for the want of a partner," was the response. Seizing him by the hand, she said, "Come on!" and turning to the crowd she said, "This is a game that two can play at!" and immediately the dance went on, amid the applause of the whole room; the man with the South Side dressing-maid, and his wife with the South Side driver. And thus free suffrage began its work against artificial social position.

Not long after my first election to Congress, upon opening my mail at Washington, I found a letter dated in the western part of Iowa, then far in the wilderness, reading in this way:

"MY DEAR OLD CHICAGO FRIEND: I see you have been getting up in the world, and it is so with myself, who am the sheriff's deputy here, and I also keep hotel. I am the same one who made all the fuss dancing with the lady at the Lake House ball, and you were there; and the girl I married is the same domestic her husband danced with. The judge of the court boards at our house, and he often dances with my wife at the big parties here, where we are considered among the first folks, and I reckon my wife Bridget would put on as many airs as the lady did at the Lake House, if she should catch me dancing with domestics. I found out that those people who made so much fuss at the Lake House were not considered much where they came from. But they emigrated to Chicago, and then set up for big folks. So I thought I would marry Bridget and start for a new country where I could be as big as anybody. And now remember your old Chicago friend, and tell the President that I am for his administration, and would like to get the post-office here."

I remember that, during that session of Congress I boarded at the same house with Horace Greeley, and he was frequently in my room; and I think that it was from this letter he borrowed his sentiment, "Go west, young man!"

In our early times, it was customary to excommunicate members of the church as publicly as they had been admitted. Now we hear of admissions, but never of ex-

communications. Professor David Swing has come as near filling that bill as anyone we have heard of recently, but future historians will differ as to whether he excommunicated the church or the church him. I remember in early times here of a clergyman's dealing, at the close of his service, with a member, one of our well-known citizens, somewhat after this fashion: "You will remember, my hearers, that some time ago Mr. Blank was proposed for admission to this church, and after he had passed a favorable examination I called upon everyone present to know if there was any objection, and no one rose and objected. It becomes my painful duty now to pronounce the sentence of excommunication upon him, and to remand him back to the world again with all his sins upon his head." Whereupon a gentleman rose in his pew and said: "And now the world objects to receiving him!" On which bursts of laughter filled the house; and the precise status of that man was never determined, as the civil courts in those days had not begun to interfere in ecclesiastical matters. In these times the church would undoubtedly have called upon the courts to grant a mandamus upon the world to receive him, or the world would have applied for an injunction to prevent the church from excommunicating him.

In most new settlements there can always be pointed out some particular class who give tone to the early society; such as the Pilgrims and Puritans of New England, the Knickerbockers of New York, the Huguenots of South Carolina, the Creoles of New Orleans; and, in the later days, men identified with manufacturing interests, mining interests, railroad interests, or with seminaries of learning. But here in Chicago, in early times, we had not any one prevailing class or interest; nor was there any sufficient number of people from any particular locality to exercise a controlling influence in moulding public sentiment. We had people from almost every clime, and of almost every opinion. We had Jews and Christians, Protestants, Catholics, and infidels; among Protestants, there were Calvinists and Armenians. Nearly every language was represented here. Some people had seen much of the world, and some very little. Some were quite learned, and some very ignorant. We had every variety of people, and out of these we had to construct what is called society. The winters were long; no railroads, no telegraphs, no canal, and all we had

to rely upon for news were our weekly newspapers. We had no libraries, no lectures, no theatres or other places of amusement. If a stranger attended a gathering of any kind, the mass of attendants were equally strangers with himself; and the gentlemen outnumbered the ladies by about four or five to one. You ask what society lived upon in those days? I answer, upon faith. But faith without works is dead. From the close to the opening of navigation, nearly six months in the year, we had nothing to do. Our faith consisted principally in the future of Chicago. Nearly every one had laid out a town, and men exchanged lots with each other, very much as boys swap jack-knives. The greatest story-teller was about as big a man as we had. If a new story was told, it was soon passed all round town, and due credit given to the originator. If a new book appeared in our midst, that was loaned around until another new one came to take its place. Occasionally, one of our young men would go East and get him a wife, and then we discussed her for a while. Dress-makers would invariably make her the first call, examine her dresses, and then go from door to door, like a modern census-taker or tax-collector, soliciting orders according to the latest fashions.

There was great prejudice between the emigrants from the South and those from the East. All our Eastern people were considered by the emigrants from the South as Yankees. The first contest was about the convention system in politics. Southerners denounced it vehemently as a Yankee innovation upon the old system of allowing every man to run for office who wanted to do so, and taking his chances. Their system was to solicit their friends to solicit them to run for office, and then they reluctantly consented, and placed themselves in the hands of their friends. All Yankee customs, fashions, and innovations upon their established usages were ridiculed as Yankee notions, worthy only of the peddlers of wooden clocks and pewter spoons.

Thomas Ford, born in Uniontown, Penn., in 1800, who had lived in Illinois from 1804, and whose father had been killed by the Indians, came here as Judge, and did more than any other person to mollify the prejudices of the South against the North. He early foresaw that all that the early settlers of Illinois needed, was the growth of more Yankee thrift among them; and he early told his friends.

that while he stayed here he was going to conform to all the Yankee notions, as fast as he could ascertain what they were, and wanted his acquaintances to inform him what he should do to prevent embarrassment by non-conformity. I met him on his way to Court one morning, and he said he had just been detained by a lady complaining that he did not attend her party on a previous evening. He told her that he was very fond of parties, and always attended them whenever he could, but that he held Court that evening until it was too late to go. But this did not satisfy her. She wanted to know, if he could not attend, why he did not send a "regret." He did not understand the matter, and made an excuse that the Court was waiting, informing her that he would converse with her some other time. "But," said he, "what's that? What did she want me to do when I couldn't go?" I informed him that the lady had some sisters visiting her from the East, and she had a pride in having them write home that among her friends were the very best people in Chicago, and among them the Judge of the Court; which in his absence, a little note from him would establish. "Capital, capital," said he. "Why you Yankees have a motive in all you do. You turn everything to account. The longer I live among Yankees the more I see why it is that they are getting rich and overrunning the country. Nobody shall complain of me hereafter in that respect. I'll have some note-paper in my desk, and if the lawyers detain me, I'll send the Sheriff with one of those little billet-doux. If there is any other thing that you Yankees want me to do to testify my high appreciation of you, please let me know." The next day the Judge called at my office with a beautiful little note, on gilt-edged paper, addressed to his wife, and reading as follows: "Judge Ford's compliments to Mrs. Ford and the children, and regrets that he cannot be home to have the pleasure of their society on Monday next." Below this was the following postscript: "The above is one of the Yankee notions, and when you want to go anywhere and cannot, you must always send one of these, which they call a 'regret.' Please tell this to the neighbors, and also tell them that when I return I shall have a great many stories to tell them about different Yankee notions."

Not long after, I was at Oregon, Ogle County, where he resided, and where he was then holding Court. When it became time for the Sheriff to adjourn the Court, the

Judge said, "Mr. Sheriff, don't forget that party at my house to-night." And the Sheriff exclaimed, "Hear ye! Hear ye! The Judge of this Court requests me to say, that he and his lady would be pleased to see you all at his house to-night, both citizens and strangers! Now this honorable Court stands adjourned until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock." It was wonderful to notice the mixture of people who unceremoniously visited him that evening—attorneys, jurors, suitors, and citizens generally, with their wives. One person seemed as much at home as another. There was a grand welcome for all. He was the very prince of hospitality. His small house could not contain the crowd, and many stood outside and mingled in the entertainments. The Judge passed through the assembly with a waiter on which was a decanter of Madeira wine, and wine-glasses. His wife passed around with another waiter loaded with cake. Said the Judge to some Yankee gentlemen, "This is the way we original Illinoisans give a party. We invite all; the latch-string is out; all come who can, and those who cannot come say nothing. They never write any 'regrets.' Indeed, a great many of our prominent men at the South could not do it. I have known men in our Legislature who could not write." Then he passed away into a group of people who were natives of the South, and told them how he got himself into trouble with a Chicago lady by not writing her a little billet-doux explaining to her why he did not go to her party, when he wanted to go more than she wanted to have him. He often uttered the sentiment that he did not wish to live in a locality where his house was not large enough to entertain his neighbors without making selections. He said he must either build him a larger house or move into a distant settlement. When I came away I expressed the wish that I might soon have the pleasure of seeing him and his neighbors in Chicago. Whereupon the Judge jocosely observed, "We will either come and see you or send you a billet-doux." But a Southern Illinoisan, a native of North Carolina, exclaimed, "Yes, when you Yankee peddlers are putting up wooden clocks and pewter spoons for this region, tell them to put up a little gold-edged note-paper for us, and have them to be sure that the gold isn't bronze!"

But the people of this State settled the house question for Judge Ford. For, at the next Gubernatorial election, he was made its Chief Magistrate, and as Governor he

rendered his name dear to every Illinoisan by his almost superhuman, but eminently successful, efforts to complete the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and to restore the lost credit of our State. He died not long after the expiration of his term of office, and left to his children only the proceeds of the copyright of his *History of Illinois*,—a book which, when once commenced, no reader will lay aside until he has finished it. In this work is the only authoritative history of the settlement of the Mormons in this State, and their final expulsion of it, with the assassination of their leader, Joseph Smith. In his preface he says: "The author has written about small events and little men. And in all those matters in which the author has figured personally, it will be some relief to the reader to find that he has not attempted to blow himself up into a great man."

One of our most reliable places of entertainment was the Post-Office while the mail was being opened. The Post-Office was on the west side of Franklin street, cornering on South Water street. The mail coach was irregular in the time of its arrival, but the horn of the driver announced its approach. Then the people would largely assemble at the Post-Office, and wait for the opening of the mails, which at times, were very heavy. The Postmaster would throw out a New York paper, and some gentleman with a good pair of lungs and a jocose temperament would mount a dry-goods box and commence reading. Occasionally I occupied that position myself. During exciting times, our leading men would invariably go to the Post-Office themselves, instead of sending their employés. The news would be discussed by the assemblage, and oftentimes heavy bets would be made, and angry words passed. If it was election times, there would be two papers thrown out, of opposite politics, two reading stands established, two readers engaged, and the men of each party would assemble around their own reader. This condition of things would last until the mails were opened, when the gathering would adjourn until the next blowing of the driver's horn. This gathering afforded the best opportunity for citizens to become acquainted one with another.

On one of these occasions, I was introduced to a Lieutenant in the army who had just come to take charge of the Government works in this city. He had great confidence in our future, and expressed his intention to invest all his means here. He was eventually ordered away to some other station, but kept up his interest in Chicago. His

taxes became high, too high in proportion to his pay as an army officer and the support of his family. His wife had once placed the price of a new dress in a letter which was to leave by the return of a mail which brought her husband an exorbitant tax-bill. He expressed his intention of ordering, by the same mail, the sale of his Chicago property, as his means could endure his taxes no longer. His wife ordered her letter from the mail, took out the money, and, saying that she preferred the Chicago property to a new dress, insisted that he should use it to pay his Chicago taxes. The next summer he visited our city, and rented his property for enough to pay the taxes. That lady lost her dress for that year, but she gained thereby one of the largest and most celebrated (Kingsbury) estates in our city. I mention this fact to warn our ladies that they should never ask for a new dress until they find their husband's tax-receipt in his wallet; and, at the same time, I would caution husbands not to try to carry so much real estate as to make their poorly-clad wives and children objects of charity when they make their appearance in the streets.

Our early settlers were distinguished for their liberal patronage of all religious denominations, and we had one clergyman who created as much sensation as any we have had since his day. Like all really influential sensational preachers, he was an original. He dealt freely in pathos and in ridicule. If we cried once, we were sure to laugh once, in every sermon. Unlike clergymen now called sensational, he never quoted poetry, nor told anecdotes, nor used slang phrases, for the purpose of creating a laugh. There was nothing second-handed about him. I allude to Rev. Isaac T. Hinton, a Baptist clergyman, who was the only settled minister on the South Side when I came here in 1836. His residence was near the corner of Van Buren street and Fifth avenue, then in the outskirts of the city, and was shaded by native oaks. He was a man who never seemed so happy as when he was immersing converted sinners in our frozen river or lake. It is said of his converts that no one of them was ever known to be a backslider. If you could see the cakes of ice that were raked out to make room for baptismal purposes, you would make up your mind that no man would join a church under such circumstances unless he joined to stay. Immersions were no uncommon thing in those days. One cold day, about the first part of February, 1839, there were 17 im-

mersed in the river at the foot of State street. A hole about 20 feet square was cut through the ice, and a platform was sunk, with one end resting upon the shore. Among the 17 was our well-known architect, John M. VanOsdell, alderman-elect, said to be now the only survivor. There are many now living who were baptized by Mr. Hinton; among them is the wife of Hon. Thomas Hoyne, mayor-elect. But recently our Baptist friends have made up their minds that our lake has enough to do to carry away all the sewerage of the city, without washing off the sins of the people. It is also claimed for Mr. Hinton that no couple he married was ever divorced. He was just as careful in marrying as he was in baptizing; he wanted nobody to fall from grace.

It was the custom in those days to give clergymen donation parties. Now, we have surprise parties, where the lady is expected to endanger her health by hard-working all day in order to prepare her house for a surprise in the evening. The only surprise about them is the magnificence of the preparations. Then the party was advertised in the newspapers, and a notice posted in the vestibule of the church.

It was customary in those days for all denominations to patronize liberally the clergymen of other denominations.

Mr. Hinton had a family of children nearly grown up, and consequently all the young people, as well as the old, would be there to have a grand frolic at his donation party. There were no religious services, and the house was completely taken possession of by the multitude. People would send just what they happened to have, and it would look at times as if Parson Hinton was going into the storage business. Cords of wood would be piled before the door; flour, salt, pork, beef, box-raisins, lemons, oranges, herring, dry-goods, anything and everything. After the donation party was over, there was always a large quantity left which he did not need, but he knew exactly where to place it—among the destitute of the city. Probably no occasions are remembered with more pleasure by the old settlers of this city than those gatherings at the hospitable mansion of the jolly English preacher, with his attractive laugh, who always enjoyed a good story, and could generally tell a better one. There are many married couples in this city who will tell you that there was where they first met.

The first Sabbath I passed in this city, my good board-

ing-house mistress (Mrs. John Murphy, present on this platform to-day) took me with her to his church, as was the custom of Christian ladies with strange young men in those days. He told me that godliness was profitable unto all things; and he was right. Christian men and women have not kept up this good old custom of taking young men, strangers in the city, to church with them, and using their efforts to lead them to a high social position with their religious instruction. Strange young men now in this city are told that there is a moral infirmary opened here, entirely for their benefit, where the seats are all free, and men are supported expressly to save such as they are from destruction. I never knew a young man to amount to anything if he had no respect for his social position; and that position can never be attained where young men are turned away for religious instruction, to places to visit which they would not think of inviting a young lady to leave a respectable church to accompany them. All honor to those clergymen and Christians of Chicago who have their weekly church sociables, where young men are brought forward into respectable social intercourse, as well as moral development. The celebrated Indian chief, Black Hawk, covered the whole ground when he said to Gen. Jackson, "You are a man, and I am another!"

Not feeling able to sustain the expense of a whole pew, I engaged one in partnership with an unpretending saddle and harness maker (S. B. Cobb), who, by a life of industry, economy, and morality, has accumulated one of the largest fortunes in our city, and still walks our streets with as little pretense as when he mended the harnesses of the farmers who brought the grain to this market from our prairies. The church building in those days was considered a first-class one, and we had a first-class pew therein, and the annual expense of my half of the pew was only \$12.50 more than it would have been in our Saviour's time. People wonder at the rapid increase in the price of real estate at the west; but it bears no comparison with the increase in the price of gospel privileges. A good clergyman is well worth all that a liberal-hearted congregation may see fit to pay him. But the people ought to cry out against the reckless waste of money, steadily increasing, in the erection of extravagant church edifices. And the pride in such matters seems to eat up all other considerations. During the recent panic, a Christian lady of this city, with a large family of children,

whose husband was suddenly reduced from opulence to penury, astonished me by observing, with tears in her eyes, that her most grievous affliction was that she would be compelled to give up her pew in the church, which was one of the most expensive in the city, and take one in a cheaper edifice. And yet our people sing in every church, "God is present everywhere !"

At the close of service one day, Parson Hinton said he thought Chicago people ought to know more about the devil than they did. Therefore he would take up his history, in four lectures ; first, he would give the origin of the devil ; second, state what the devil has done ; third, state what the devil is now doing ; and fourth, prescribe how to destroy the devil. These lectures were the sensation for the next four weeks. The house could not contain the mass that flocked to hear him, and it is a wonder to me that those four lectures have not been preserved. Chicago newspaper enterprise had not then reached here. The third evening was one never to be forgotten in this city ; as it would not be if one of our most eminent clergymen, with the effective manner of preaching that Mr. Hinton had, should undertake to tell us what the devil is doing in this city to-day. The drift of his discourse was to prove that everybody had a devil ; that the devil was in every store, and in every bank, and he did not even except the church. He had the devil down outside and up the middle of every dance ; in the ladies' curls, and the gentlemen's whiskers. In fact, before he finished, he proved conclusively that there were just as many devils in every pew as there were persons in it ; and if it were in this our day, there would not have been swine enough in the Stock-Yards to cast them into. When the people came out of church, they would ask each other, "What is your devil ?" And they would stop one another in the streets during the week, and ask, "What does Parson Hinton say your devil is ?" The fourth lecture contained his prescription for destroying the devil. I remember his closing : "Pray on, brethren and friends ; pray ever. Fight as well as pray. Pray and fight until the devil is dead !

The world, the flesh, the devil,
Will prove a fatal snare,
Unless we do resist him,
By faith and humble prayer."

In this grand contest with his Satanic Majesty, he, our

leader, fought gloriously, but he fell early in the strife. We, his hearers, have kept up a gallant fight to this day, but, judging by our morning papers, the devil is still far from being dead. Yet we dealt him some heavy blows at the recent election!

An interesting institution was the ferry-boat between the North and South Sides. It was a general intelligence office. Business was done principally upon the South Side, while most of the dwelling-houses were upon the North Side. The ferryman knew about every person in town, and could answer any question as to who had crossed. The streets had not then been raised to their present grade, nor the river deepened or widened, and the boat was easily accessible to teams. It was pulled across by a rope, and was not used enough to kill the green rushes which grew in the river. If a lady came upon the South Side to pass an evening, she would leave word with the ferryman where her husband could find her. Bundles and letters were left with him to be delivered to persons as they passed. He was a sort of superannuated sailor, and if he had not sailed into every port in the world, he had a remarkable faculty of making people think he had. His fund of stories was inexhaustible, and he was constantly spinning his interesting yarns to those who patronized his institution. Like most sailors, he could not pull unless he sung, and to all his songs he had one refrain with a single variation. His voice was loud and sonorous. If he felt dispirited, his refrain was, "And I sigh as I pull on my boat." If he felt jolly (and people took particular pains to make him so), his refrain was, "And I sing as I pull on my boat." All night long this refrain was disturbing the ears of those who dwelt near the banks of the river. Song after song was composed for him, in the hope of changing his tune, but it would not be long before he would attach to it his usual refrain. One of our musical composers composed a quadrille, which our young folks used to dance in the evening on the ferry, during certain portions of which they would all join in old Jack's refrain, and sing, "And we'll dance as we ride on the boat." There was a little boy who took great delight in Jack's company, whose parents lived on the margin of the river near the ferry, and as in the last of his sickness he was burning with a violent fever, nothing would quiet him but the sound of old Jack's voice. Old Jack had just sung, "And I sigh as I pull on my boat,"

when the boy whispered his last words to his mother, "And I die while Jack pulls on his boat!" Jack heard of this, and his lungs became stronger than ever. Racking both his memory and his imagination for songs, for weeks all night long he sung, with his plaintive refrain, "Charlie dies while Jack pulls on his boat." A distinguished poetess traveling at the west about this time, was tarrying at the Lake House, and heard of the incident. She wrote for a New York magazine some beautiful lines appropriate to the last words of the child and the circumstances. These were reproduced in our Chicago papers, but I have in vain sought to find them. Some of our old scrap-books undoubtedly contain them, and I would like to be the instrument of their republication.

Old Jack went to church one Sunday, and the clergyman preached from the text, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He shall come in His own glory." After church was over, the clergyman took Jack to task for making so much noise on his ferry-boat, and told him he was going to have him removed. "You can't do it," said Jack. "Why not?" said the clergyman. "Your sermon, sir, your sermon! You said we must make a practical application of it." "How can you apply that to your position?" "In this way," said Jack; "the Mayor appoints a ferryman. I will just tell him, he that is ashamed of me and of my boat, of him will I be ashamed when I go to the polls on the day of election!" Jack was not removed. But he went one fall to the south with the robins; but, unlike the robins, he returned no more. He probably saw the coming bridge.

It was customary during the winter to give a series of dancing-parties at central points between here and the Fox River, along the line of some of our main traveled roads. notices of which were generally given in the newspapers. We used to have much more snow than we have now, and large sleigh-loads of people would be fitted out from the city, to meet young people from different parts of the country. People in the country settlements were generally emigrants from the more cultivated portions of the east. United States Senator Silas Wright once told me that he could enumerate a hundred families, the very flower of the agricultural interest of St. Lawrence County, who had emigrated to west of Chicago. These settlers were not always poor; they were often men of large families who came here

to obtain a large quantity of contiguous land, so as to settle their children around them. The custom at these parties was to leave Chicago about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, take supper on the way out, and engage breakfast for the morning; and, after dancing all night, getting back to the city about 9 or 10 o'clock. The hotels in the country were frequently built of logs, but whether of logs or boards, were generally built in one style. Cooking-rooms, bar-room, sitting-rooms, were below, and above was one large hall, which could be used for religious services on Sunday, or public meetings on a weekday, and, by suspending blankets, could be divided into sleeping-rooms. Above was the attic, which could be used for storage when the hall was cleared, and also for dressing-rooms at parties. Ladies and gentlemen could more easily find their wearing apparel when suspended from nails driven into the beams of the building than they can now from the small dressing-rooms where the clothing is in constant danger of being mixed together. I remember one of those occasions when the country residents had begun the dance before those from the city had reached there. Country ladies were passing up and down the ladder to the dressing-room. But the city ladies would not ascend the ladder until it had been fenced around with blankets. There were always on these occasions mothers present from the country, who attended the young people to look after the care of their health, such as seeing that they were properly covered on their going home from a warm room, as physicians were very scarce in the country, and it was a great distance for many of them to send for medicines. These country matrons took it much to heart that the young ladies from the city were so particular in having the ladder fenced off, and were very free in the expression of their views on the subject to the elderly gentlemen present. During the evening a sleigh-load was driven up containing a French danseuse from Chicago, of considerable note in those days; and it was not long after she entered the hall before the floor was cleared for her to have an opportunity to show her agility as a fancy dancer. When she began to swing around upon one foot, with the other extended, one of these country matrons, with a great deal of indignation, ran across the hall to her son, and said, "I don't think it is proper for our young folks to see any such performance as this, and now you go right down and tell the landlord that we want some more blankets," and the

boy started before the last part of the sentence was heard, "and I'll have her fenced off by herself, as the city ladies did the ladder!" Her remarks were passed from one to another, and the company was loudly applauding them, when the applause was greatly increased by the entrance of the landlord with some blankets under his arm. The more the applause increased, the more animated became the danseuse, who took it all for herself. The fancy dance was finished, but the merriment had such an effect that one of our city young men took down the blankets around the ladder, and for the remainder of the evening the exposed ladder and the nimble French danseuse ceased to attract attention.

I have thus made you a few selections from my large casket of reminiscences of the amusements of early Chicago. But I give them as a mere appendix to my historical lecture, and do not wish them considered as any part of it, as I could have ended without them, and then have given you a lecture of ordinary length. If anyone thinks them inappropriate to this occasion, I wish to say that I respectfully concur in his views. If, however, they have served to compensate any of you for the tedium of the more historical portion of it, I will waive the question of their appropriateness, and express my gratification at having given them.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES.

After MR. WENTWORTH'S Lecture had been published in the newspapers, he received the following information:

FROM FULTON COUNTY.

The County Commissioners' Court met, for the first time, 3 June, 1823. July 5, 1823, John Kinzie was recommended for Justice of the Peace, at Chicago. Sept. 2, 1823, Ordered that an election be held at John Kinzie's house, for one major and company officers in 17th Regiment of Illinois Militia; John Kinzie, Alexander Wolcott, and John Hamlin to conduct said election, upon the last Saturday in September instant.

June 3, 1823, Ordered by the Court, that Amherst C. Rausam be recommended to fill the office of Justice of the Peace, vice Samuel Fulton, resigned. He qualified before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Fulton Co., July 2, 1823.

If he resided at Chicago, he robs John Kinzie of the honor of being our first Justice of the Peace.

July 5, 1823, Ordered that the Treasurer pay to A. C. Rausam the sum of four dollars, for taking a list of the taxable property at Chicago, in said County, and collecting the same, so soon as he (the said Rausam) shall pay the same over to the County Treasurer, in such money as he received.

Sept. 3, 1823, Ordered that Amherst C. Rouseur [Rausam?] hand over to County Treasurer amount of tax received and collected at Chicago, in same kind of money he received.

April 27, 1824, Sheriff Eads released from paying money-tax collected at Chicago by Rouseur [Rausam?]

It is so hard to decypher these French names in American manuscripts that this name may not be the correct one. There was a Eustache Roussain and also a Captain Ransom in the employ of the American Fur Company, in this region, in 1821.

It may be that he was not a defaulter, but collected his taxes in furs, local money, etc., and refused to give them up until he received his four dollars in cash.

The same name appears as grand juror, October, 1823.

Among the grand jurors, in October, 1823 and April, 1824, were Elijah Wentworth, Sr. In Sept., 1824, Hiram, son of Elijah Wentworth, Sr., was added. In March and Sept., 1824, Elijah Wentworth, Jr. (our first Coroner), and John Holcomb (who married his sister), were upon the petit jury. The Wentworths were then living in what is now Fulton Co. Whence they removed to Dodgeville, Wisconsin, and did not come to Chicago until 1830.

CHICAGO MARRIAGES RECORDED IN FULTON CO.

By John Hamlin, J.P., July 20, 1823, Alexander Wolcott and Ellen M. Kinzie.

By same, October 3rd, 1823, John Ferrel and Ann Griffin.

[The Clerk sends this as a Chicago marriage; but I can learn nothing of the parties.]

It is claimed that the marriage of Dr. Wolcott, Indian agent here, in 1823, was the first in Chicago. He died in 1830, voting on the 24th July, of that year. His widow, daughter of John Kinzie, married George C. Bates, of Detroit, Mich. He is now living in Salt Lake City. Col. Thomas Owens was afterwards Indian agent, and may have succeeded him. Charles Jewett, of Kentucky, was Dr. Wolcott's predecessor, and our first Indian agent.

John Hamlin died at Peoria, in April of this year. A writer in the Peoria *Transcript* says, that in 1823, he accompanied William S. Hamilton to Green Bay, where he had a contract to supply Fort Howard with beef, and he arrived there July 2d, 1823. On his way back, Mr. Hamlin performed the marriage ceremony. Whilst here, he made an engagement with John Crafts to enter the service of the American Fur Company, which frequently brought him to Chicago.

NOTES UPON THE TAX PAYERS OF 1825.

1. Gen. John B. Beaubien was living at Macinac when the Fort there was surrendered to the British, in 1812. He married a sister of the Indian Chief, Joseph Laframboise, was brought here in 1819, by the American Fur Company to oppose Mr. Crafts, had several children (some of whom now live here), was one of the principal men in the employ of the American Fur Co., and his last wife with several of his children was upon the platform at the delivery of this lecture. I attended the marriage of his daughter, in early days, to N. D. Woodville.

2. Jonas Clybourne came from Pearisburgh, Giles Co., Virginia, with

sons Archibald and Henley. Archibald came in 1823 and went back to Virginia for his father's family. His widow, who was a Miss Gallo-way, from the region now known as Marseilles, LaSalle Co., Illinois, was on the platform at the delivery of this lecture, and has several children. Henley Clybourne married Sarah Benedict, and has two sons living at Fort Scott, Kansas. Archibald Clybourne was Justice of the Peace in 1831.

3. John K. Clark, was half brother to Archibald Clybourne, and married Permelia, daughter of Stephen J. Scott, who now lives, his widow, at Deerfield, Lake Co., Ill., with her daughter. There was no son to live to have children.

4. John Crafts was a trader sent here by Mr. Conant, of Detroit, and had a trading house at Hardscrabble, near Bridgeport, and monopolized the trade until the American Fur Company sent John B. Beaubien here in 1819. In 1822, Mr. Crafts went into the employment of the Fur Company as superintendant, Mr. Beaubien being under him. He died here single in 1823, at Mr. Kinzie's house, and he succeeded him. Prior to this, Mr. Kinzie was a silver-smith and made trinkets for the Indians.

5. Jeremie Claremont was employed by the American Fur Company in 1821, for the trade of the Iroquois River.

8 & 9. Claude and Joseph Laframboise were brothers. The widow of the latter was living, at last dates, with her son-in-law, Medard B. Beaubien, at Silver Lake, Shawnee Co., Kansas.

11. Peter Piche, is believed to have been the one who lived at Piche's Grove, near Oswego, Illinois, alluded to by Mrs. Kinzie in her "Waubun."

14. Antoine Oilmette is the person spoken of in Mrs. Kinzie's book, "Waubun." His daughter Elizabeth, married Jan. 23, 1827, our first Irishman, Michael Welch.

NOTES UPON THE VOTERS OF 1826.

1. Augustine Banny, said to have been a travelling cattle dealer, supplying Forts.

2. Henry Kelly, had no family here, worked for Samuel Miller.

4. Cole Weeks, American, was a discharged soldier, had no family, worked for John Kinzie. He married the divorced wife of ———— Caldwell, brother of the first wife of Willis Scott. Caldwell had a fondness for Indian hunting and trading, and is supposed to have gone off and died with them. A man, answering his description, by the name of Caldwell, was living, not long since, at Kershena, Shawanaw Co., Wisconsin. Caldwell's wife, who married Cole Weeks, was sister to Benjamin Hall, of Wheaton, DuPage Co., Ill., and Caldwell was cousin to Archibald Clybourne, and came from the same place in Virginia.

14. Francis Laducier, had no family, died at Archibald Clybourne's.

21. Joseph Pothier, married Victor Miranda, a half breed, was brought up in John Kinzie's family, was living recently at Milwaukee.

24. David McKee, lives at Aurora, Kane Co., Ill., and married 23 January, 1827, Wealthy, daughter of Stephen J. Scott. He was born on Hog Creek, Pewtown, Loudoun Co., Virginia, in 1800.

25. Joseph Anderson, had no family.

31. Martin VanSicle, was living recently near Aurora, Ill. He had a daughter, Almira. Willis Scott remembers going to Peoria for a marriage license for her.

34. Edward Ament, was living recently not far from Chicago; some say in Kankakee Co., Ill.

The most of those having French names were employés of the American Fur Company, or hunted and traded on their own responsibility; and, when Chicago was abandoned as a Fur Trading Post, they moved further into the frontier country, in pursuit of their business.

NOTES UPON THE VOTERS OF 1830.

1. Stephen J. Scott was born in Connecticut, moved to Chicago from Bennington, Wyoming Co., N.Y., lived many years at Naper-ville, Ill., and died there, where his son Williard now lives. His son Willis now lives in Chicago, and was upon the platform when this lecture was delivered. Several of his daughters are mentioned in these notes.

4. Barney H. Laughton, lived in his last days near what is now Riverside, on the O'Plaine River, and his wife was sister to the wife of our first Sheriff, Stephen Forbes.

5. Jesse Walker, was a Methodist preacher, finally settled at Walker's Grove, now Plainfield, in this State.

8. James Kinzie, was natural son of John Kinzie. His mother and Archibald Clybourne's mother were sisters. His first wife was Rev. William See's daughter. He died at Racine, Wis., where his second wife is said to be now living. His own sister Elizabeth Kinzie married Samuel Miller, the hotel keeper.

9. Russell E. Heacock, died at Summit, Cook Co., Ill., in 1849, and he has sons in this vicinity.

12. John L. Davis, said to have been an Englishman, and a tailor.

17. Stephen Mack, son of Major Mack of Detroit, married an Indian, was clerk in the employ of the American Fur Company, and finally settled in Pickatonica, Winnebago Co., in this State.

18. Jonathan A. Bailey, was father-in-law to the Post Master, John S. C. Hogan. Mr. Hogan held the office until 1837, when Sidney Abell was appointed. Mr. Hogan died in Memphis, Tenn., in 1866.

Mr. Bailey was Postmaster before Hogan.

19. Alexander Mc, is written plain enough; but whether the last part is Dollo, Dole, Donell, Downtard, etc., it is difficult to tell, as it is written so differently in different places.

27 & 28. John Baptiste Secor and Joseph Bauskey, died of cholera in 1832. Bauskey married a daughter of Stephen J. Scott.

32. Peresh LeClerc, was an Indian interpreter, brought up by John Kinzie.

MORE RETURNS FROM PEORIA COUNTY.

The Clerk of Peoria Co. has sent me the following, which are not alluded to in the lecture:

SPECIAL FLECTION

For Justice of the Peace and Constable, at the house of James Kinzie, in the Chicago Precinct of Peoria County, State of Illinois, on Saturday, 24th day of July, 1830.

Total, John S. C. Hogan, for Justice of the Peace, 33 votes, Archibald Clybourne, 22 votes, Russell Rose, 1 vote. Total, 56.

For Constable, Horatio G. Smith, 32 votes, Russell Rose, 21 votes, John S. C. Hogan, 1 vote. Total, 54.

1 James Kinzie.	29 Jean Baptist Secor.	1826
2 Jean Baptiste Beaubien 1825, '26	30 Mark Beaubien.	
3 Alexander Wolcott. 1825	31 Peresh Laclerc.	
4 Augustin Bannot. [Banny?] 1826	32 Matthias Smith.	
5 Medard B. Beaubien.	33 James Garow.	
6 Billy Caldwell. 1826	34 Alexander Robinson. 1825, 1826	
7 Joseph Laframboise. 1825, 1826	35 Samuel Miller. [Landlord.]	
8 John Mann.	36 Jonas Clybourne. 1825, 1826	
9 John Wellmaker.	37 John Joyal.	
10 Stephen J. Scott.	38 Peter Frique.	
11 Thomas Ayers.	39 Jean Bapt. Tombien. [Toubien?]	
12 Russell Rose.	40 John L. Davis.	
13 Lewis Ganday or Louis Gauday.	41 Simon Debogie.	
14 Michael Welch.	42 A. Foster.	
15 William P. Jewett.	43 George P. Wentworth.	
16 John VanHorn.	44 Alex. McDowntard. [McDole?]	
17 Gabriel Acay.	45 Jonathan A. Bailey.	
18 Joseph Papan.	46 David M'Kee. 1825, 1826	
19 Williard Scott.	47 Joseph Pothier. 1826	
20 Peter Wycoff.	48 Henry Kelly. 1826	
21 Stephen Mack.	49 Antoine Ouilmette. 1825, 1826	
22 James Galloway. [father of Mrs. Archibald Clybourne.]	50 David Hunter. [General.]	
23 David VanStow. [VanEaton?]	51 James Engle.	
24 James Brown.	52 John K. Clark. 1825, 1826	
25 Samuel Littleton.	53 Russell E. Heacock.	
26 Jean Baptiste Laducier.	54 Leon Bourassea.	
27 Joseph Thibeaut.	55 Archibald Clybourne. 1826	
28 Lewis Blow.	56 Horatio G. Smith.	

John S. C. Hogan, the successful candidate for Justice of the Peace, did not vote. Archibald Clybourne voted (for Justice) for Russell Rose, who was the candidate for Constable, voted for John S. C. Hogan, for the office of Constable.

But the two candidates for Constable came squarely up to the mark, and voted for each other.

Mr. Hogan was Postmaster in Chicago prior to the election of Martin VanBuren as President, who appointed Sidney Abell to succeed him. He built the first frame house on the South Side. It was near the north-west corner of Lake and Franklin streets.

The judges of this election were Alexander Wolcott, John B. Beaubien, and James Kinzie. The clerks were Medard B. Beaubien and Billy Caldwell, the Sauganash.

19 Williard Scott was a son of Stephen J. Scott; and now lives at Naperville, Ill.

42 There was a Lieut. — Foster here about that time.

50 General Hunter, U. S. Army, married Maria H. Kinzie, born 1807, the only child of John Kinzie, now living.

51 There was a Lieut. — Engle stationed here about that time.

SPECIAL ELECTION

For Justice of the Peace, at the house of James Kinzie, Chicago Precinct, Peoria County, State of Illinois, on Thursday, the 25th day of November, 1830.

1 Archibald Clybourne.	14 Matthias Smith.
2 James Kinzie.	15 David McKee.
3 John Wellmaker.	16 William Jewett.
4 John Mann.	17 Horace Miner.
5 Russell E. Heacock.	18 Samuel Miller.
6 Peter Wycoff.	19 Stephen Forbes.
7 Billy Caldwell.	20 William See.
8 Jesse Walker.	21 Peter Müller.
9 Enoch Thompson.	22 Jonas Clybourne.
10 Medard B. Beaubien.	23 John B. Bradain.
11 David VanEaton.	24 John Shedaker.
12 John B. Beaubien.	25 Peter Frique.
13 Stephen J. Scott.	26 John K. Clark.

Total, Stephen Forbes, 18. William See, 8.

Mr. Forbes was the first Sheriff of Cook Co., and married a sister to the wife of Barney H. Laughton. William See is mentioned in Mrs. Kinzie's "Waubun," and was a Methodist preacher.

Mr. & Mrs. Forbes taught school here in 1831.

In this contest, each candidate voted for his opponent.

The judges at this election were James Kinzie, John B. Beaubien, and Archibald Clybourne. The clerks were Russell E. Heacock and Stephen J. Scott.

6 Peter Wycoff, was a discharged soldier, and worked for Archibald Clybourne.

9 There was a Lieut. — Thompson stationed here about that time.

CHICAGO MARRIAGES, RECORDED IN PEORIA CO.

By John Kinzie. 24 April, 1826. Daniel Bourassea and Theotis Aruwaiskie.

By John Kinzie. 29 July, 1826. Samuel Miller and Elizabeth Kinzie. [Mr. Miller kept a hotel on the North Side, near the forks, and near where Kinzie street crosses the River. He moved to Michigan City, and died there. His wife was full sister to James Kinzie, and natural daughter of John Kinzie. Her mother was sister to Archibald Clybourne's mother.]

By John Kinzie. 28 September, 1826. Alexander Robinson and Catherine Chevalier. [Che-che-pin-gua died on his reservation on the O'Plaine River, in this county, where his daughter now lives; his wife and sons being dead.]

By John B. Beaubien. 5 May, 1828. Joseph Bauskey and Widow Deborah (Scott) Watkins. [He died of cholera in 1832. His wife was daughter of Stephen J. Scott.]

By John B. Beaubien. 15 April, 1830. Samuel Watkins and Mary Ann Smith.

By John B. Beaubien. 11 May, 1830. Michael Welch and Elizabeth Ouilmette. [He was our first Irishman, and his wife was daughter of Antoine Ouilmette, of Ouilmette's Reservation, in this Co.]

By John B. Beaubien. 18 May, 1830. Alvin Noyes Gardner and Julia Haley. [He moved to Blue Island.]

By Rev. William See. 3 August, 1830. John Mann and Arkash Sambli.

By Rev. William See. 1 November, 1830. Willis Scott and widow Lovisa B. Caldwell. [They have been heretofore alluded to.]

By Rev. William See. 7 November, 1830. B. H. Laughton and Sophia Bates. [They have been heretofore alluded to.]

GOV. FORD'S HOUSE.

Hon. Jas. V. Gale, an old settler of Oregon, Ogle Co., Ill., writes me: "that the house from which Thomas Ford was elected Governor, was one storied, 16 or 18 by 38, had a parlor, dining-room, and two bedrooms, with a small cooking room attached. It has been taken down some years. He settled here as early as 1836, and made a claim south of that of John Phelps. He sold it to John Fridley, who now owns it; and the same log cabin, which Judge Ford erected and occupied until he built his frame house, still stands. It is 18 feet square and 11 logs high. He was a man of small stature, careless in his dress, of good talents, put on no airs, popular with all, a good neighbor, able lawyer, congenial and sociable."



Number Eight

EARLY CHICAGO:

FIRST LECTURE.

By Hon. JOHN WENTWORTH.





John Wentworth
Chicago

EARLY CHICAGO.

A LECTURE,

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE SUNDAY LECTURE SOCIETY,

AT McCORMICK HALL,

ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 7TH, 1876.

BY

HON. JOHN WENTWORTH,

LATE EDITOR, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR OF THE "CHICAGO
DEMOCRAT," THE FIRST CORPORATION NEWSPAPER;
MEMBER OF CONGRESS FOR THE CHICAGO
DISTRICT FOR TWELVE YEARS; TWO TERMS MAYOR;
AND A SETTLER OF 1836.

CHICAGO:
FERGUS PRINTING COMPANY,
244-8 ILLINOIS STREET.
1876.

EARLY CHICAGO.

One year ago, I gave a lecture at this place, as I then stated to you, "with a view of exciting among our people a spirit of historical research which would result in recovering lost newspapers and documents, and placing upon record the experiences of our early settlers." I had no ambition to figure as a lecturer, or as a historian. I waited until the regular lecture course was finished. The proceeds were given with pleasure to the Committee for the employment of men more at home in the lecture field, as the proceeds of this lecture will be,—such men as pass six months in preparing one, two, or three lectures, and pass the next six months in delivering them. As this is their sole means of living, it is right that they should be well paid for them; and it is one of the noble objects of this Association to furnish you, at an hour when you have no worldly pursuits nor religious entertainments, for ten cents, what other people on a week-day pay from fifty cents to a dollar for.

I can think of no other object that would have brought me before you with a written lecture. I felt that the duty peculiarly devolved upon me, and I performed it with pleasure. There are scarcely half a dozen persons, habituated to public speaking, who were here before the city was incorporated. I was sole conductor of a public press for twenty-five years lacking a few months. It seemed proper that I should lead off in this important matter.

The *Chicago Democrat* was commenced on the 26th of November, 1833, by the late John Calhoun, whose widow now resides in this city. Augustine D. Taylor, now living in this city, saw the press landed; and Walter Kimball, now living in this city, was a visitor in the office, and saw the first number printed. That paper fell into my hands in November, 1836, and contained not only a history of current events, but also a vast amount of information touching the early history of the entire Northwest. It is a

sad reflection that the same fire which swept away my files, also swept away those of everyone else, and all our public records. But there are copies of the *Chicago Democrat* scattered all over the Northwest, as well as of other papers and documents that will be of service in restoring our lost history. No person should destroy any papers or documents of a date prior to the fire. If there is no one who wants them, let them be sent to me, and I will take care of them until our Chicago Historical Society becomes reorganized. Our old settlers are fast passing away. Some of the few remaining have very retentive memories. Let them not be discouraged because they do not remember dates. It is events that we want; and by comparing them with other events, the dates of which we know, we can in time obtain the exact dates of all of them. While so many of our old settlers have passed away, there yet may be remaining among their effects old papers whose value their legal representatives do not appreciate. Many old packages have been given to me, with the remark that they did not see of what use they could be to me. One widow sent me some pieces of newspapers, which the mice had kindly spared, with the remark that she was ashamed to be sending such old trash to any one; but from them facts enough were gathered to save another widow from being swindled out of her homestead. When I lectured before, it was a matter of dispute what was the name of the first steamboat that ever came to Chicago, and who was the person in command. She came to bring the troops for the Black Hawk War in 1832, and brought the cholera with them. All that was known for a certainty was the place where they dug the pit into which they most unceremoniously plunged the dead bodies. That was remembered because it was the site of the old American Temperance House, northwest corner of Lake street and Wabash avenue; and many old settlers remembered that from the fact that they always passed by the Temperance House on the other side, and so could read the sign. The river and lake water, which we had to drink in those days, was considered unhealthy. I made a statement as to the name of that boat, based upon what I considered the best authority. But when I had finished, a gentleman came upon the stage and gave me another name, claiming that he helped fit out the very vessel at Cleveland, and I changed my manuscript to correspond. But some of the reporters published the statement as I delivered it, and

thus two statements were before the public as given by me. Thus different persons, anxious to assist me in reestablishing the landmarks of history, had an opportunity, by quoting the one statement to provoke discussion by insisting that the other statement was true, when they really did not know any more about the matter than I did, and had perhaps consulted only one authority, when I had previously consulted many. But a lady, in looking over her old papers, found, where she least expected it, a *Chicago Democrat* dated March 14, 1861, containing a letter from Capt. A. Walker, giving a history of the whole expedition, showing that both statements were correct. The United States Government chartered four steamers to bring troops and supplies to Chicago, and their names were the Superior, Henry Clay, William Penn, and Sheldon Thompson; but the Superior and Henry Clay were sent back when the cholera broke out on board. Capt. Walker says, that when he arrived at Chicago, in July, 1832, there were but five dwelling-houses here, three of which were made of logs. There are other old newspapers yet to be found settling questions equally as interesting.

All must admit, that there has been more said about the history of Chicago, and more important publications made, the past year than ever before. Booksellers inform me that they have had within the past year, a greater demand than in all time before for all works appertaining to the history of the Northwest, and that they have had, all the while, standing orders for such works as are out of print. And it is to encourage a still further research that I address you to-day. And, if the result of this year's researches is not satisfactory, I shall feel myself in duty bound to address you again in a year from this time. Many aged settlers have thanked me for bringing them into a higher appreciation. One octogenarian lady informs me that, for the past fifteen years, when any young company came to the house, she was expected to leave the room. After my lecture, she said she saw a gentleman approaching the house, and she left the room as usual. But soon her granddaughter came out and said, "It is you he wants." And this was the first gentleman caller she had had for fifteen years. When she entered the room, and he told her he wanted to inquire about early Chicago, she felt as if her youth had come again, and she told the others that it was their time to leave the room. She said, "He has been to see me six times, and has printed nearly all I said,

and there is not another member of our large family who has ever said a word that was thought of sufficient importance to be printed; and now I am thinking over what I know about early Chicago, and letting the newspapers have it." She observed with great force that the young folks were constantly asking her how she used to get along amid early privations, and she insisted that, if I ever lectured again, I should assert that the early settlers of Chicago were the happiest people in the world, as I believe they were. But in strict regard for the real historical purposes of this lecture will permit me to allude only incidentally to our early sources of entertainment.

We are apt to speak of Chicago as a new city. But it is not so, compared with the great mass of other cities in the United States. Take out Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and New Orleans, and what is there older, in the date of its incorporation, in the West, extending to the Pacific? But when our city was organized we had no Pacific possessions, save Oregon Territory, which we then owned in common with Great Britain. The future historian of America will not, however, take into consideration the date of our incorporation. The ancient Romans were in the habit of dating events from the foundation of their city. But "*Urbs condita*" or "*Chicago condita*" will never be a reckoning point in our city's history. Even in this assembly, there are not as many who know in what year our city was incorporated as in one of our public schools there are children who can spell Melchisedec, notwithstanding modern politicians have kicked from the public schools the Book that contained the eighth commandment.

From Washington's inauguration, in 1789, to Chicago's first Mayor's inauguration, in 1837, we have but forty-eight years, a period of time that the future historian of America, when speaking of Chicago, will not notice. But a resident of Chicago was not elected to Congress until 1843, and yet he became associated not only with men prominent under every Administration of the United States Government, and many of them born before the inauguration of Washington, but with some born even before the Declaration of Independence, and two, at least, before the tea was thrown overboard in Boston harbor. John Quincy Adams was born in 1767, and he was accustomed to tell us that among his earliest recollections was that of hearing the report of the guns at the battle of Bunker Hill. Benjamin Tappan, Senator from Ohio, was born in 1773. Then there

was Henry Clay, Secretary of State while John Quincy Adams was President, United States Senator as early as 1806, Speaker of the House in 1811, born in 1777, nine months after the Declaration of Independence, and one who could collect a larger crowd and disperse it quicker and in better humor than any other man who ever lived in America. I shall never forget my last interview with Henry Clay, and its description is appropriate to the history of Chicago. Our harbor was suffering for appropriations. President Polk had vetoed them all. A change of dynasties had been effected. Millard Fillmore was the acting President, and he was a warm friend of our harbor. It was in the spring of 1851. The Harbor bill had passed the House, and was sent to the Senate at a late day, and the controlling spirits had managed to keep it back until a still later day. The Southern Senators, under the lead of Jefferson Davis, spoke against time, declaring the bill unconstitutional. Clay did all that man could do for us, but in vain. Our bill was talked to death. Clay came on with us to New York City, to take a steamer for New Orleans. As the vessel was about to sail, we went on board to take our leave of him, and we all expressed a hope that the next time he returned home he would go around by the lakes. He replied, "I never go where the Constitution does not go. Hence I must travel by salt water. Make your lakes Constitutional. Keep up the war until your lake harbors get their deserved appropriations, and then I will come out and see you." We finally got the Constitution out here, but not until after Henry Clay had paid the debt of nature.

Then there was John C. Calhoun, Vice-President while John Quincy Adams was President in 1825; a member of Congress in 1811; Secretary of War when the reconstruction of our fort was completed in 1817; born in 1782, the year before Great Britain acknowledged our independence. He said his name came once very nearly being associated with Chicago, as the new fort had been completed while he was Secretary of War, and it was suggested that it be called Fort Calhoun. But he did not think it right to change the old name which had been given in honor of Gen. Henry Dearborn, who was Secretary of War when the first fort was built, in 1804. Official documents tell us that, in 1803, Capt. John Whistler, then a Lieutenant at Detroit, was ordered here to build the fort, that his troops came by land, and that he, with his family and his supplies, came

round by the lakes in the United States schooner Tracy, with Dorr for Master. This probably was the first sail-vessel that ever came to Chicago. I can think of no business that could have brought one here before. This Capt. John Whistler was father of Col. William Whistler, who died in 1863, and was so favorably known by our early settlers, and who was father-in-law of the late Robert A. Kinzie, of this city.

Besides, there was Judge William Wilkins, of Pennsylvania, born in 1779; Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, born in 1782; John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, born in 1786; and Judge Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, born in 1789.

Then there were three men whose names are identified with the history of the West. There was Lewis Cass, born in 1782, appointed, in 1813, Governor of the Northwestern Territory, then embracing Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and all west. And William Woodbridge, born in 1780, appointed in 1814, Secretary of the same Territory. These gentlemen were walking histories of the Northwest. Then there was Thomas H. Benton, born in 1782, Senator when Missouri was admitted in 1821, who made his first trips to Washington on horseback. Add his knowledge to that of Messrs. Woodbridge and Cass, and we have a complete history of the entire West. Many now before me will remember the patriotic lecture he delivered here in the spring of 1857, upon the approaching crisis to this country, about a year before his death, probably the last lecture of his life. Nor should I fail to mention Gen. Henry Dodge, the Anthony Wayne of his period, born also in 1782, one of the first Senators from Wisconsin.

A single member of Congress, and the first one elected from Chicago, was associated in Congress with two members who served in President Monroe's Cabinet, one in President J. Q. Adams', three in President Jackson's, one in President Van Buren's, five in President Harrison's, four in President Tyler's, four in President Polk's, four in President Taylor's, seven in President Fillmore's, four in President Pierce's, five in President Buchanan's, and six in President Lincoln's; embracing a period of American official history from 1817; and some of these men were born before the tea was thrown overboard in Boston harbor.

For some years after Chicago elected her first member of Congress, the widow of President Madison gave recep-

tions at Washington, and on the first of January her guests were shown apartments where were suspended dresses which she had worn upon all great occasions, including the receptions of Presidents Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and her husband. James Madison was not only a member of the Continental Congress, but also a member of the first Congress under the Constitution, and so continued during the terms of Washington's Presidency; and was Secretary of State under Mr. Jefferson's Administration. So this lady had had ample opportunity to know the customs of every preceding period of our Governmental history. Now, if her heirs bring out these dresses for the Centennial (she had no children), the public will be astonished at their remarkably small number, she not having had, in over a quarter of a century, what the wife of the average office-holder of these days will have in a single year.

Then there was the widow of Gen. Alexander Hamilton, the confidant of Gen. Washington in the Revolution, and his Secretary of the Treasury, who was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr. She was born in 1757, and died at Washington in 1854. She was soliciting Congress to aid her in publishing her husband's works. She could tell all about her father, Gen. Philip Schuyler, of the American Revolution; the personal appearance of Gen. Washington and his lady; and of almost all other public persons of the Revolutionary period. In fact, when you sent your first member of Congress to Washington, all society was redolent with scenes of the Revolutionary period; and here in our midst were several Revolutionary soldiers; and one, Father David Keniston, who claimed to have been one of the party who threw the tea overboard in Boston Harbor.

You will excuse me for digressing from the direct purpose of this lecture if I here state to you, that since I commenced writing it, I have received a letter from an old colleague in Congress, who was born the same year Great Britain acknowledged our independence, 1783,—as it will probably be the last opportunity that many of you will ever have of hearing a letter read from a man now living who is older than our Government; I allude to the Hon. Artemas Hale, of Bridgewater, Mass. He is the oldest ex-member of Congress now living, in his 93d year. Do you want to hear what the veteran says?

My health, considering my age, is quite good. But my time for taking any active part in public matters is past. Still, however, I feel a deep interest in the welfare and prosperity of our beloved country,

and am pained to hear of the corruption and frauds of so many of our public men. It appears to me that it is of the highest importance that our circulating medium should have a fixed and permanent value, which it cannot have but by a specie basis. I should be very much pleased to receive a letter from you, with your views of public matters.

I answered his letter in one word, "Amen!"

Thus you will see that our history laps so closely upon the Revolutionary period that there is no precise point at which we can say that Chicago began, unless it be in 1832, when the marching of the troops of Gen. Scott to Rock Island, on the Mississippi, called attention to the fertility of the soil and the beautiful locations west of us. We often hear of different men who have done much for Chicago, by their writings, their speeches, or their enterprise. But I have never heard of a man who has done more for Chicago than Chicago has done for him. God made Lake Michigan and the country to the west of it; and, when we come to estimate who have done the most for Chicago, the glory belongs first to the enterprising farmers who raised a surplus of produce and sent it here for shipment; and second, to the hardy sailors who braved the storms of our harborless lakes to carry it to market. All other classes were the incidents, and not the necessities, of our embryo city. Chicago is but the index of the prosperity of our agricultural classes. And to this day we hear Chicago mercantile failures attributed to the inability of farmers to get their produce to market, when the roads are in a bad condition. If we pass by the impetus given to the agricultural development of the country west of Chicago by the Black Hawk War of 1832, we must admit that we are passing into the bi-centennial period. What did Chicago know of the Declaration of Independence, the Revolutionary War, the Peace of 1783, or the inauguration of Washington, until years afterwards? It is probable that Capt. Whistler, when he came here to build the fort of 1804, brought to Chicago the first information on these subjects, and probably had to employ an interpreter to explain it. It was probably his Chaplain that made the first prayer for the President of the United States and all in authority; and his vessel that first floated the Stars and Stripes on Lake Michigan. But there were prayers here 200 years ago, and a flag that did not denote our national independence, but French territorial aggrandizement.

I have used my best efforts to find the earliest recognition of Chicago by any official authority. Charlevoix

and other French writers make mention of the place, but I cannot find that the French Government in any way recognized it. After the Canadas were ceded to Great Britain, the whole Illinois country was placed under the local administration of Canada by a bill which passed the British Parliament in 1766, known as the "Quebec Bill;" but there is nothing to prove that the Canadian Government took any official notice of this place. It may be interesting to know what was religious liberty in those days. At the period of the change of Government from the French, under the treaty of Paris, in 1763, Thomas Gage was Commander-in-Chief of the British King's troops in North America; and in 1764, he issued a proclamation authorizing the Roman Catholics of Illinois to exercise the worship of their religion in the same manner as they did in Canada, and to go wherever they pleased, even to New Orleans.

In October, 1778, the House of Burgesses of Virginia created the County of Illinois, appointed John Todd, of Kentucky, Civil Commander, and authorized all the civil officers to which the inhabitants had been accustomed, to be chosen by a majority of the citizens of their respective districts. From this we should infer that there were then settlements somewhere in the State. But I can find nothing of Chicago while we belonged to Virginia. The late Wm. H. Brown, of this city, in a lecture before our Historical Society, in 1865, said: "The French inhabitants of Kaskaskia, in 1818, the year in which I made my residence there, claimed that that village was founded in 1707. There were evidences at that time (the remains of former edifices, among them the Jesuit College) that their chronology was substantially correct."

In 1788, Gen. Arthur St. Clair became Governor of the entire Northwestern Territory, and was the first man to fill that position. The seat of government for Chicago people was then at Marietta, O. In 1790 he came to Kaskaskia (some writers say Cahokia) and organized what is now the entire State of Illinois into a county, which he named for himself. Besides this there were but two counties in the whole Northwestern Territory—the County of Knox, embracing Indiana, and the County of Hamilton, embracing Ohio. But there is nothing to show that Chicago at that time was known to the civil authorities. Besides consulting all the early writers upon the subject, I have corresponded with all the men in the country who I thought

would know anything concerning it. And I cannot find anyone who has any authority for stating that there was any official recognition of Chicago until Gen. Wayne's Treaty, made at Greenville in 1795, in which he acquired title from the Indians to a tract of land, six miles square, at the mouth of the Chicago River, where a fort formerly stood. Greenville is in the southwestern part of Ohio, in Dark County, upon the Indiana State line. There is nothing to show that, at that time, Gen. Wayne came any farther west, not even as far as Fort Wayne, although he appears to have had the same knowledge of the importance of the position of Fort Wayne as he did of that of Chicago. Why the fort at this place, referred to, was built here, and who built it, I have not been able to ascertain. As the French and Indians were always allies, there is no reason why the French should have built such a fort. It may be that it was built by one of the tribes of Indians to defend the place from some other tribe. But offsetting tradition against Gen. Wayne's official recognition of a fort here, it may be that there was a mere trading and store-house, surrounded by pickets. The prevailing impression is that such was the character of all those places called forts prior to the abdication of the French authority. Col. Gurdon S. Hubbard, our oldest living settler, who was here in 1818, favors this idea, and has reminded me of an almost forgotten, but at one time extensively received, tradition, that this old fort, or palisaded trading-post, was on the West Side, upon the North Branch, near where Indiana street now crosses it; and it was erected, or at least was at one time occupied, by a Frenchman named Garie, and hence the tradition that our North Branch river was one called "Garie's River."

There was a powerful chief of the Illinois named Chicagou, who went to France in the year 1725. The Hon. Sidney Breese, who settled at Kaskaskia in 1818, who was in the United States Senate six years during my service in Congress, and who still honors our Supreme Court, is the best informed man in Illinois history now living. He writes me:

I know of no authorized recognition of Chicago as a place on this globe, anterior to Wayne's treaty. I have a copy of a map, which I made from one in the Congressional Library, which I found among the papers of President Jefferson, made in 1685; in which is a place on the lake shore, about where your city is, marked "Chicagou;" and Father Louis Vivier, who was a priest at Kaskaskia in 1752, in a letter to his Superior, says: "Chikagou was a celebrated Indian chief,

who went to Paris, and the Duchess of Orleans, at Versailles, gave him a splendid snuff-box, which he was proud to exhibit, on his return, to his brother redskins."

Some have contended that our city was named from him. But Charlevoix, in his History of New France, gives us that name as early as 1671, in which year, he says, a French voyageur, named Nicholas Perrot, went to Chicago, at the lower end of Lake Michigan, where the Miamis then were. This was before Father James Marquette came here.

The treaty of Greenville, at the time considered of no other importance than as settling our difficulties with the Indians, afterwards became a matter of very serious importance in the settlement of our difficulties with Great Britain, while the treaty of Ghent was being negotiated, 1814. When the Commissioners met, the Americans were surprised by the British Commissioners demanding the recognition of that treaty as the basis of negotiations as to the western boundary of the United States. The British at first refused to negotiate except upon the basis of that treaty, and insisted upon the entire sovereignty and independence of the Indian Confederacy. They claimed the Indians as their allies, and considered themselves bound to protect them in their treaty. It will be remembered that the Indians had, for a long time, received annuities from the French Government, and that these annuities were continued by Great Britain after the treaty of cession in 1763; and that, after our independence was acknowledged by Great Britain, the Indians annually sent delegations to Canada to receive these annuities. During the pendency of these negotiations, it was ascertained that there had been an alliance, offensive and defensive, between the celebrated Chief Tecumseh and the British authorities. After discussing the matter, and finding the Americans peremptorily refusing to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Indians, the British Commissioners proposed that the United States and Great Britain should exercise a joint protectorate over the Indians, and consider all the territory not acknowledged to belong to the United States by the treaty of Greenville as embraced within that protectorate. This would have left the six miles square at the mouth of the Chicago River in a permanently Indian country. The West would have been situated similarly to Oregon, which was so long held under the joint occupation of Great Britain and the United States; and the final result of the joint occupation would have been the same as in Oregon, a division of the territory;

a part of it, perhaps including Chicago, being attached, in the end, to the Canadian provinces. The British Commissioners were so pertinacious on this subject that it was thought at one time that negotiations would have to be given up. And when the British Commissioners finally yielded, the British Government received the bitter curses of the Indians.

Billy Caldwell, better known in Chicago as Sauganash, who lived here several years after I came here, and was well known to me personally, had been the intimate friend of Tecumseh, and declared that if Tecumseh had been living he would have aroused all the Indians in the Northwest in a general warfare upon the Canadian settlements, in retaliation for what he considered the treachery at Ghent. Caldwell, to the day of his death, insisted that Tecumseh, not long before he was killed, predicted that the British in time would abandon them, and seriously meditated, during the war of 1812, upon going over to the Americans with all his forces. Caldwell was the son of an Irish Colonel in the British army, stationed upon the Detroit frontier, whose name he bore. His mother was Tecumseh's own sister. He ultimately went to his tribe at the Pottawatomie Reservation in Shawnee County, Kan., and died there.

When the Illinois territory was a part of Indiana, our seat of government was at Vincennes. When it was set off from Indiana, in 1809, the whole territory was organized into two counties, St. Clair and Randolph. Judge Breese, whose home was in Kaskaskia in 1818, informs me that his home was never in the same county with Chicago, being in the southern County of Randolph.

From St. Clair County, what is now Cook County, was set off in the new County of Madison; thence in the new County of Crawford; in 1819, in the new County of Clark; and so little was then known of the northern country, that the act creating Clark County extended it to the Canada line. In 1821, we were set off in the new County of Pike; in 1823, in the new County of Fulton; and in 1825, in the new County of Peoria. I have not only caused the County records of these counties to be examined, but have also corresponded with their earliest settlers, and I can find no official recognition of Chicago until we reach Fulton County. The Clerk of that County writes me, that the earliest mention of Chicago in the records is the order of an election at the term of the Fulton County Commissioners' Court, Sept. 2, 1823, to choose one Major and

company officers, polls at Chicago to be opened at the house of John Kinzie. The returns of this election cannot be found, if they were ever made. As the county was organized in 1823, this, of course, was the first election under the organization of the county. The same Court ordered, April 27, 1824, that the Sheriff, Abner Eads, be released from paying the money tax collected at Chicago by Rousser. In those days the Sheriffs were ex-officio collectors of taxes. The name indicates that our Tax-Collector was then a Frenchman, or a mixed-breed French and Indian. It seems that they had defaulters in those days, as well as now. It would be a gratifying historical fact if we could know how much this man Rousser collected, as showing the financial resources of our population at that time, when all the real estate belonged to the General Government. The numerous followers of this man Rousser have shown their ingratitude to the founder of their sect by their failure to erect any monument to his memory, or to name after him a street, a school-house, or a fire-engine house. These Rousserites are getting to be a numerous body of men, and their motto is, "Keep what you collect." One election and one steal are all that the records of Fulton County show for Chicago!

The Clerk of Peoria County writes me, that his earliest records commence March 8, 1825. From these records I learn that John Kinzie was commissioned Justice of the Peace July 28, 1825. He was the first Justice of the Peace resident at Chicago. Alexander Wolcott, his son-in-law, and John B. Beaubien, were commissioned Sept. 10, of the same year.

I have also the assessment-roll of John L. Bogardus, assessor of Peoria County, for the year 1825, dated July 25, which is as follows:

Tax-Payers' Names.		Valuation.	Tax.
1	Beaubien, John B.	\$1000	\$10.00
2	Clybourne, Jonas,	625	6.25
3	Clark, John K.	250	2.50
4	Crafts, John,	5000	50.00
5	Clermont, Jeremy,	100	1.00
6	Coutra, Louis,	50	.50
7	Kinzie, John,	500	5.00
8	Laframboise, Claude,	100	1.00
9	Laframboise, Joseph,	50	.50
10	McKee, David,	100	1.00
11	Piche, Peter,	100	1.00
12	Robinson, Alexander,	200	2.00
13	Wolcott, Alexander,	572	5.72
14	Wilemet [Ouilmette], Antoine,	400	4.00

The entire valuation, land then being not taxable, of all the property in Chicago was \$9,047, and the rate was one per cent. But the property of the American Fur Company was assessed to John Crafts, its agent, at \$5,000. He was a bachelor, and died the next year, and Mr. Kinzie was appointed in his place. Deducting the American Fur Co.'s assessment, we have only \$4,047 as the personal property of Chicago, in 1825, \$40.47 as the tax, and thirteen as the number of the tax-payers.

The clerk sent me a copy of two poll-books used at Chicago—one at an election held Aug. 7, 1826, containing thirty-five names; the other at an election held Aug. 2, 1830, containing thirty-two names; thus showing a decrease of three voters in four years. I will read you the names of our voters in 1826, and you will see that only ten of the fourteen tax-payers in 1825 then voted :

1 Augustin Banny. [Bannot?]	19 John Baptiste Lafortune.
2 Henry Kelley.	20 John Baptiste Malast.
3 Daniel Bourassea.	21 Joseph Pothier.
4 Cole Weeks.	22 Alexander Robinson. 1825
5 Antoine Ouilmette. 1825	23 John K. Clark. 1825
6 John Baptiste Secor.	24 David McKee. 1825
7 Joseph Catie.	25 Joseph Anderson.
8 Benjamin Russell.	26 Joseph Pepot.
9 Basile Displattes.	27 John Baptiste Beaubien. 1825
10 Francis Laframboise, Sr.	28 John Kinzie. 1825
11 Francis Laframboise, Jr.	29 Archibald Clybourne.
12 Joseph Laframboise. 1825	30 Billy Caldwell.
13 Alexander Larant.	31 Martin Vansicle.
14 Francis Laducier.	32 Paul Jamboe.
✓ 15 Peter Chavellie.	33 Jonas Clyburne. 1825
16 Claude Laframboise. 1825	34 Edward Ament.
17 Jeremiah Clairmore [Clermont?]	25 35 Samuel Johnston.
18 Peter Junio.	

I will now read you the names of our voters in 1830, showing that only three of the fourteen tax-payers of 1825 then voted :

1 Stephen J. Scott.	13 William See.
2 John B. Beaubien. 1825, 1826	14 John Van Horn.
3 Leon Bourassea.	15 John Mann.
4 B. H. Laughton.	16 David Van Eaton.
5 Jesse Walker.	17 Stephen Mack.
6 Medard B. Beaubien.	18 Jonathan A. Bailey.
7 John Baptiste Chavellen.	19 Alexander McDollo. [McDole?]
8 James Kinzie.	20 John S. C. Hogan.
9 Russell E. Heacock.	21 David McKee. 1825, 1826
10 James Brown.	22 Billy Caldwell. 1826
11 Jos. Laframboise 1825, 1826	23 Joseph Thibeaut.
12 John L. Davis.	24 Peter Frique.

25 Mark Beaubien.	29 Michael Welch.	
26 Laurant Martin.	30 Francis Laducier,	1826
27 John Baptiste Secor 1826	31 Lewis Ganday.	
28 Joseph Bauskey.	32 Peresh Leclerc.	

It is a remarkable commentary upon the fickleness of our population, that only six of the men who voted in 1826 voted in 1830; and these six were half-breeds or Government employés. Father John Kinzie, however, died between the two elections, upon the 6th of January, 1828, aged 65. But there were some not voting at the second election, such as the late Archibald Clybourne, his father Jonas, and half-brother John K. Clark, who ended their days with us. The half-breeds and French who did not vote may have been away on a hunting and trading expedition. The voters in 1826 seem to have understood their true interest, being dependents upon the fort, as every one of them voted the Administration ticket, John Quincy Adams then being President. If there were ever three men in the United States who electrified the whole country with their fiery denunciations of the military power, they were President John Quincy Adams, his Vice-President John C. Calhoun, and his Secretary of State Henry Clay. Neither of the three ever forget Gen. Jackson! It would have seemed malicious, and yet quite pertinent, on the part of the Chicago member of Congress to have asked either of these gentlemen whether it was not a singular fact that, while Mr. Adams was President, the people of Chicago unanimously voted with the fort! Ninian Edwards for Governor, Samuel H. Thompson for Lieutenant-Governor. Daniel P. Cook for Congressman, the Administration candidates, each received thirty-five votes, being all there were. The much-complained-of military power of the present day has never secured a greater unanimity in the colored vote of the South. But four years later, in 1830, when Andrew Jackson was President, there was a material change in the politics of the place. John Reynolds, the Jackson candidate for Governor, received twenty-two out of the thirty-two votes cast. Of the six who voted at both elections, and who voted for the Adams candidate in 1826, five voted for the Jackson candidate in 1830; showing their consistency by each time voting with the Administration, or more properly with the fort. Billy Caldwell, the Sauganash, the nephew of Tecumseh, voted the Jackson ticket; while Joseph Laframboise, a noted Indian chief, stood out and voted against it. Perhaps Gen. Jackson, in some of the

early Indian wars, had caused the death of some of Laframboise's relatives or friends. Up to 1848, we had the viva voce system of voting in the State of Illinois. Each man went up to the polls, with or without a ticket in his hands, and told whom he wanted to vote for, and the judges so recorded it. But in those days the masses knew as little whom they were voting for as they do now. For the judges often read off the names of the candidates from the tickets, and the voter would nod his head. There was no chance, however, for stuffing the ballot-box under the viva voce system. It may account for the falling off of the vote between 1826 and 1830, that some persons would not vote the Jackson ticket, and yet disliked to vote against the fort. There were four of the Laframboise family voting in 1826, and only one in 1830. The names of voters in 1826 indicate that full three-fourths of them were French and half-breeds. The judges in 1826 were Father John Kinzie, the late Gen. John B. Beaubien, and Billy Caldwell. The clerks were the late Archibald Clybourne and his half-brother John K. Clark. The election was held at the Agency House, in Chicago Precinct, Peoria County. The Agency House was on the North Side, and was the second house built in Chicago, Mr. Kinzie's being the first. The Indian Agent was Dr. Alexander Wolcott, who died in 1830, son-in-law of Mr. Kinzie.

The election of 1830, was held in the house of James Kinzie, Chicago Precinct, Peoria County. This house was on the West Side, near the forks of the river. The South Side had no status at that time, there being nothing then on that side except the fort and light-house building, and the log-houses of the two Beaubien brothers,—one residing at the lake shore, and one near the forks of the river, with such a marsh between, that, much of the time, their most convenient way of visiting each other was in boats in the river.

The judges at the election of 1830, were Russell E. Heacock, the first lawyer to settle in Chicago, Gen. John B. Beaubien, one of the judges in 1826, and James Kinzie. The clerks were Medard B. Beaubien, well known in this city, now principal agent of the Pottawatomie tribe of Indians at Silver Lake, Shawnee County, Kansas, and Jesse Walker. The names of voters in 1830, indicate a large influx of the Anglo-Saxon race; but among them was one Irishman, probably the first Irishman who ever trod the Chicago soil. The first thought that occurred to

me was, What could bring an Irishman out here all alone? Who was to help him celebrate St. Patrick's Day? Who was to attend his wake? His name was Michael Welch. What have our many Irish Aldermen been thinking of, that they have never given us, in honor of their first settler, a Welch avenue, a Welch street, a Welch school-house, or a Welch fire-engine? The next thought that occurred to me was, What could he be doing out here all by himself? Now, what would an Irishman naturally do when he found himself here all alone, hundreds of miles distant from any other Irishman? He was a bugler. He blew his horn. He was a discharged soldier, and, having faithfully served out his time, he stopped long enough to vote the straight Jackson ticket, and then joined Captain Jesse Brown's Rangers and marched on to clear the Indians out of the way of his coming countrymen, who were already aroused by his bugle's blast, as his patron St. Patrick, centuries before, had cleared the snakes out of his way in the land of his nativity.

Capt. Jesse Brown was a brother of the late Judge Thomas C. Brown, of our Supreme Court, and was authorized by President Jackson to raise a company of men, who were called "Brown's Rangers," and was ordered to report to Gen. Stephen W. Kearney, on the Western frontier.

There is a prevailing impression that Irishmen never go anywhere except in squads. But the history of the American Continent will prove that Irishmen have ventured as far alone upon hazardous explorations as any other men. But he dislikes to stay alone. Like the honey-bee, when he finds a good thing, he wants some others to come and help him enjoy it. My original Congressional district extended north to the Wisconsin line, west to the Rock River Valley, south so as to embrace Princeton, LaSalle, Bloomington, Urbana, and Danville. I had to travel all over this district with a horse and buggy, and visit the spare settlements. I often found an Irishman cultivating the soil alone. But when I made a second visit, I found some more Irishmen there, or else the original one had gone. Gov. Winthrop, of Boston, in his journal under date of 1642, tells us of one Darby Field, an Irishman, who could not rest contented after his landing in America until he had climbed to the top of the White Mountains. He was the first man to ascend Mount Washington, and when asked why he went, replied, "Merely to take a look at the country!"

The official dispatches of one of the battles of the Mexican War commended the conduct of Private Sullivan, of one of our Chicago regiments. In the battle he had advanced before his company, engaged in a single combat with a Mexican officer, and killed him. I called President Polk's attention to the report, and asked for Sullivan's promotion. He referred the matter to the Adjutant-General. Time passed along, and no appointment was sent to the Senate. I called upon the Adjutant-General, and he read me a letter from Sullivan's superior officer, commending his courage and general good conduct, but strongly protesting against his appointment as Lieutenant in the regular army, on account of his deficiency in West Point education. I appealed to the President, and it did not take long to satisfy him that good fighting in war-time would counterbalance all deficiencies in education, and Sullivan was promoted. Some time after the close of the war, his father called upon me, said he had not heard from his son for a long time, and wanted me to find him. Many of you will remember the father, Jeremiah Sullivan, at one time Justice of the Peace,—a tall and well-proportioned gentleman, with as prepossessing a general appearance as any gentleman who walked our streets. I wrote to Washington, and received for answer that Sullivan resigned his Lieutenancy at the close of the war. Inside the official letter was a note marked "private and unofficial." "Tell Sullivan's father to read the news from Mexico. I enclose some scraps from a New Orleans newspaper, and the Col. Sullivan therein mentioned is reported to be the late Lieut. Sullivan of the regular army." Some time afterwards, an officer of the army gave me the following account: After the close of the war with Mexico, some of the officers were tarrying late at dinner, when Lieut. Sullivan entered and was saluted with "Will you join us, Lieut. Sullivan?" "Col. Sullivan, if you please, gentleman," was the reply. Whereupon one of the officers said, "It will not surprise us at all if you are Col. Sullivan. If your killing that Mexican was of so much account as to put you on an equality with us who have studied four years at West Point, and have seen considerable active service, a little personal favoritism might carry you still higher, and make you a Colonel. Why, Lieut. Sullivan, if you should kill another Mexican, those politicians at Washington would make you Commander-in-Chief!" "Gentlemen," said Sullivan, "it is business that brings me here. Here is my commission as

Colonel in the Mexican revolutionary army, and now you know my authority. And now, here's my business in this paper, which I will read." He then read a paper authorizing and requesting him to employ a competent engineer upon his staff. The officers reminded him that they knew nothing of the face of the Mexican country, had no maps, knew not his route, and insisted that they could be of no service to him. "You do not understand me, gentlemen," replied Sullivan; "it is not for what I am going to do that I want any of your assistance. I only want you to map it out after I have done it. You are always talking about your military school, and what you have studied, and the like of you will be at school hereafter, and they will want to study Sullivan's Route to the Capital of Mexico; and if ever I should be Emperor, whom would I want for Secretary of War but my own Engineer?" Sullivan set out upon his march with no one to map out his route. He penetrated regions where no man had ever been before. He came out of forests where men least expected him. He appeared to be everywhere, and the inhabitants could make no calculation where he was not. They either all joined him, or fled before him. He had everything his own way, until, in his efforts to join the main army, he found himself in the fortified country. Here he missed his engineer and his military education. He was wounded, taken prisoner, marched into the Plaza, a bullet pierced his heart, and that was the last of Sullivan. But it just took a Chicago Irish boy to teach the Emperor Maximilian how to die the death of a soldier some twenty years afterwards; and Sullivan had as much right in Mexico as Maximilian.

There are 67 names upon the two voting-lists of 1825 and 1830. Six voted at both elections, leaving 61 different names, which, with the four on the tax-list of 1825 who did not vote at either election, constitute the 65 from whom our first families are descended.

And as there may be some pride in after years in tracing one's connection with our first families, the real Knickerbockers of Chicago, I have taken some pains to obtain interviews or hold correspondence with such of them as might be living, and with the descendants of such as are dead. Of a very large proportion of them I can obtain no knowledge whatever. I shall publish all their names, and at some future time shall publish what I have ascertained, or may hereafter ascertain, of their history and of their descendants. When it was known, in 1860, that the Prince

of Wales was to make Chicago a visit, one of our society men suggested that it was my duty, as Mayor of the city, to select about a hundred from our first families and give the Prince a ball. I asked him to give the names of the hundred from the first families. This he said he was unwilling to do. I asked him then to give me the names of even ten of our first families, meaning, of course, nine besides his own. This he also declared himself unwilling to do. But if, at any future time, any one of our society men should wish to make a party from our first families, he may derive some assistance from this lecture.

At this time I think there are but three of those voters living. One is Medard B. Beaubien, son of the late Gen. John B. Beaubien, of this city, now the leading man among the Pottawatomie Indians, in Kansas. The second is David McKee, now living near Aurora, Ill. He was born in Virginia in 1800, and went to Cincinnati when a young man, as a blacksmith. Under the treaty of Chicago, made with the Indians by Gen. Cass, in 1821, the Government was to keep a blacksmith here, who was to work exclusively for the Indians. Col. Benjamin B. Kerchival, then Indian Agent, afterwards a prominent citizen of Detroit, went to Cincinnati and employed McKee to come here in that capacity. McKee reached Fort Wayne, and there waited for a guide. At that time the only mail Chicago had was a monthly one to Fort Wayne. He did not wait long before the exploring expedition of Maj. Stephen H. Long reached that place, and he accompanied it to Chicago. Turning to the history of that expedition, by Prof. William H. Keating, of the University of Pennsylvania, I find that orders were issued to Maj. Long, April 25, 1823, for him to commence at Philadelphia, thence to proceed to Wheeling, thence to Chicago or Fort Wayne, thence to Fort Armstrong or Dubuque lead mines, thence up the Mississippi to Fort St. Anthony, etc. The expedition reached Fort Wayne, May 26, 1823, and Prof. Keating speaks of the fort then there as erected in 1814 on the site of the old fort, the location of which had been designated by Gen. Anthony Wayne after his victory over the confederated Indians on the 20th of August, 1794, which gave rise to the treaty of Greenville in the following year. The Professor says also, that the expedition fortunately met at Fort Wayne the express sent from Chicago for letters, and obtained him as guide. They left Fort Wayne May 29th, 1823. Their cavalcade consisted of seven persons, in-

cluding the soldier mail-carrier, and a colored servant ; and they had two horses loaded with provisions. On the 5th of June they reached Fort Dearborn, Chicago, having been eight days in traveling the distance of 216 miles, an average of 27 miles a day, their distance exceeding the usual allowance by 16 miles, in consequence of their circuitous route to avoid the Elkhart River. The railroad train now leaving here at 9 a.m. reaches Fort Wayne at 2 p.m. The post at Chicago was abandoned a few months after the party reached it, in consequence of the rapid extension of the white population westward, and the establishment of a chain of military posts along the Mississippi River, rendering the continuance of the force here unnecessary. An Indian Agent, Dr. Alexander Wolcott, uncle of our present County Surveyor, of the same name, remained here to keep up amicable relations with the Indians, and to attend to their wants, daily becoming greater in consequence of the increasing scarcity of game. Fort Dearborn was not occupied by soldiers again, except temporarily in transit, until 1832, when the Black Hawk troubles broke out. When Mr. McKee came here there were but two houses ; one belonging to John Kinzie, the other to his son-in-law, Dr. Alexander Wolcott, the Indian Agent,—Mr. Kinzie's having been built first. Both houses were built of logs, and lined with cedar bark. The third house was built by Joseph Pothier, a Frenchman, and one of the voters here in 1826, and who until recently was a resident of Milwaukee. He married an Indian half-breed, brought up by Mr. Kinzie, and was striker for Mr. McKee in the blacksmith shop. Mr. McKee was married by Mr. Kinzie, at Mr. Kinzie's house, and he built the fourth house. All four houses were on the north side of the river.

The inhabitants were soldiers, Frenchmen in the employ of the American Fur Company, and Indians. When the fort was not garrisoned, and the fur-traders were in the country making their purchases, the Indians constituted almost the entire population. In 1827-'28, Mr. McKee carried the mail once a month to Fort Wayne. As his Indian pony had to carry the mail-bag and the blankets for him to sleep upon, he could not carry corn for the pony and provisions for himself. He drove the pony in front of him, and cut down an elm or basswood tree for the pony to browse upon during the night. He carried a gun with which he killed the game for his own food. His route was from here to Niles, Mich., thence to Elkhart, Ind., and

thence to Fort Wayne. His average trip from this place to Fort Wayne was fourteen days; the quickest time he ever made was ten days. Gen. John McNiell, one of the heroes in the battle of Lundy's Lane, commanded the fort when Mr. McKee came to Chicago. Soon after his arrival, a sailing vessel, called the *Heartless*, undertook to enter the mouth of the river, ran ashore, and was beached in the sand. They tried to cut her out, but she went to pieces. About a year thereafter the first vessel entered the harbor, and anchored opposite the fort. It was the United States revenue-cutter *Fairplay*. When we speak of the first vessel coming to Chicago, there is always a confusion between the vessels that anchored outside and the vessels that actually came up into the river. It is claimed that this United States revenue-cutter *Fairplay* was the first one to actually enter the river. In 1826, there came here a sailing vessel called the *Young Tiger*, to enter the river, but she anchored out in the lake, slipped her cable, and went ashore.

Mr. E. Buell, now residing in Clinton County, Iowa, near Lyons, aged 75, claims that he was pilot and navigator on the schooner *Aurora*, Capt. Titus, that came to Chicago in 1820 or 1821; but he leaves the question unsettled as to whether or not he came up into the river. The steamers which brought here the troops of Gen. Scott, in 1832, had to anchor some distance outside. The persons claiming to have been upon the first vessel that passed over the Chicago bar and came up into the river, are even more numerous than those claiming to be descendants of the persons who had the first white child born in Chicago. I will not discuss this matter now, as the mass of you care less about those who had the first child than you do about those who are to have the next one, and what is to become of it.

The third man now living who voted in Chicago Precinct, Peoria County, in 1830, is our well-known fellow-citizen, Mark Beaubien. He came here in 1826, to visit his brother, John B. Beaubien, who was an employé of the American Fur Company, and who lived in a log-house near the lake-shore, near the mouth of the river, on the South Side. Mark returned to Detroit, and brought his family here, and built him a log-house, fronting the river, on what is known as the "Old Wigwam Lot," on the corner of Lake and Market streets; it being at that time the only dwelling-house on the South Side, except his brother's.

He constructed it for hotel purposes, and, when the Indian Chief Sauganash learned his design, he told him that Americans named their hotels after big men, and asked him what he was going to call it. Mr. Beaubien took the hint, and said "I'll call it Sauganash!" A few years afterwards, he built a large addition to it, which was the first frame-house built on the South Side. It was in this house that I took my first meal, on my arrival here in 1836, it being then kept by John Murphy. Mr. Beaubien was born in 1800, and in Detroit, where his father was also born; but his grandfather was an emigrant from France. He established the first ferry, at the forks of the river. He was an original fiddler, having inherited the art in the natural way; and he will probably die one. In case of the absence of the music at any of our parties in olden times, Mr. Beaubien was always sent for, and when one fiddle-string broke, he was good for the three; and, when another broke, he could still keep up the music; and if there were only one string left, a party would never go away disappointed if Mr. Beaubien was left to play upon it. He has done much to keep up our first families, having had twenty-three children. His grandchildren had numbered fifty-three when the great-grandchildren began to make their appearance, and he stopped counting. I introduce him to you to-day as the only man you will probably ever see who witnessed the surrender of an American army. God grant that such an event may never happen again! During the War of 1812, Mr. Beaubien's father, hearing that the town (Detroit) was about to be bombarded by the British army, had ordered his children to go down into the cellar, when news came that Gen. Hull had surrendered. Mark Beaubien saw Gen. Hull and his staff rowed over to the Canadian shore, and then the soldiers were taken over under the charge of the red-coat officials.

Cook County was set off from Peoria County under an act passed in 1831. The first election was in Aug., 1832. The county was named for the Hon. Daniel P. Cook, son-in-law of Gov. Ninian Edwards, who was one of the first United States Senators from this State. Mr. Cook was a member of Congress from 1820 to 1827, and died in 1827, aged 32, one of the most talented men who ever lived in this State. As our poll-lists of the first election, in 1832, were burnt, I can no longer trace our first families, and those who wish to marry into them must look back to those who were taxed in 1825, or voted

in 1826 or 1830, if they do not wish their honors disputed. Cook County then included the present Counties of Lake, McHenry, DuPage, and Will, all west being included in Jo Daviess County. The only voting-place of Cook County at that time was at Chicago. The highest number of votes cast for all the candidates for any one office in 1832 was 114, against 32 in 1830, and 35 in 1826.

It seems to have been the practice then, as now, to take our officers from Galena, and then, as now, they were very good men. Galena and Chicago were then in the same Representative and Senatorial Districts. Col. James M. Strode was elected to the Senate, and Benjamin Mills to the House, both being attorneys-at-law at Galena. Elijah Wentworth, Jr., who died at Galesburg, Ill., on the 18th of November last, received all the votes for Coroner at this election. He wrote me, just before his death, that he went with his father, Elijah Wentworth, Sr., from Maine to Kentucky; they moved thence to Dodgeville, Wis., where he was living at the time Jefferson Davis was constructing Fort Winnebago, about 75 miles distant. Davis had been ordered there soon after his graduation at West Point in 1828, and he often visited Dodgeville in attendance upon social parties, and is well remembered by old settlers there, to this day. In 1830, Mr. Wentworth and his father moved to Chicago, and rented a new hotel of James Kinzie, then the best in Chicago, on the West Side, near the forks of the river. It was a log-house, with upright boards upon the outside. He carried the mail from Chicago to Niles, once a month.

At the annual election in August, 1834, the highest number of votes for all the candidates for any one office was 528, against 114 in 1832. Thus our population began to increase. This vote was for the whole County of Cook. In 1835, the highest number of votes in the entire county, for all the candidates for any one office, was 1064. And religious enterprise and liberality had so far advanced that, at the Ladies' Fair at the old St. James, the mother of Episcopacy in the Northwest, on the 18th of June in that year, the receipts were \$1,431. In the spring of 1837, at our first municipal election, the city alone cast 709 votes.*

It seems not to be generally known that, up to the time of the opening of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, Chicago was not at all troubled with mosquitoes; a blessing which amply compensated for many of our early deprivations.

* For list of names on the poll-book, see "Fergus' Directory for 1839."

The history of Chicago furnishes one with a complete history of an irredeemable paper-money system. Emigration was fast tending westward in 1835. Government land was \$1.25 per acre. The emigrants had little or no money, and would purchase land on credit at greatly advanced prices. Eastern speculators flocked here and took advantage of this condition of things. The Government money received for lands would be deposited in the banks, credited to the Government, and then reloaned back to speculators. Thus the Government had credits in banks to more than the amount of their capital, and their assets consisted almost entirely of the notes of Western speculators. The Government was out of debt, and had no use for its surplus, which was forming the basis of those large speculative loans, and men became even more excited and reckless than were the land-operators here in Chicago at the time of the recent panic. Besides, money was taken from every branch of business to invest in these Western speculations. The President of the United States had no power to stop the sales of lands or to limit bank discounts. He saw the immediate necessity of arresting this condition of things, and he had no other way to do it than to issue an order that nothing but gold and silver should be received for the public lands. According to an invariable law, a redundancy of paper had driven the precious metals out of the country, and the banks had not the specie wherewith to redeem their bills, which were fast being presented to obtain land-office money. The banks all failed, and corporations and individuals issued certificates of indebtedness, which were interchanged as currency. States, counties, and cities paid their debts in warrants upon an empty treasury. The Canal Commissioners paid contractors in scrip, and the contractors paid their laborers in a lesser scrip, redeemable in the scrip of the Commissioners.

Nearly every man in Chicago doing business was issuing his individual scrip, and the city abounded with little tickets, such as "Good at our store for ten cents," "Good for a loaf of bread," "Good for a shave," "Good for a drink," etc., etc. When you went out to trade, the trader would look over your tickets, and select such as he could use to the best advantage. The times for a while seemed very prosperous. We had a currency that was interchangeable, and for a time we suffered no inconvenience from it, except when we wanted some specie to pay for our postage. In those days it took 25 cents to send a letter East.

But after a while it was found out that men were over-issuing. The barber had outstanding too many shaves; the baker too many loaves of bread; the saloon-keeper too many drinks, etc., etc. Want of confidence became general. Each man became afraid to take the tickets of another. Some declined to redeem their tickets in any way, and some absconded. And people found out, as is always the case where there is a redundancy of paper money, that they had been extravagant, had bought things they did not need, and had run in debt for a larger amount than they were able to pay. Of course, nearly everyone failed, and charged his failure upon President Jackson's specie circular. In after times, I asked an old settler, who was a great growler in those days, what effect time had had upon his views of Gen. Jackson's circular. His reply was that Gen. Jackson had spoiled his being a great man. Said he, "I came to Chicago with nothing, failed for \$100,000, and could have failed for a million, if he had let the bubble burst in the natural way."

A single instance will illustrate to what various purposes those little tickets of indebtedness could be put. A boy had a ticket "Good for a drink." He dropped it into the church contribution-box, and heard no more of it. He told another boy, who did the same thing with the same result. That boy told his sister, who told her mother, who told her husband, who deemed it his duty to tell the Deacon. Meanwhile the boys were putting in the tickets "Good for a drink," and telling the other boys to do the same. The Deacon, alive to all the responsibilities of his position, for the first time in his life entered a saloon; called the barkeeper one side, and asked him to change a \$1 scrip, well knowing he could not do so unless it were in liquor-tickets. The saloon-keeper was afraid to offer such tickets, and declined to make the change, until the Deacon gave him a hint that, although he did not stimulate himself, he thought he could use the tickets. Then, said the Deacon, "I have a curiosity to know the extent of the circulation of these tickets, and really wish you would put a private mark upon them, and notify me when one returns." Think of a Deacon putting such currency into a contribution-box! But he did it, and the boys put in some more. On Monday afternoon, the Deacon was notified that one of his tickets had been redeemed. Oh, what a chance for a scandal case! Imagine that such a thing had happened in our day! Think of our enterprising newsgatherers calling upon a

Deacon, and asking him what was the average time of a liquor-ticket's going from his church contribution-box to a saloon! With solemn tread the Deacon made his way to his pastor's residence, and asked him what disposition he made of the various tickets taken from the contribution-box. The reply was that his wife assorted them, strung them upon different strings, entered them upon a book, and gave the church credit as she used any of them. "And do you say, my dear brother," asked the Deacon, "that you have no knowledge of the particular uses to which these tickets have been put?" "I do say so," said the pastor. The Deacon breathed freer. He had cleared his pastor, but I have no doubt he prayed, "May the Lord have mercy on his poor wife!" The wife was called, and her husband said, "The Deacon wishes us to give an account of the proceeds of the contribution-box." "Not exactly so, my dear sister," said the Deacon; "but I wish to know for what purposes the liquor-tickets have been used." She comprehended the matter at once, and promptly replied, "Why, Deacon, did you want them? I never thought you were a drinking man. Now, as you didn't have the tickets, will you share with us the proceeds? Let us all take a drink!" She rushed to her pantry, brought out a pitcher, with tumblers, and it was filled with—milk! In making the change with her milkman his eyes had fallen upon these tickets, and he said he could use them. Thus throwing the liquor-tickets into the contribution-box was but a repetition of the old adage, "Evil be thou my good." They had discharged all the functions of the modern greenback, even to furnishing a poorly-paid clergyman's children with milk.

Not long after our Chicago citizens were victimized by another irredeemable currency device. Michigan legislators thought that, while there was not specie enough in the country for a banking basis, there was land enough. So they passed what is known as the "Real Estate Banking Law." They contended that real estate was better than gold and silver, because a man could not run away with real estate. Chicago merchants, business men, and speculators generally, instead of paying their debts with their money, bought Michigan wild lands, had them appraised, and then mortgaged them for bills, which they brought home to pay their debts with. Real estate, which is generally the first property to feel the effects of inflated currency, soon rose in value, and its owners paid Michigan another

visit, secured a higher appraisal of their lands, and exchanged the second mortgage for some more bills. For about a year we had excellent times again in Chicago. But then confidence began to weaken. Agents were sent into the country to buy anything they could, provided Michigan money would be taken. Merchants would post in their windows a list of bills that they would receive for a given day, and then revise the list for the next day. The bubble soon burst, and every one was the poorer for the good times he had enjoyed. Manual labor, which was the last thing to rise, was the last resting-place of the worthless bills.

During all this excitement incident to our great variety of irredeemable paper, our sufferings were the greatest for postage money, which had always to be in specie, and specie was then at from 50 to 100 per cent premium in our depreciated currency. But postage was then reckoned by the sheet instead of by weight. The result was that, although friends wrote but seldom, their letters were a sort of daily journal. When anything occurred to them, they would write it out; and when they had filled a sheet, oftentimes writing crossways also, they mailed it as soon as they could raise the postage. In traveling at the East, I have fallen in with several of these letters written in early times, whose publication would add materially to the early history of our city. But their contents were so mixed up with private matters appertaining to different families that it is impossible to obtain possession of them. As our laboring men were paid in currency, it often took more than a day's work to pay the postage on a letter to an Eastern friend.

I will relate an anecdote to illustrate this matter. Soon after my first election to Congress, a young man who had rendered me material service, made me a call, and observed that postage was very high; in which sentiment I concurred, and promised to labor to reduce it. He then remarked that I would have the franking privilege; to which I assented, and promised to labor to abolish it. But all this did not seem to interest the young man, and I was perplexed to know the drift of his conversation. Finally, with great embarrassment, he observed that he was engaged to a young lady at the East, and wanted to know if I could not frank his letters. I explained that there was but one way to avoid the responsibilities of the law, and that was for him to write his letters to me, and then I could write a letter to her, calling her attention to his; and she could have the same privilege. The correspondence

took this form until the Congressman from her district asked me if, at the close of the session, I was going home by the way of his district. I did not comprehend him until he stated that he was well acquainted in the family of the lady with whom I had been corresponding, and suggested that, if I was going to be married before the next session, it would be pleasant for us to board at the same house! This put a new phase upon my way of dodging an abuse of the franking privilege, and I wrote to my constituent that he must bring his courtship to a close, and he did so. Four letters from him and three from her covered the transaction, and I stand indebted to this day to the "conscience-fund" of the Post-Office Department for \$1.75. But this was a very insignificant sum to pay for the securing of a good Yankee girl to the West in those days. Besides, there are seven in the family now, and one went to the War; and that \$1.75 was an insignificant bounty to pay for a soldier. After all, the best way to procure soldiers is to breed them yourself. But every time any one speaks to me about the corruptions and defalcations among public men of the present day, I see "mene, mene, tekell, upharsin" written on the wall! I think of that \$1.75, and say nothing.

Not satisfied with the real estate banking experiment in Michigan, of trying to make easy times without prompt specie redemption, some of the speculators of Illinois thought that they would try the Michigan system, with State bonds substituted for lands. The result of this last experiment is too familiar to the mass of our citizens to need an extended comment. Money was borrowed, and State bonds were purchased. The most inaccessible places in our State were sought out for the location of banks, and bills were extensively issued. Money was abundant, prices of everything advanced, and a financial millenium was once more among us. The consequences of this system were quite as disastrous as those of the real estate system of Michigan. Considering its age, Chicago has been the greatest sufferer of any place in the world from an irredeemable paper-money system. Its losses in this respect will nearly approximate those from the great fire. And when you talk to one of the early settlers of Chicago about the advantages accruing from an irredeemable money system, you waste your labor. He has been there!

One of our early amusements was that of wolf-hunting. Experienced Indian ponies were plenty in our city. The

last hunt I remember had for its object the driving of as large a number of wolves as possible up to the ice upon the lake shore, and as near the mouth of the harbor as could be done. There was to be no shooting until the wolves had got upon the ice. No person was to fire unless his aim was entirely over ice, and then to the eastward. Two parties started early in the morning, one following the lake shore south, and the other the river, to meet at a common centre not far from Blue Island. Then they were to spread themselves out, cover as much territory as possible, and drive the wolves before them. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, a wolf made his appearance in the outskirts of the city. The news was spread, and our people turned out on foot, keeping along the margin of the river, so as to drive the wolves upon the ice of the lake shore. One wolf after another made his appearance, and soon we saw the horsemen. The number of wolves was about the same as that of Samson's foxes. The men were so eager to get the first fire at a wolf that the tramp of their horses broke the ice; and, as the wind was rather brisk, it broke away from the shore, with the wolves upon it, and drifted northeasterly, very much in the same direction as that taken by the recent unfortunate balloon. But the wolves, unlike the man in the balloon, took no reporter on board. Men, women, and children lined the bank of the lake, expecting to see the ice break in pieces and the wolves swim ashore. But it did not do so. Our people watched the ice, and could see the wolves running from side to side, until they faded away from view. When I took my last look, they appeared about the size of mice.

About two weeks afterwards, a letter appeared in a Detroit paper containing an account of some farm settlements, on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, being attacked by a large body of hungry wolves. They destroyed fowls and cattle, and for several days spread terror through the neighborhood. We always supposed that those were our wolves, but our hunters never laid any claim to them, as the news of their arrival was so long in reaching here. And as an evidence of the tardy transit of merchandise and mails, in those days, I will state that our newspapers of September, 1835, announce the arrival of a schooner, with goods, twenty days from New York City, the shortest time ever made. A newspaper of Dec. 24, 1836, announces that President Jackson's message to Congress was only twelve days on its route from Washington.

It was published here Saturday, but the editor says he would have issued it on Thursday, but for the extreme cold weather.

The first divorce suit in our city was brought in 1835.

Land speculation had become so brisk here in 1835, that from Jan. 4th to Oct. 21st of that year, the papers announce that Augustus Garrett (afterward mayor of the city) had sold land at his auction-rooms to the amount of \$1,800,000. Our people had commenced litigation so much that at the commencement of Cook county circuit court in May, 1836, there were 230 cases on the civil docket, and the court sat two weeks. Litigation so increased that in May, 1837, there were 700 cases on the civil docket. The newspapers pointed to the alarming fact that over a million dollars were involved in these cases.

The West Side was the last to advance in population. Although at one time, prior to the city's incorporation, it undoubtedly had, as it does now, the largest portion of our inhabitants, there were only 97 voters on the whole West Side at our first municipal election. These were mostly from our first families, as there were living there about that time three Indian chiefs, Sauganash, Laframboise, and Robinson, (whose Indian name was Che-che-pin-gua), with occasional visits from Shaboneh; and any number of Indians, French, and mixed breeds related to them. The West Side was the last side to have a piano, but the strains of the fiddle were always to be heard, and the war-dance was no uncommon thing. I remember attending the wedding of one of Laframboise's daughters. She was married to a clerk in the post-office, and is now the wife of Medard B. Beaubien, heretofore alluded to in this lecture. The clerk was the one who delivered letters, and of course was well known to all our citizens, and was remarkably popular. He went to the printing office and had 50 cards of invitation struck off. But when people went for their letters, they politely hinted that they expected a card of invitation to the wedding. So he was compelled to go to the printing office and have 50 more struck off. These did not last long, and he had 100 more. Then he said that tickets were of no use, and everybody might come; and about everyone did come. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Isaac W. Hallam, pastor of the St. James' Episcopal church of this city. Everything was high-toned, well worthy of an Indian chief's daughter. The house was of no particular use, as

it was full and surrounded with people. This wedding made a strong impression on my mind, as it was the first time I ever saw the Indian war-dance. Some of the guests not only had their tomahawks and scalping-knives, bows and arrows, but a few of them had real scalps which they pretended they had taken in the various Indian wars. Their faces were decorated with all the favorite pictures of the Indians. And some of our young white men and ladies played the part of the Indian so well that it was difficult to distinguish them from the real ones. It has been a wonder to me that, while our professors of music have been inventing so many different kind of dances, none of them have reproduced the Indian war-dance, which to me is much more sensible than nine-tenths of those which are now practiced at so many of our fashionable parties. I presume that the trouble is, that our ladies consider that the Indian war-paint extemporized for the occasion, would interfere with the original paint put on before they left their homes, and which they wished to remain through the evening. One of our young men claimed that, at this wedding, amid the crowd, unperceived, he had clipped a lock from the bride's long, flowing, raven hair. Some of this hair he had put into a breast pin, and very soon thereafter, these Indian bridal breast-pins were about as thick as were the manufactures from our old court-house bell after the fire. One man who had worn one for some years was suddenly taken sick, and expected to die. He called his wife to his bedside, and told her he deemed it his duty to state to her that he had been deceiving her for years, and he could not die in peace until he had made a confession. "I must tell you before I die, that the hair in that pin I have been wearing so deceitfully, is not the hair of that Indian chief's daughter, but your own." With pitiful eyes he looked to his wife for forgiveness. "And is that all that troubles you?" said she; "what you have just revealed in your dying hour, only confirms my opinion of you. I always supposed you thought more of me than you did of a squaw!" And now I suppose you think that that man died in peace. But he did not. He is alive now. There is occasionally an instance where a man has survived a confession to his wife. But where, oh where, is there an instance of a woman who has survived a confession to her husband?

After the marriage of this Indian chief's daughter, several of our wealthy citizens (wealthy for those days) gave return

parties. I remember attending a very elegant one given at the house of Medard B. Beaubien. I think the fashionable society of Chicago subsisted for about two months upon that wedding. Mr. Beaubien has given me several invitations, as he has others of our old settlers, to visit him at his residence among the Pottawatomies. He told me that I would be a big Pottawatomie! He gave as a reason for abandoning Chicago, where he was a merchant, that he would rather be a big Indian than a little white man. He has the reputation of being the handsomest man that was ever in this city. I met him at Washington, a few years ago, and he attracted great attention for his remarkable personal beauty.

The most of the families of wealth, education, and high social position, about the time of our incorporation, were settled on the North Side. The "Lake House" there was the first brick hotel constructed in our city, and it was as well furnished and conducted as any hotel west of New York city. Upon the South Side were most of the business houses, and hotels that were kept for the accommodation of farmers who came to Chicago with their loads of grain. Business men without families, clerks, and employes of business men, generally boarded at these hotels on the South Side, often sleeping in the stores. We could not have anything like a large party on the South Side without female domestics. The fashionable people on the North Side would invite our young men to their parties on that side; but when we had a party on the South Side, instead of coming themselves, the ladies would send their domestics. And if I were to go into details of the origin of the fashionable society of Chicago of the present day, I could satisfy our young men that whether they wanted to make money or raise healthy children, the best thing they could now do would be to imitate the example of some of our early settlers, and marry a lady who dares discharge an impudent or incompetent maid, and can do the work herself till she can get a better one.

There was considerable ill-feeling at one time between the North and South Sides in consequence of this discrimination. But politics then, as now, proved a great leveler in society. There was an elegant party given at the Lake House one evening, where one of the most fashionable men on the North Side, who was a candidate for office, thought he would throw an anchor to the windward by dancing

with a South Side dressing-maid, while he supposed his wife was being entertained at the supper-table. But she entered the ball-room while the dance was going on. At once a proud heart was fired. Quicker than thought she spoke to a carriage-driver who stood at the door looking in: "Can you dance, Mike?" "It's only for the want of a partner," was the response. Seizing him by the hand, she said, "Come on!" and turning to the crowd she said, "This is a game that two can play at!" and immediately the dance went on, amid the applause of the whole room; the man with the South Side dressing-maid, and his wife with the South Side driver. And thus free suffrage began its work against artificial social position.

Not long after my first election to Congress, upon opening my mail at Washington, I found a letter dated in the western part of Iowa, then far in the wilderness, reading in this way:

"MY DEAR OLD CHICAGO FRIEND: I see you have been getting up in the world, and it is so with myself, who am the sheriff's deputy here, and I also keep hotel. I am the same one who made all the fuss dancing with the lady at the Lake House ball, and you were there; and the girl I married is the same domestic her husband danced with. The judge of the court boards at our house, and he often dances with my wife at the big parties here, where we are considered among the first folks, and I reckon my wife Bridget would put on as many airs as the lady did at the Lake House, if she should catch me dancing with domestics. I found out that those people who made so much fuss at the Lake House were not considered much where they came from. But they emigrated to Chicago, and then set up for big folks. So I thought I would marry Bridget and start for a new country where I could be as big as anybody. And now remember your old Chicago friend, and tell the President that I am for his administration, and would like to get the post-office here."

I remember that, during that session of Congress I boarded at the same house with Horace Greeley, and he was frequently in my room; and I think that it was from this letter he borrowed his sentiment, "Go west, young man!"

In our early times, it was customary to excommunicate members of the church as publicly as they had been admitted. Now we hear of admissions, but never of ex-

communications. Professor David Swing has come as near filling that bill as anyone we have heard of recently, but future historians will differ as to whether he excommunicated the church or the church him. I remember in early times here of a clergyman's dealing, at the close of his service, with a member, one of our well-known citizens, somewhat after this fashion: "You will remember, my hearers, that some time ago Mr. Blank was proposed for admission to this church, and after he had passed a favorable examination I called upon everyone present to know if there was any objection, and no one rose and objected. It becomes my painful duty now to pronounce the sentence of excommunication upon him, and to remand him back to the world again with all his sins upon his head." Whereupon a gentleman rose in his pew and said: "And now the world objects to receiving him!" On which bursts of laughter filled the house; and the precise status of that man was never determined, as the civil courts in those days had not begun to interfere in ecclesiastical matters. In these times the church would undoubtedly have called upon the courts to grant a mandamus upon the world to receive him, or the world would have applied for an injunction to prevent the church from excommunicating him.

In most new settlements there can always be pointed out some particular class who give tone to the early society; such as the Pilgrims and Puritans of New England, the Knickerbockers of New York, the Huguenots of South Carolina, the Creoles of New Orleans; and, in the later days, men identified with manufacturing interests, mining interests, railroad interests, or with seminaries of learning. But here in Chicago, in early times, we had not any one prevailing class or interest; nor was there any sufficient number of people from any particular locality to exercise a controlling influence in moulding public sentiment. We had people from almost every clime, and of almost every opinion. We had Jews and Christians, Protestants, Catholics, and infidels; among Protestants, there were Calvinists and Armenians. Nearly every language was represented here. Some people had seen much of the world, and some very little. Some were quite learned, and some very ignorant. We had every variety of people, and out of these we had to construct what is called society. The winters were long; no railroads, no telegraphs, no canal, and all we had

to rely upon for news were our weekly newspapers. We had no libraries, no lectures, no theatres or other places of amusement. If a stranger attended a gathering of any kind, the mass of attendants were equally strangers with himself; and the gentlemen outnumbered the ladies by about four or five to one. You ask what society lived upon in those days? I answer, upon faith. But faith without works is dead. From the close to the opening of navigation, nearly six months in the year, we had nothing to do. Our faith consisted principally in the future of Chicago. Nearly every one had laid out a town, and men exchanged lots with each other, very much as boys swap jack-knives. The greatest story-teller was about as big a man as we had. If a new story was told, it was soon passed all round town, and due credit given to the originator. If a new book appeared in our midst, that was loaned around until another new one came to take its place. Occasionally, one of our young men would go East and get him a wife, and then we discussed her for a while. Dress-makers would invariably make her the first call, examine her dresses, and then go from door to door, like a modern census-taker or tax-collector, soliciting orders according to the latest fashions.

There was great prejudice between the emigrants from the South and those from the East. All our Eastern people were considered by the emigrants from the South as Yankees. The first contest was about the convention system in politics. Southerners denounced it vehemently as a Yankee innovation upon the old system of allowing every man to run for office who wanted to do so, and taking his chances. Their system was to solicit their friends to solicit them to run for office, and then they reluctantly consented, and placed themselves in the hands of their friends. All Yankee customs, fashions, and innovations upon their established usages were ridiculed as Yankee notions, worthy only of the peddlers of wooden clocks and pewter spoons.

Thomas Ford, born in Uniontown, Penn., in 1800, who had lived in Illinois from 1804, and whose father had been killed by the Indians, came here as Judge, and did more than any other person to mollify the prejudices of the South against the North. He early foresaw that all that the early settlers of Illinois needed, was the growth of more Yankee thrift among them; and he early told his friends.

that while he stayed here he was going to conform to all the Yankee notions, as fast as he could ascertain what they were, and wanted his acquaintances to inform him what he should do to prevent embarrassment by non-conformity. I met him on his way to Court one morning, and he said he had just been detained by a lady complaining that he did not attend her party on a previous evening. He told her that he was very fond of parties, and always attended them whenever he could, but that he held Court that evening until it was too late to go. But this did not satisfy her. She wanted to know, if he could not attend, why he did not send a "regret." He did not understand the matter, and made an excuse that the Court was waiting, informing her that he would converse with her some other time. "But," said he, "what's that? What did she want me to do when I couldn't go?" I informed him that the lady had some sisters visiting her from the East, and she had a pride in having them write home that among her friends were the very best people in Chicago, and among them the Judge of the Court; which in his absence, a little note from him would establish. "Capital, capital," said he. "Why you Yankees have a motive in all you do. You turn everything to account. The longer I live among Yankees the more I see why it is that they are getting rich and overrunning the country. Nobody shall complain of me hereafter in that respect. I'll have some note-paper in my desk, and if the lawyers detain me, I'll send the Sheriff with one of those little billet-doux. If there is any other thing that you Yankees want me to do to testify my high appreciation of you, please let me know." The next day the Judge called at my office with a beautiful little note, on gilt-edged paper, addressed to his wife, and reading as follows: "Judge Ford's compliments to Mrs. Ford and the children, and regrets that he cannot be home to have the pleasure of their society on Monday next." Below this was the following postscript: "The above is one of the Yankee notions, and when you want to go anywhere and cannot, you must always send one of these, which they call a 'regret.' Please tell this to the neighbors, and also tell them that when I return I shall have a great many stories to tell them about different Yankee notions."

Not long after, I was at Oregon, Ogle County, where he resided, and where he was then holding Court. When it became time for the Sheriff to adjourn the Court, the

Judge said, "Mr. Sheriff, don't forget that party at my house to-night." And the Sheriff exclaimed, "Hear ye! Hear ye! The Judge of this Court requests me to say, that he and his lady would be pleased to see you all at his house to-night, both citizens and strangers! Now this honorable Court stands adjourned until to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock." It was wonderful to notice the mixture of people who unceremoniously visited him that evening—attorneys, jurors, suitors, and citizens generally, with their wives. One person seemed as much at home as another. There was a grand welcome for all. He was the very prince of hospitality. His small house could not contain the crowd, and many stood outside and mingled in the entertainments. The Judge passed through the assembly with a waiter on which was a decanter of Madeira wine, and wine-glasses. His wife passed around with another waiter loaded with cake. Said the Judge to some Yankee gentlemen, "This is the way we original Illinoisans give a party. We invite all; the latch-string is out; all come who can, and those who cannot come say nothing. They never write any 'regrets.' Indeed, a great many of our prominent men at the South could not do it. I have known men in our Legislature who could not write." Then he passed away into a group of people who were natives of the South, and told them how he got himself into trouble with a Chicago lady by not writing her a little billet-doux explaining to her why he did not go to her party, when he wanted to go more than she wanted to have him. He often uttered the sentiment that he did not wish to live in a locality where his house was not large enough to entertain his neighbors without making selections. He said he must either build him a larger house or move into a distant settlement. When I came away I expressed the wish that I might soon have the pleasure of seeing him and his neighbors in Chicago. Whereupon the Judge jocosely observed, "We will either come and see you or send you a billet-doux." But a Southern Illinoisan, a native of North Carolina, exclaimed, "Yes, when you Yankee peddlers are putting up wooden clocks and pewter spoons for this region, tell them to put up a little gold-edged note-paper for us, and have them to be sure that the gold isn't bronze!"

But the people of this State settled the house question for Judge Ford. For, at the next Gubernatorial election, he was made its Chief Magistrate, and as Governor he

rendered his name dear to every Illinoisan by his almost superhuman, but eminently successful, efforts to complete the Illinois and Michigan Canal, and to restore the lost credit of our State. He died not long after the expiration of his term of office, and left to his children only the proceeds of the copyright of his *History of Illinois*,—a book which, when once commenced, no reader will lay aside until he has finished it. In this work is the only authoritative history of the settlement of the Mormons in this State, and their final expulsion of it, with the assassination of their leader, Joseph Smith. In his preface he says: "The author has written about small events and little men. And in all those matters in which the author has figured personally, it will be some relief to the reader to find that he has not attempted to blow himself up into a great man."

One of our most reliable places of entertainment was the Post-Office while the mail was being opened. The Post-Office was on the west side of Franklin street, cornering on South Water street. The mail coach was irregular in the time of its arrival, but the horn of the driver announced its approach. Then the people would largely assemble at the Post-Office, and wait for the opening of the mails, which at times, were very heavy. The Postmaster would throw out a New York paper, and some gentleman with a good pair of lungs and a jocose temperament would mount a dry-goods box and commence reading. Occasionally I occupied that position myself. During exciting times, our leading men would invariably go to the Post-Office themselves, instead of sending their employés. The news would be discussed by the assemblage, and oftentimes heavy bets would be made, and angry words passed. If it was election times, there would be two papers thrown out, of opposite politics, two reading stands established, two readers engaged, and the men of each party would assemble around their own reader. This condition of things would last until the mails were opened, when the gathering would adjourn until the next blowing of the driver's horn. This gathering afforded the best opportunity for citizens to become acquainted one with another.

On one of these occasions, I was introduced to a Lieutenant in the army who had just come to take charge of the Government works in this city. He had great confidence in our future, and expressed his intention to invest all his means here. He was eventually ordered away to some other station, but kept up his interest in Chicago. His

taxes became high, too high in proportion to his pay as an army officer and the support of his family. His wife had once placed the price of a new dress in a letter which was to leave by the return of a mail which brought her husband an exorbitant tax-bill. He expressed his intention of ordering, by the same mail, the sale of his Chicago property, as his means could endure his taxes no longer. His wife ordered her letter from the mail, took out the money, and, saying that she preferred the Chicago property to a new dress, insisted that he should use it to pay his Chicago taxes. The next summer he visited our city, and rented his property for enough to pay the taxes. That lady lost her dress for that year, but she gained thereby one of the largest and most celebrated (Kingsbury) estates in our city. I mention this fact to warn our ladies that they should never ask for a new dress until they find their husband's tax-receipt in his wallet; and, at the same time, I would caution husbands not to try to carry so much real estate as to make their poorly-clad wives and children objects of charity when they make their appearance in the streets.

Our early settlers were distinguished for their liberal patronage of all religious denominations, and we had one clergyman who created as much sensation as any we have had since his day. Like all really influential sensational preachers, he was an original. He dealt freely in pathos and in ridicule. If we cried once, we were sure to laugh once, in every sermon. Unlike clergymen now called sensational, he never quoted poetry, nor told anecdotes, nor used slang phrases, for the purpose of creating a laugh. There was nothing second-handed about him. I allude to Rev. Isaac T. Hinton, a Baptist clergyman, who was the only settled minister on the South Side when I came here in 1836. His residence was near the corner of Van Buren street and Fifth avenue, then in the outskirts of the city, and was shaded by native oaks. He was a man who never seemed so happy as when he was immersing converted sinners in our frozen river or lake. It is said of his converts that no one of them was ever known to be a backslider. If you could see the cakes of ice that were raked out to make room for baptismal purposes, you would make up your mind that no man would join a church under such circumstances unless he joined to stay. Immersions were no uncommon thing in those days. One cold day, about the first part of February, 1839, there were 17 im-

mersed in the river at the foot of State street. A hole about 20 feet square was cut through the ice, and a platform was sunk, with one end resting upon the shore. Among the 17 was our well-known architect, John M. VanOsdell, alderman-elect, said to be now the only survivor. There are many now living who were baptized by Mr. Hinton; among them is the wife of Hon. Thomas Hoyne, mayor-elect. But recently our Baptist friends have made up their minds that our lake has enough to do to carry away all the sewerage of the city, without washing off the sins of the people. It is also claimed for Mr. Hinton that no couple he married was ever divorced. He was just as careful in marrying as he was in baptizing; he wanted nobody to fall from grace.

It was the custom in those days to give clergymen donation parties. Now, we have surprise parties, where the lady is expected to endanger her health by hard-working all day in order to prepare her house for a surprise in the evening. The only surprise about them is the magnificence of the preparations. Then the party was advertised in the newspapers, and a notice posted in the vestibule of the church.

It was customary in those days for all denominations to patronize liberally the clergymen of other denominations.

Mr. Hinton had a family of children nearly grown up, and consequently all the young people, as well as the old, would be there to have a grand frolic at his donation party. There were no religious services, and the house was completely taken possession of by the multitude. People would send just what they happened to have, and it would look at times as if Parson Hinton was going into the storage business. Cords of wood would be piled before the door; flour, salt, pork, beef, box-raisins, lemons, oranges, herring, dry-goods, anything and everything. After the donation party was over, there was always a large quantity left which he did not need, but he knew exactly where to place it—among the destitute of the city. Probably no occasions are remembered with more pleasure by the old settlers of this city than those gatherings at the hospitable mansion of the jolly English preacher, with his attractive laugh, who always enjoyed a good story, and could generally tell a better one. There are many married couples in this city who will tell you that there was where they first met.

The first Sabbath I passed in this city, my good board-

ing-house mistress (Mrs. John Murphy, present on this platform to-day) took me with her to his church, as was the custom of Christian ladies with strange young men in those days. He told me that godliness was profitable unto all things; and he was right. Christian men and women have not kept up this good old custom of taking young men, strangers in the city, to church with them, and using their efforts to lead them to a high social position with their religious instruction. Strange young men now in this city are told that there is a moral infirmary opened here, entirely for their benefit, where the seats are all free, and men are supported expressly to save such as they are from destruction. I never knew a young man to amount to anything if he had no respect for his social position; and that position can never be attained where young men are turned away for religious instruction, to places to visit which they would not think of inviting a young lady to leave a respectable church to accompany them. All honor to those clergymen and Christians of Chicago who have their weekly church sociables, where young men are brought forward into respectable social intercourse, as well as moral development. The celebrated Indian chief, Black Hawk, covered the whole ground when he said to Gen. Jackson, "You are a man, and I am another!"

Not feeling able to sustain the expense of a whole pew, I engaged one in partnership with an unpretending saddle and harness maker (S. B. Cobb), who, by a life of industry, economy, and morality, has accumulated one of the largest fortunes in our city, and still walks our streets with as little pretense as when he mended the harnesses of the farmers who brought the grain to this market from our prairies. The church building in those days was considered a first-class one, and we had a first-class pew therein, and the annual expense of my half of the pew was only \$12.50 more than it would have been in our Saviour's time. People wonder at the rapid increase in the price of real estate at the west; but it bears no comparison with the increase in the price of gospel privileges. A good clergyman is well worth all that a liberal-hearted congregation may see fit to pay him. But the people ought to cry out against the reckless waste of money, steadily increasing, in the erection of extravagant church edifices. And the pride in such matters seems to eat up all other considerations. During the recent panic, a Christian lady of this city, with a large family of children,

whose husband was suddenly reduced from opulence to penury, astonished me by observing, with tears in her eyes, that her most grievous affliction was that she would be compelled to give up her pew in the church, which was one of the most expensive in the city, and take one in a cheaper edifice. And yet our people sing in every church, "God is present everywhere!"

At the close of service one day, Parson Hinton said he thought Chicago people ought to know more about the devil than they did. Therefore he would take up his history, in four lectures; first, he would give the origin of the devil; second, state what the devil has done; third, state what the devil is now doing; and fourth, prescribe how to destroy the devil. These lectures were the sensation for the next four weeks. The house could not contain the mass that flocked to hear him, and it is a wonder to me that those four lectures have not been preserved. Chicago newspaper enterprise had not then reached here. The third evening was one never to be forgotten in this city; as it would not be if one of our most eminent clergymen, with the effective manner of preaching that Mr. Hinton had, should undertake to tell us what the devil is doing in this city to-day. The drift of his discourse was to prove that everybody had a devil; that the devil was in every store, and in every bank, and he did not even except the church. He had the devil down outside and up the middle of every dance; in the ladies' curls, and the gentlemen's whiskers. In fact, before he finished, he proved conclusively that there were just as many devils in every pew as there were persons in it; and if it were in this our day, there would not have been swine enough in the Stock-Yards to cast them into. When the people came out of church, they would ask each other, "What is your devil?" And they would stop one another in the streets during the week, and ask, "What does Parson Hinton say your devil is?" The fourth lecture contained his prescription for destroying the devil. I remember his closing: "Pray on, brethren and friends; pray ever. Fight as well as pray. Pray and fight until the devil is dead!"

The world, the flesh, the devil,
Will prove a fatal snare,
Unless we do resist him,
By faith and humble prayer."

In this grand contest with his Satanic Majesty, he, our

leader, fought gloriously, but he fell early in the strife. We, his hearers, have kept up a gallant fight to this day, but, judging by our morning papers, the devil is still far from being dead. Yet we dealt him some heavy blows at the recent election!

An interesting institution was the ferry-boat between the North and South Sides. It was a general intelligence office. Business was done principally upon the South Side, while most of the dwelling-houses were upon the North Side. The ferryman knew about every person in town, and could answer any question as to who had crossed. The streets had not then been raised to their present grade, nor the river deepened or widened, and the boat was easily accessible to teams. It was pulled across by a rope, and was not used enough to kill the green rushes which grew in the river. If a lady came upon the South Side to pass an evening, she would leave word with the ferryman where her husband could find her. Bundles and letters were left with him to be delivered to persons as they passed. He was a sort of superannuated sailor, and if he had not sailed into every port in the world, he had a remarkable faculty of making people think he had. His fund of stories was inexhaustible, and he was constantly spinning his interesting yarns to those who patronized his institution. Like most sailors, he could not pull unless he sung, and to all his songs he had one refrain with a single variation. His voice was loud and sonorous. If he felt dispirited, his refrain was, "And I sigh as I pull on my boat." If he felt jolly (and people took particular pains to make him so), his refrain was, "And I sing as I pull on my boat." All night long this refrain was disturbing the ears of those who dwelt near the banks of the river. Song after song was composed for him, in the hope of changing his tune, but it would not be long before he would attach to it his usual refrain. One of our musical composers composed a quadrille, which our young folks used to dance in the evening on the ferry, during certain portions of which they would all join in old Jack's refrain, and sing, "And we'll dance as we ride on the boat." There was a little boy who took great delight in Jack's company, whose parents lived on the margin of the river near the ferry, and as in the last of his sickness he was burning with a violent fever, nothing would quiet him but the sound of old Jack's voice. Old Jack had just sung, "And I sigh as I pull on my boat,"

when the boy whispered his last words to his mother, "And I die while Jack pulls on his boat." Jack heard of this, and his lungs became stronger than ever. Racking both his memory and his imagination for songs, for weeks all night long he sung, with his plaintive refrain, "Charlie dies while Jack pulls on his boat." A distinguished poetess traveling at the west about this time, was tarrying at the Lake House, and heard of the incident. She wrote for a New York magazine some beautiful lines appropriate to the last words of the child and the circumstances. These were reproduced in our Chicago papers, but I have in vain sought to find them. Some of our old scrap-books undoubtedly contain them, and I would like to be the instrument of their republication.

Old Jack went to church one Sunday, and the clergyman preached from the text, "Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He shall come in His own glory." After church was over, the clergyman took Jack to task for making so much noise on his ferry-boat, and told him he was going to have him removed. "You can't do it," said Jack. "Why not?" said the clergyman. "Your sermon, sir, your sermon! You said we must make a practical application of it." "How can you apply that to your position?" "In this way," said Jack; "the Mayor appoints a ferryman. I will just tell him, he that is ashamed of me and of my boat, of him will I be ashamed when I go to the polls on the day of election!" Jack was not removed. But he went one fall to the south with the robins; but, unlike the robins, he returned no more. He probably saw the coming bridge.

It was customary during the winter to give a series of dancing-parties at central points between here and the Fox River, along the line of some of our main traveled roads, notices of which were generally given in the newspapers. We used to have much more snow than we have now, and large sleigh-loads of people would be fitted out from the city, to meet young people from different parts of the country. People in the country settlements were generally emigrants from the more cultivated portions of the east. United States Senator Silas Wright once told me that he could enumerate a hundred families, the very flower of the agricultural interest of St. Lawrence County, who had emigrated to west of Chicago. These settlers were not always poor; they were often men of large families who came here

to obtain a large quantity of contiguous land, so as to settle their children around them. The custom at these parties was to leave Chicago about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, take supper on the way out, and engage breakfast for the morning; and, after dancing all night, getting back to the city about 9 or 10 o'clock. The hotels in the country were frequently built of logs, but whether of logs or boards, were generally built in one style. Cooking-rooms, bar-room, sitting-rooms, were below, and above was one large hall, which could be used for religious services on Sunday, or public meetings on a weekday, and, by suspending blankets, could be divided into sleeping-rooms. Above was the attic, which could be used for storage when the hall was cleared, and also for dressing-rooms at parties. Ladies and gentlemen could more easily find their wearing apparel when suspended from nails driven into the beams of the building than they can now from the small dressing-rooms where the clothing is in constant danger of being mixed together. I remember one of those occasions when the country residents had begun the dance before those from the city had reached there. Country ladies were passing up and down the ladder to the dressing-room. But the city ladies would not ascend the ladder until it had been fenced around with blankets. There were always on these occasions mothers present from the country, who attended the young people to look after the care of their health, such as seeing that they were properly covered on their going home from a warm room, as physicians were very scarce in the country, and it was a great distance for many of them to send for medicines. These country matrons took it much to heart that the young ladies from the city were so particular in having the ladder fenced off, and were very free in the expression of their views on the subject to the elderly gentlemen present. During the evening a sleigh-load was driven up containing a French danseuse from Chicago, of considerable note in those days; and it was not long after she entered the hall before the floor was cleared for her to have an opportunity to show her agility as a fancy dancer. When she began to swing around upon one foot, with the other extended, one of these country matrons, with a great deal of indignation, ran across the hall to her son, and said, "I don't think it is proper for our young folks to see any such performance as this, and now you go right down and tell the landlord that we want some more blankets," and the

boy started before the last part of the sentence was heard, "and I'll have her fenced off by herself, as the city ladies did the ladder!" Her remarks were passed from one to another, and the company was loudly applauding them, when the applause was greatly increased by the entrance of the landlord with some blankets under his arm. The more the applause increased, the more animated became the danseuse, who took it all for herself. The fancy dance was finished, but the merriment had such an effect that one of our city young men took down the blankets around the ladder, and for the remainder of the evening the exposed ladder and the nimble French danseuse ceased to attract attention.

I have thus made you a few selections from my large casket of reminiscences of the amusements of early Chicago. But I give them as a mere appendix to my historical lecture, and do not wish them considered as any part of it, as I could have ended without them, and then have given you a lecture of ordinary length. If anyone thinks them inappropriate to this occasion, I wish to say that I respectfully concur in his views. If, however, they have served to compensate any of you for the tedium of the more historical portion of it, I will waive the question of their appropriateness, and express my gratification at having given them.

SUPPLEMENTAL NOTES.

After MR. WENTWORTH'S Lecture had been published in the newspapers, he received the following information:

FROM FULTON COUNTY.

The County Commissioners' Court met, for the first time, 3 June, 1823. July 5, 1823, John Kinzie was recommended for Justice of the Peace, at Chicago. Sept. 2, 1823, Ordered that an election be held at John Kinzie's house, for one major and company officers in 17th Regiment of Illinois Militia; John Kinzie, Alexander Wolcott, and John Hamlin to conduct said election, upon the last Saturday in September instant.

June 3, 1823, Ordered by the Court, that Amherst C. Rausam be recommended to fill the office of Justice of the Peace, vice Samuel Fulton, resigned. He qualified before the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Fulton Co., July 2, 1823.

If he resided at Chicago, he robs John Kinzie of the honor of being our first Justice of the Peace.

July 5, 1823, Ordered that the Treasurer pay to A. C. Rausam the sum of four dollars, for taking a list of the taxable property at Chicago, in said County, and collecting the same, so soon as he (the said Rausam) shall pay the same over to the County Treasurer, in such money as he received.

Sept. 3, 1823, Ordered that Amherst C. Rouseur [Rausam?] hand over to County Treasurer amount of tax received and collected at Chicago, in same kind of money he received.

April 27, 1824, Sheriff Eads released from paying money-tax collected at Chicago by Rouseur [Rausam?]

It is so hard to decypher these French names in American manuscripts that this name may not be the correct one. There was a Eustache Roussain and also a Captain Ransom in the employ of the American Fur Company, in this region, in 1821.

It may be that he was not a defaulter, but collected his taxes in furs, local money, etc., and refused to give them up until he received his four dollars in cash.

The same name appears as grand juror, October, 1823.

Among the grand jurors, in October, 1823 and April, 1824, were Elijah Wentworth, Sr. In Sept., 1824, Hiram, son of Elijah Wentworth, Sr., was added. In March and Sept., 1824, Elijah Wentworth, Jr. (our first Coroner), and John Holcomb (who married his sister), were upon the petit jury. The Wentworths were then living in what is now Fulton Co. Whence they removed to Dodgeville, Wisconsin, and did not come to Chicago until 1830.

CHICAGO MARRIAGES RECORDED IN FULTON CO.

By John Hamlin, J.P., July 20, 1823, Alexander Wolcott and Ellen M. Kinzie.

By same, October 3rd, 1823, John Ferrel and Ann Griffin.

[The Clerk sends this as a Chicago marriage; but I can learn nothing of the parties.]

It is claimed that the marriage of Dr. Wolcott, Indian agent here, in 1823, was the first in Chicago. He died in 1830, voting on the 24th July, of that year. His widow, daughter of John Kinzie, married George C. Bates, of Detroit, Mich. He is now living in Salt Lake City. Col. Thomas Owens was afterwards Indian agent, and may have succeeded him. Charles Jewett, of Kentucky, was Dr. Wolcott's predecessor, and our first Indian agent.

John Hamlin died at Peoria, in April of this year. A writer in the *Peoria Transcript* says, that in 1823, he accompanied William S. Hamilton to Green Bay, where he had a contract to supply Fort Howard with beef, and he arrived there July 2d, 1823. On his way back, Mr. Hamlin performed the marriage ceremony. Whilst here, he made an engagement with John Crafts to enter the service of the American Fur Company, which frequently brought him to Chicago.

NOTES UPON THE TAX PAYERS OF 1825.

1. Gen. John B. Beaubien was living at Macinac when the Fort there was surrendered to the British, in 1812. He married a sister of the Indian Chief, Joseph Laframboise, was brought here in 1819, by the American Fur Company to oppose Mr. Crafts, had several children (some of whom now live here), was one of the principal men in the employ of the American Fur Co., and his last wife with several of his children was upon the platform at the delivery of this lecture. I attended the marriage of his daughter, in early days, to N. D. Woodville.

2. Jonas Clybourne came from Pearisburgh, Giles Co., Virginia, with

sons Archibald and Henley. Archibald came in 1823 and went back to Virginia for his father's family. His widow, who was a Miss Gallo-way, from the region now known as Marseilles, LaSalle Co., Illinois, was on the platform at the delivery of this lecture, and has several children. Henley Clybourne married Sarah Benedict, and has two sons living at Fort Scott, Kansas. Archibald Clybourne was Justice of the Peace in 1831.

3. John K. Clark, was half brother to Archibald Clybourne, and married Permelia, daughter of Stephen J. Scott, who now lives, his widow, at Deerfield, Lake Co., Ill., with her daughter. There was no son to live to have children.

4. John Crafts was a trader sent here by Mr. Conant, of Detroit, and had a trading house at Hardscrabble, near Bridgeport, and monopolized the trade until the American Fur Company sent John B. Beaubien here in 1819. In 1822, Mr. Crafts went into the employment of the Fur Company as superintendant, Mr. Beaubien being under him. He died here single in 1823, at Mr. Kinzie's house, and he succeeded him. Prior to this, Mr. Kinzie was a silver-smith and made trinkets for the Indians.

5. Jeremie Claremont was employed by the American Fur Company in 1821, for the trade of the Iroquois River.

8 & 9. Claude and Joseph Laframboise were brothers. The widow of the latter was living, at last dates, with her son-in-law, Medard B. Beaubien, at Silver Lake, Shawnee Co., Kansas.

11. Peter Piche, is believed to have been the one who lived at Piche's Grove, near Oswego, Illinois, alluded to by Mrs. Kinzie in her "Waubun."

14. Antoine Oilmette is the person spoken of in Mrs. Kinzie's book, "Waubun." His daughter Elizabeth, married Jan. 23, 1827, our first Irishman, Michael Welch.

NOTES UPON THE VOTERS OF 1826.

1. Augustine Banny, said to have been a travelling cattle dealer, supplying Forts.

2. Henry Kelly, had no family here, worked for Samuel Miller.

4. Cole Weeks, American, was a discharged soldier, had no family, worked for John Kinzie. He married the divorced wife of ——— Caldwell, brother of the first wife of Willis Scott. Caldwell had a fondness for Indian hunting and trading, and is supposed to have gone off and died with them. A man, answering his description, by the name of Caldwell, was living, not long since, at Kershena, Shawanaw Co., Wisconsin. Caldwell's wife, who married Cole Weeks, was sister to Benjamin Hall, of Wheaton, DuPage Co., Ill., and Caldwell was cousin to Archibald Clybourne, and came from the same place in Virginia.

14. Francis Laducier, had no family, died at Archibald Clybourne's.
21. Joseph Pothier, married Victor Miranda, a half breed, was brought up in John Kinzie's family, was living recently at Milwaukee.
24. David McKee, lives at Aurora, Kane Co., Ill., and married 23 January, 1827, Wealthy, daughter of Stephen J. Scott. He was born on Hog Creek, Pewtown, Loudoun Co., Virginia, in 1800.
25. Joseph Anderson, had no family.
31. Martin VanSicle, was living recently near Aurora, Ill. He had a daughter, Almira. Willis Scott remembers going to Peoria for a marriage license for her.
34. Edward Ament, was living recently not far from Chicago; some say in Kankakee Co., Ill.

The most of those having French names were employés of the American Fur Company, or hunted and traded on their own responsibility; and, when Chicago was abandoned as a Fur Trading Post, they moved further into the frontier country, in pursuit of their business.

NOTES UPON THE VOTERS OF 1830.

1. Stephen J. Scott was born in Connecticut, moved to Chicago from Bennington, Wyoming Co., N.Y., lived many years at Naperville, Ill., and died there, where his son Williard now lives. His son Willis now lives in Chicago, and was upon the platform when this lecture was delivered. Several of his daughters are mentioned in these notes.

4. Barney H. Laughton, lived in his last days near what is now Riverside, on the O'Plaine River, and his wife was sister to the wife of our first Sheriff, Stephen Forbes.

5. Jesse Walker, was a Methodist preacher, finally settled at Walker's Grove, now Plainfield, in this State.

8. James Kinzie, was natural son of John Kinzie. His mother and Archibald Clybourne's mother were sisters. His first wife was Rev. William See's daughter. He died at Racine, Wis., where his second wife is said to be now living. His own sister Elizabeth Kinzie married Samuel Miller, the hotel keeper.

9. Russell E. Heacock, died at Summit, Cook Co., Ill., in 1849, and he has sons in this vicinity.

12. John L. Davis, said to have been an Englishman, and a tailor.

17. Stephen Mack, son of Major Mack of Detroit, married an Indian, was clerk in the employ of the American Fur Company, and finally settled in Pickatonica, Winnebago Co., in this State.

✓ 18. Jonathan A. Bailey, was father-in-law to the Post Master, John S. C. Hogan. Mr. Hogan held the office until 1837, when Sidney Abell was appointed. Mr. Hogan died in Memphis, Tenn., in 1866.

Mr. Bailey was Postmaster before Hogan.

19. Alexander Mc, is written plain enough; but whether the last part is Dollo, Dole, Donell, Downtard, etc., it is difficult to tell, as it is written so differently in different places.

27 & 28. John Baptiste Secor and Joseph Bauskey, died of cholera in 1832. Bauskey married a daughter of Stephen J. Scott.

32. Peresh LeClerc, was an Indian interpreter, brought up by John Kinzie.

MORE RETURNS FROM PEORIA COUNTY.

The Clerk of Peoria Co. has sent me the following, which are not alluded to in the lecture:

SPECIAL FLECTION

For Justice of the Peace and Constable, at the house of James Kinzie, in the Chicago Precinct of Peoria County, State of Illinois, on Saturday, 24th day of July, 1830.

Total, John S. C. Hogan, for Justice of the Peace, 33 votes, Archibald Clybourne, 22 votes, Russell Rose, 1 vote. Total, 56.

For Constable, Horatio G. Smith, 32 votes, Russell Rose, 21 votes, John S. C. Hogan, 1 vote. Total, 54.

1 James Kinzie.	29 Jean Baptist Secor.	1826
2 Jean Baptiste Beaubien 1825, '26	30 Mark Beaubien.	
3 Alexander Wolcott. 1825	31 Peresh Laclerc.	
4 Augustin Bannot. [Banny?] 1826	32 Matthias Smith.	
5 Medard B. Beaubien.	33 James Garow.	
6 Billy Caldwell. 1826	34 Alexander Robinson. 1825, 1826	
7 Joseph Laframboise. 1825, 1826	35 Samuel Miller. [Landlord.]	
8 John Mann.	36 Jonas Clybourne. 1825, 1826	
9 John Wellmaker.	37 John Joyal.	
10 Stephen J. Scott.	38 Peter Frique.	
11 Thomas Ayers.	39 Jean Bapt. Tombien. [Toubien?]	
12 Russell Rose.	40 John L. Davis.	
13 Lewis Ganday or Louis Gauday.	41 Simon Debigie.	
14 Michael Welch.	42 A. Foster.	
15 William P. Jewett.	43 George P. Wentworth.	
16 John VanHorn.	44 Alex. McDowntard. [McDole?]	
17 Gabriel Acay.	45 Jonathan A. Bailey.	
18 Joseph Papan.	46 David M'Kee. 1825, 1826	
19 Williard Scott.	47 Joseph Pothier. 1826	
20 Peter Wycoff.	48 Henry Kelly. 1826	
21 Stephen Mack.	49 Antoine Ouilmette. 1825, 1826	
22 James Galloway. [father of Mrs. Archibald Clybourne.]	50 David Hunter. [General.]	
23 David VanStow. [VanEaton?]	51 James Engle.	
24 James Brown.	52 John K. Clark. 1825, 1826	
25 Samuel Littleton.	53 Russell E. Heacock.	
26 Jean Baptiste Laducier.	54 Leon Bourassee.	
27 Joseph Thibaut.	55 Archibald Clybourne. 1826	
28 Lewis Blow.	56 Horatio G. Smith.	

John S. C. Hogan, the successful candidate for Justice of the Peace, did not vote. Archibald Clybourne voted (for Justice) for Russell Rose, who was the candidate for Constable, voted for John S. C. Hogan, for the office of Constable.

But the two candidates for Constable came squarely up to the mark, and voted for each other.

Mr. Hogan was Postmaster in Chicago prior to the election of Martin VanBuren as President, who appointed Sidney Abell to succeed him. He built the first frame house on the South Side. It was near the north-west corner of Lake and Franklin streets.

The judges of this election were Alexander Wolcott, John B. Beaubien, and James Kinzie. The clerks were Medard B. Beaubien and Billy Caldwell, the Sauganash.

19 Williard Scott was a son of Stephen J. Scott; and now lives at Naperville, Ill.

42 There was a Lieut. — Foster here about that time.

50 General Hunter, U. S. Army, married Maria H. Kinzie, born 1807, the only child of John Kinzie, now living.

51 There was a Lieut. — Engle stationed here about that time.

SPECIAL ELECTION

For Justice of the Peace, at the house of James Kinzie, Chicago Precinct, Peoria County, State of Illinois, on Thursday, the 25th day of November, 1830.

1 Archibald Clybourne.	14 Matthias Smith.
2 James Kinzie.	15 David McKee.
3 John Wellmaker.	16 William Jewett.
4 John Mann.	17 Horace Miner.
5 Russell E. Heacock.	18 Samuel Miller.
6 Peter Wycoff.	19 Stephen Forbes.
7 Billy Caldwell.	20 William See.
8 Jesse Walker.	21 Peter Muller.
9 Enoch Thompson.	22 Jonas Clybourne.
10 Medard B. Beaubien.	23 John B. Bradain.
11 David VanEaton.	24 John Shedaker.
12 John B. Beaubien.	25 Peter Frique.
13 Stephen J. Scott.	26 John K. Clark.

Total, Stephen Forbes, 18. William See, 8.

Mr. Forbes was the first Sheriff of Cook Co., and married a sister to the wife of Barney H. Laughton. William See is mentioned in Mrs. Kinzie's "Waubun," and was a Methodist preacher.

Mr. & Mrs. Forbes taught school here in 1831.

In this contest, each candidate voted for his opponent.

The judges at this election were James Kinzie, John B. Beaubien, and Archibald Clybourne. The clerks were Russell E. Heacock and Stephen J. Scott.

6 Peter Wycoff, was a discharged soldier, and worked for Archibald Clybourne.

9 There was a Lieut. — Thompson stationed here about that time.

CHICAGO MARRIAGES, RECORDED IN PEORIA CO.

By John Kinzie. 24 April, 1826. Daniel Bourassea and Theotis Aruwaiskie.

By John Kinzie. 29 July, 1826. Samuel Miller and Elizabeth Kinzie. [Mr. Miller kept a hotel on the North Side, near the forks, and near where Kinzie street crosses the River. He moved to Michigan City, and died there. His wife was full sister to James Kinzie, and natural daughter of John Kinzie. Her mother was sister to Archibald Clybourne's mother.]

By John Kinzie. 28 September, 1826. Alexander Robinson and Catherine Chevalier. [Che-che-pin-gua died on his reservation on the O'Plaine River, in this county, where his daughter now lives; his wife and sons being dead.]

By John B. Beaubien. 5 May, 1828. Joseph Bauskey and Widow Deborah (Scott) Watkins. [He died of cholera in 1832. His wife was daughter of Stephen J. Scott.]

By John B. Beaubien. 15 April, 1830. Samuel Watkins and Mary Ann Smith.

By John B. Beaubien. 11 May, 1830. Michael Welch and Elizabeth Ouilmette. [He was our first Irishman, and his wife was daughter of Antoine Ouilmette, of Ouilmette's Reservation, in this Co.]

By John B. Beaubien. 18 May, 1830. Alvin Noyes Gardner and Julia Haley. [He moved to Blue Island.]

By Rev. William See. 3 August, 1830. John Mann and Arkash Sambli.

By Rev. William See. 1 November, 1830. Willis Scott and widow Lovisa B. Caldwell. [They have been heretofore alluded to.]

By Rev. William See. 7 November, 1830. B. H. Laughton and Sophia Bates. [They have been heretofore alluded to.]

GOV. FORD'S HOUSE.

Hon. Jas. V. Gale, an old settler of Oregon, Ogle Co., Ill., writes me: "that the house from which Thomas Ford was elected Governor, was one storied, 16 or 18 by 38, had a parlor, dining-room, and two bedrooms, with a small cooking room attached. It has been taken down some years. He settled here as early as 1836, and made a claim south of that of John Phelps. He sold it to John Fridley, who now owns it; and the same log cabin, which Judge Ford erected and occupied until he built his frame house, still stands. It is 18 feet square and 11 logs high. He was a man of small stature, careless in his dress, of good talents, put on no airs, popular with all, a good neighbor, able lawyer, congenial and sociable."

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TO

"EARLY CHICAGO:"—Second Lecture,

(No. 7 of Fergus' Historical Series.)

BY

HON. JOHN WENTWORTH, LL.D.,

Delivered Sunday, May 7, 1876.

[This Index was prepared by Mr. Wentworth, August, 1881.]

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THE
Present and Future
Prospects of Chicago:
AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CHICAGO LYCEUM,

JANUARY 20, 1846.

BY HENRY BROWN, ESQ.,

Author of "History of Illinois."

At a meeting of the Chicago Lyceum, held at the Court House, in the City of Chicago, on the evening of the 28th of January, ult. Mark Skinner, Esq., Vice-President in the Chair, and George Manierre, Secretary.

It was Resolved, That Henry Brown, Esq., President of said Lyceum, be requested to furnish a copy of his Inaugural Address for publication, and that Dr. Wm. B. Egan, Mr. Wm. M. Larrabee, and Mr. Thomas Hoyne be appointed a Committee to superintend its publication.

MARK SKINNER, *Vice-President.*

GEORGE MANIERRE, *Secretary.*

CHICAGO:
FERGUS PRINTING COMPANY,
244-8 ILLINOIS STREET.
1876.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN OF THE LYCEUM:—In entering upon the duties assigned me, as President of this Lyceum, I shall at present do little more than thank you for the honor conferred upon me by the appointment, and assure you in the simplicity of my heart, as every militia officer does in New England, from the General of Brigade, down to the Fourth Corporal, on his elevation “to rank and fame,” that “I will endeavor to serve you according to the best of my abilities.”

In order, however, that I may do so, it is necessary that I speak to you with freedom. This I shall do at all events, both now and hereafter, whether you hear or whether you forbear.

Our Saviour while on earth, in speaking to those he addressed, said they were a generation of vipers, that they were wolves in sheep’s clothing, and so forth. The Apostle Paul used language equally plain and often as severe. The elder Cato, in speaking of the Roman people, said, “They were like sheep, for as those can scarcely be brought to stir singly, but all in a body readily follow their leaders;” just such are ye. “The men whose council you would not take as individuals, lead you with ease in a crowd.” It may, perhaps, be so with us, and, to a certain extent, it unquestionably is.

It is not, however, my intention to speak thus of you or of this people; because it would give offence, and I am unwilling, especially on this occasion, to say anything which can by possibility be tortured into disrespect, and so long as it shall be my fortune, good or ill, to preside over this

Institution, I hope and trust that nothing will be said in discussion here, or even attempted, which ought to offend the most delicate ear. It is better for us, gentlemen, situated as we are, and living in a singular age, to imitate the forbearance of a distinguished clergyman, who being invited to preach before the Royal Court of France, in a by-gone age, at the conclusion of a thrilling discourse, told them if they did not do so and so, they would go to a place he forbore to mention in that courtly audience. While the oak, whose sturdy arms resist the tempest, is upturned by its roots—the pliant reed, that yields to the blast, escapes unhurt. The human tongue, as Plutarch expresses it, “accustomed to speak with freedom in the cause of Justice,” is an instrument of great power. It is the lever of Archimedes that moves the moral world. With truth for its support it is irresistible. The most stupid and exalted of our race obey its impulse and feel its power. How important then that its use be cultivated, and its efforts be aright directed. Such, gentlemen, is in part our object in coming hither, and so long as we adhere to such intentions, so long we shall deserve and without doubt meet with public approbation.

In order, gentlemen, that our efforts may be useful, an addition to our number will be necessary. A learned divine, on being told by one of his parishioners that he had thought for sometime of joining the church, knowing the applicant to be unworthy, informed him that the church was full; and that they had pretty much concluded not to take any more. It is not so, gentlemen, with us. The Lyceum is not yet full, we shall therefore be happy to receive additions, provided the applicants be worthy. We wish, however, to have it understood that admission here are not of course. The wisdom of ancient Persia has frequently been extolled. In her renowned Capitol there was, as we are informed, in olden times, an institution in some respects like ours. The number of its members, however, was limited; and being very select, the learned, and the wise, the patriot, the hero, and the sage, the most distinguished courtiers, and the most accomplished scholars in the realm sought and obtained admission thither. As a perpetual memento that its numbers were thus limited, and in no event whatever to be increased, a vessel filled with water to the brim, so that a single drop additional would cause it to overflow, was placed beside the chair;

around it were vases of the choicest flowers, whose fragrance filled the apartment, and whose beauty delighted every eye; at the time of which I speak, there was, we are told, in Persia's Capitol, a youth of rare attainments. His mind just then emerging into manhood, was the delight of Persia's Court; the Prince saw him and was charmed, the courtier, the scholar, and the statesman were all delighted, and with one accord desired that he, against their rules, might be admitted among their number. He was accordingly invited to attend their meetings, and a request at last to be admitted was preferred. It was seconded by the Prime Minister of the great King, but the President, pointing to the vessel, then before him, already full, the motion was withdrawn. The youth, however, still persisting, and in his zeal, forgetting where he was, with a step lighter than any fairy, advanced towards the chair, and plucking from the choicest flower the vase contained, a rose-leaf of surpassing beauty, he placed it with gentle hand upon the surface of the sparkling element, where it floated a monument of his triumph, without causing a drop to overflow. I need not inform you, gentlemen, that he was at once admitted by acclamation. I mention this not with a view to induce the gay world to join us, and thus contribute a little to our library, our funds, and to our moral and intellectual capital, but to show that perseverance is all-powerful, and that by proper efforts, the case of those as yet excluded from our number, and the enjoyment of privileges which ought to be highly valued, is not entirely hopeless.

Since the establishment of this Lyceum in 1834, I have been invited frequently to speak before it. I was invited so to do early in 1837, and chose for my theme "The present and future prospects of Chicago." My remarks, however, though well-intended, were by some unkindly taken. The speculation then in vogue, by which so many had been enriched, was not commended quite so highly as many supposed it ought. Besides, some doubts were then expressed, whether the system would endure, and whether speculation, with neither industry nor economy to aid it, would exalt us as a people. I then supposed, and still suppose, as Shakespeare says, that—

"He's a bad surgeon, who for pity spares
The part infected, till the gangrene spreads,
And all the body perishes."

The Lyceum then was held in a dilapidated building on Clark street, between Ogden's Building and the Sherman House alley, used as a church; a building which led a stranger, as we are told, when passing through Chicago, to remark, "That he had frequently heard of God's house, but never saw His barn before." Our circumstances since, have somewhat changed; some sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen churches, vying in splendor with houses of public worship in the Atlantic cities, now stand triumphantly before us as mementos of piety and the arts, nowhere in towns of equal magnitude scarcely equalled, certainly in none excelled.

We are permitted also to hold our meetings in a Court House, erected on public credit, and to our shame be it spoken, wherein the prospect of its redemption is distant and uncertain.

On the 16th of June, 1831, twenty-four lots in the City of Chicago, given by the United States, among other lands, to the State of Illinois, for the use of the Illinois and Mich-Canal, were granted by letters patent, bearing date on that day, and executed by the Governor, to the County of Cook, "to aid said County in the erection of public buildings, and to the use and for the purposes before mentioned." I quote from the deed of trust, which is on record here. The lots in question are among the most valuable in Chicago; six of them are upon Lake street, and five upon Water street. Of the twenty-four lots thus patented, sixteen have been sold, worth at the present time \$100,000, not for the purpose of erecting public buildings, but to pay current expenses. The remaining eight are yet unsold, and constitute what is called the Public Square, the block on which we now are assembled. Whether the State erred or not, in making the grant, I will not pause to enquire. The County of Cook being the grantor, and interested in the trust, it behooves us not to scrutinize the act too closely. Inasmuch, however, as it has been proposed to sell the public square, not for the purpose of erecting public buildings and executing thus the trust, but for the purpose of paying the County debt, prodigally contracted, a few remarks upon the subject seem now appropriate.

It is needless here to say that such an act would be an act of double treachery, because it is to all apparent, though men often "love the treason who despise the traitor." A

deed like this would not, I apprehend, be sanctioned or approved. Reserved for public use, and embellished as it ought to be, with trees and shrubbery, it will be an ornament to our City, and generations now unborn will yet arise and bless us for having spared it.

But to resume the subject from which I have thus digressed. In 1842, I was again requested to address this Lyceum, I chose on that occasion for my theme again the subject for which I had been abused, the (then) present and future prospects of Chicago, and promised in my discourse to resume the subject five years thereafter. That time has not arrived, I am, however, requested to anticipate a little, and redeem a promise which has a year to run. Expecting, as I do, a discount on the debt for paying in advance. I undertake the task with pleasure, and will endeavor to discharge its duties without fear, favor, or affection, as each Grand Juror swears.

In 1842, Chicago was exceedingly depressed. Never perhaps more so. Our public credit was then exhausted, and labor on our public works had nearly or wholly ceased. The opinions I had expressed in 1837 were then repeated, and however strange it may appear, without offence. In 1842, when everyone desponded, I took occasion to remark as follows:

"Canal or no Canal, Chicago will advance. Her progress will be onward, and nothing, save some great calamity, can arrest her course, or the consummate folly, depravity, or imprudence of her people." Again, "You have been told that Chicago depends for her prosperity on the Canal. While I admit the Canal's importance, and look forward with the utmost confidence to its completion, I deny all such dependence. So long as yonder inland seas bear on their surface the wealth of every clime—so long as yonder fertile prairies bloom with verdure, and 'the cattle upon the thousand hills' shall graze their herbage, and so long as yonder interminable fields shall wave with their golden harvest, an effort to blot Chicago from existence, or to depress her rising consequence, would be like an attempt to quench the stars."

Having on that occasion prophesied a little, permit me, gentlemen, on this to prophesy a little more. There are persons now living (though not present) in Chicago who will see 5,000,000 of people in Illinois, and 200,000 in this

City,* a larger number than the Metropolis of England, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, contained. This to some may problematically appear. It is, however, not only possible but probable, and I will tell you why. The State of Illinois contains 56,158 square miles of more fertile soil than any where exists. It is larger than New York, Ohio, or Pennsylvania. It contains more arable land than all New England, and more than England and Wales together. It is larger than Portugal and Denmark, and has more acres than Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland united. Twelve such States as Connecticut could be carved out of it and a fraction still be left. Were it as densely settled as Massachusetts is, it would contain that number now. Is it then, I ask, improbable that Illinois "in three score years and ten," will be as densely settled as Massachusetts is at present, and should the State contain 5,000,000, is 200,000 for Chicago an over-estimate?

In order, however, to insure her growth and her prosperity permanently secure, some effort will be necessary. Man is born to toil. Industry is essential to health and happiness, also to moral and intellectual improvement. Labor is a blessing only in disguise.

Among the means essential to our prosperity, good roads from here in all directions are pre-eminent. Not plank-roads existing on paper only, or on the pages of the revised Statutes of Illinois, like that from this City to Rockford,

* The writer was present when this Lecture was delivered at the "Old Court House," being one long, oblong apartment, capable of seating about 200 persons. And when the extravagant prediction was made "*that persons were now living (though not present) in Chicago who will see 200,000 people in this City!*" An uproarious laugh of incredulity convulsed the entire audience. And yet, the Orator so far doubted his own statement that he could not venture to say, that the persons *then living, who would see this City contain 200,000 people*, were in Chicago or in his hearing.

But time, has not only verified his statement, that the *persons were then living who should see this*; but further, and far beyond his exceedingly, what seemed extravagant prediction, there were *then listening to his own lecture*, in that room, at least *twenty or thirty persons*, who, *living in Chicago then*, have lived to see it contain over 400,000, or double the number of people estimated, and that too, before the lapse of 30 years.

about which much has been said and little done. Nor railroads, such as were made a few nights since, at a meeting here, which it is feared will sleep the sleep of death; but plank-roads, railroads, and good common roads, upon the earth's broad surface, which common people delight to travel.

It is, therefore, gentlemen, to be regretted deeply, so I think, that our Legislature at its last session should have repealed the law, requiring labor during the last year to be performed on public roads, as also the law, authorizing the imposition of a small tax for their improvement. This fact is not generally known. It is nevertheless so.

In 1841, a law was passed, authorizing the County Commissioners' Court, to require from one to five day's labor from each able-bodied man, between 21 and 50, in Illinois, to be laid out on the public highways.

In 1843, a law was passed imposing a small tax for their improvement.

On the 28th of February, 1845, these laws were both unfortunately repealed. Another was substituted in their stead, but so imperfect in its provisions, that it became entirely useless. It gave no authority to collect a tax or penalty.

The general road act, passed March 3, 1845, made no provision for that year. Of course, the State of Illinois, during the whole of 1845, was without a road act.

Fortunately, however, it was of but little inconvenience. The laws of Illinois, like *some* of the fixed stars whose light, it is said, has not yet reached us, and like others, although extinguished some time since, continued yet to shine on, so exceedingly tardy in their progress that their passage and their repeal is not essential in every instance till months, and sometimes years, we are told, thereafter. Besides, the people of this State are "a law-abiding people." The repeal, then, of a salutary statute, had it been known, would not have prevented labor from being so essential to our prosperity.

When the Parthenon, or temple of Minerva, at Athens, was completed, the oxen, which for years had been accustomed to draw stone from the quarry to the Acropolis, were discharged from further service, and, as a mark of special favor, thenceforth permitted to graze on the public commons. Sometime thereafter a celebration took place in the

city, and a procession was formed from thence or the lower town to the Acropolis.—In that procession, a large number of oxen in their yokes were introduced, to fill the pageant. The oxen before discharged perceiving others about to perform a task which had (as they supposed) for years devolved on them, took their position without drivers in the line, and performed the route as regularly as before. It is just so with the people of Illinois. Accustomed to “mend their ways,” without a legal requisition for that purpose, they have hitherto, and it is hoped will continue thus to do, “law or no law.”

A writer (an enthusiast of course), some years ago, in speaking of rivers and their use, observed, they were designed to feed canals—and Talleyrand, Napoleon’s prime minister, for many years, is represented, though perhaps untruly, to have said that “language was invented to conceal our thoughts.” Northern Illinois, by our Creator, was designed for no fictitious purpose. It is adapted in a peculiar manner for either railroads, plank-roads, common roads, or canals; and nothing but an effort in behalf of her people is required to complete them altogether. Of the Canal it is useless now to speak. A promise, a mere promise by our Legislature, (accompanied by a grant which renders its violation impossible) to withhold their sacrilegious hands from its remaining funds, has not only its completion perfectly secured, but the payment in half a century or so of all the debt hitherto incurred for its construction, and, in part, the redemption of our country’s honor. Two years will witness its completion, and the wealth of other realms in triumph floating on its surface.

The question having frequently been asked, whether the completion of the Illinois and Michigan Canal will benefit Chicago or no. Allow me, gentlemen, here to say, it will, in a thousand different ways. Time will not permit me now to illustrate this position. I hope, however, the question will, sometime during the season, be debated here, and then each one will have an opportunity to be heard.

There is another subject, gentlemen, which, at the present time, bears heavily upon us. I now allude to a railroad from Chicago to the Mississippi. It is not my intention here to speak of Whitney’s road, because his views upon the subject are, I think, erroneous, and his plans wholly impracticable. A railroad, however, from the Atlan-

tic cities to the Mississippi, and westward thence,* is just as sure of its completion in our day and generation as the sparks are to fly upward. That road must, of course, pass around the southern extremity of Lake Michigan; and, unless we are wise, it may perhaps go further south, and escape Chicago altogether. If a railroad from here to Galena, or to the Mississippi, was now completed, or in progress, is it not more than probable that such road would be a connecting link between the East and the "Far West?" The progress of empire, since the morning stars first sang together, has been westward. The Euphrates' banks received from the Almighty Earth's first tenants. Greece shortly to power and fame succeeded. Rome afterwards supplanted Greece in her career, and Western Europe, on her ruins, thereafter rose to empire—

"Rome heard the Gothic trumpets' blast,
The march of hosts as Alaric past."

England, the land of scholars and the men of arms, is rotten ere she is ripe—

"A Queen upon a throne of Gold,
A Parliament of drones;
A Nation's voice that's bought and sold,
While every cottage groans."

Our country, gentlemen, is destined shortly to become

* It is a singular verification of this Orator's statements, that in this very year 1846, the Whitney project, for a GREAT PACIFIC RAILROAD from the Mississippi, was proposed to Congress by a MEMORIAL. This was referred to the Committee on Public Lands, of which Judge Breese, of the Supreme Court of this State, was then Chairman. That HE made a Report thereon, which was published. This Report favors the construction of the Road, though not on the WHITNEY project. The Report is remarkable for the accuracy of detail—knowledge—it manifests, in tracing out the lines upon which it has been built through the great South Pass of the Mountains; and in suggesting the practical means which were adopted long afterwards, in 1863; when the gigantic nature of the undertaking seemed *feasible* to Congress: Though, at the time, the Report was made, all its facts and details, as well as the enterprise itself, were treated with derision and ridicule, by as great an authority in the U. S. Senate of those days as the late "Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri." And yet, while Breese wears no garland, is honored by no *memorial*—a *statue*, in marble, of Benton as author of the Road to the Pacific—honors his memory in the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange.

the seat of wealth, the source of power, the home of learning, and we hope the abode of virtue. And Chicago is destined also to much honor. Her position is commanding and her progress sure. I saw, in an English paper, a short time since, New York, Chicago, and New Orleans put down as three of the most prominent points in our Republic.—The Rev. Sidney Smith, now deceased, prebend of St. Paul's, the projector, with Lord Brougham and others, of the *Edinburgh Review*, better known in this country for his remarks in relation to some Pennsylvania bonds, of which he had unfortunately become the owner, in a letter dated at London, on the 28th of August, 1845, directed to a gentleman in this city, says: "The spot from which I write (London) was considered by the Romans as the end of the world—the spot from which you write (Chicago), remote as it seems, may become hereafter the centre of civilization." And why, I would ask, gentlemen, may it not be so? It is but a short time since, and within the recollection of many of us now present, when the population of those States was mostly on the other side of the Alleghanies. Where is it now? A majority of the whole is west thereof, and that majority rapidly increasing. In order, however, that we may fulfil the destiny that awaits us here, much is to be done. Industry and economy are not only the parents of every virtue, but the cause of a nation's, as well as of an individual's, prosperity.

The City of Chicago, since her incorporation, the County of Cook, since known as such, and the State of Illinois, since her admission into the Union, have erred exceedingly in their financial operations. I hazard nothing, I believe, in saying, that one-half of the moneys raised by taxation, by each, and borrowed, for which we are now indebted, had it been judiciously expended, would have effected more than the whole has done under our present system. Of this, gentleman, I speak with confidence—and in some cases with knowledge too. In others, I speak from facts, which cannot err.

The exposition of fraud and error—of wrong and outrage, and the suggestion of improvements to correct those errors, and remedy those wrongs and outrages, is at times an ungracious task, and not unfrequently with danger is attended.

When the great Earl of Chatham, "amid England's peers, arose and said he would not sit quiet when his liberty was

invaded, nor look in silence on public robbery," it was thought by many a bold speech—and the event the assertion justified. Relying upon his own resources, the petty knaves, the acknowledged fools, and the conceded villains throughout the realm, were from his counsels totally excluded. They, of course, combined against him, and, by the aid of England's aristocracy, more corrupt if possible still, ousted the patriot and statesman from place and power. Posterity, however, reversed afterward their judgment, and did him full and ample justice.

"The eagle flies alone, the geese in flocks;
Sheep herd together, and wolves and jackals
In packs their prey pursue."

Time would fail me were I on this occasion to investigate the origin, and trace the progress of our enormous debt,*

* We have looked up the records for this "*enormous* debt," of which the eloquent orator is speaking, and find that the *debt* of Chicago was

In 1838, - -	\$9,996.54	In 1842, - -	\$16,337.01
" 1839, - -	7,182.25	" 1843, - -	12,655.40
" 1840, - -	6,559.63	" 1846, not over	15,000.00
" 1841, - -	12,387.67		

The State debt of that time, to which he refers in the text, was about \$20,000,000; two millions of this had been borrowed abroad to complete the Illinois and Michigan Canal. The State failed to pay her interest on the debt in 1838-9. and the work on the Canal ceased; contractors failed; and the construction was for the time abandoned, it was not again resumed until the year 1845. In March of that year, an Act was passed, providing that if the holders of Canal bonds would advance a sum sufficient to complete the Canal, the State would convey to trustees, for their security and the repayment of all moneys advanced by them, all the Canal lands remaining unsold, which Congress had donated to aid the State, in the completion of the improvement: the Canal itself, so far as it had been constructed—and, *all tolls to be received after its completion*, until the whole amount of all moneys borrowed, known as the Canal debt, with interest, should be paid to the holders of Canal bonds.

Under this Act, the property was conveyed to Trustees—*two* on the part of the bond-holders, and *one* State Trustee, by whom the Canal lands were sold. The Canal was finished in 1847, and opened to *business* in 1848; and the whole debt has been paid from the moneys received from sales of land and tolls, and the Canal has become a source of revenue to the State as well as its property. As regards the

which, like an incubus, hangs heavily upon us, or show how and for what purpose a million and a half or more of our bonds are now, like Milton's angels, floating upon the vast abyss, without a parent, a patron, or a friend, for which the State has yet received no compensation, and for which none, I believe, is expected. Our whole financial system seems to me, gentlemen, like

"The application
Of homœopathic medicines to
Arrest the earthquake and to quench volcanoes."

The time, however, it is hoped, will come when some one will be to Illinois her guardian angel—who, as a distinguished senator and statesman (Col. Young, of New York) observes, "will confound and paralyze the congregated energies of corruption, and rescue from the lowest depths of degradation the lost credit of the State; who will, from under the huge mass of documentary rubbish, disinter the enormous skull, the disjointed vertebræ, and scattered bones of the mammoth debt that has been accumulated by millions, and bonds therefor poured out (sometimes without consideration) like water, till the drunkenness of financial debauchery has eventuated in *delirium tremens*—some one who will collate, describe, systematize, and arrange the repulsive fragments of this fiscal anatomy, so that its frightful skeleton may be seen at one view, and held up in all its enormities to the public gaze, as a memento of the past and a warning to the future."

I have heard it frequently stated, and in Chicago too, by men of wealth and standing, from whom much better things are, or ought to have been, expected, that we must not scrutinize these things too closely, for peradventure friends may suffer. Gracious and eternal God! why are thy bolts withheld when doctrines such as these, without excuse and without apology, escape from polluted lips?—Such doctrines, however, (thanks to heaven!) meet with countenance from none but knaves. They are not the principles of *pure* democracy, and I hope not of whiggery. Let no such man be trusted. He is an enemy to his country, and a traitor to his trust—a nuisance to his party and an outlaw from his God. No honor, surely, can await him here. Let him

City, in the years 1840 and 1841, Mr. Thomas Hoyne, who was then the *City Clerk*, says: that *he kept and revised all the Tax rolls of those two years; and the whole amount, real estate tax or revenue, in 1841, was \$7000!! about \$8000 or \$9000 in 1842.*

then go to where he belongs, where his talents will be duly appreciated, and feed for hire the half-starved swine that prowl about hell's dormitory, or the backdoor of mammon's cellar kitchen.

"Six thousand years of sorrow have well nigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course,"

Since the Almighty, by a deed of trust, gave Adam and his posterity the globe we inherit, and the appurtenances thereunto belonging—including every herb, and every tree—save one, and every fowl, and every fish, and every beast, and every living thing that moveth on the earth. For what purpose? That he might replenish it, and subdue it—that he might, as in the case of Eden, "dress it and keep it." How, gentlemen, I ask, have we discharged that trust? An answer to this inquiry can hardly be expected in one discourse. Our business, therefore, is at present with that portion of Adam's posterity which has taken up its residence in Chicago and its vicinity.

The red man of the woods, who preceded us in possession here, violated, it seems, his trust, or rather neglected it, and when the bugle notes of civilization sounded in his ears, he fled far away. After a possession (as presumed) of several centuries, he left nothing but the names of lakes and rivers—of mountains and of plains, to mark the spot o'er which he wandered. I think, therefore, of savage man but little—and of the white man, who is a savage, less. It is mind alone that "makes the man, the want of it the"—animal.

That portion of Adam's posterity residing here is now composed of matter various and discordant. A writer, of some eminence, once, as we are told, divided mankind into two general divisions—those who are *in* the penitentiary and those who are *out*. This division is too unequal for any use. Were perfect justice done on earth, they might perhaps be more equal. But, as it is, other divisions must be adopted. I have, therefore, thought of another equally absurd, and, as some pretend, equally unequal—those who are *are*, and those who *are not*, their own worst enemies.

The last, to-wit: those who are *not* their own worst enemies, I need not speak of. Of them, Christianity has care—a name how glorious—its founder in rags—a mountain, as Whitfield said, for his pulpit, and the whole arch of heaven for his sounding-board. Its apostles uneducated fisher-

men—with poverty for its throne—a staff for its sceptre—a crown of thorns for its diadem, it went forth conquering and to conquer. Thrones and dominions, principalities and powers fell before it, and Paganism, at its approach, dissolved as “flax at the touch of fire.” It reached at length Chicago, and sixteen, or seventeen, or eighteen churches mark its triumph.

“Who is this that comes from Eden?
’Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Traveling westward in his might;
’Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To his people in their sight.
Satan conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.”

Those who are their own worst enemies are like the poly-pus:—divide it and it becomes two polipi—divide it again, and yet again, the same result succeeds. Hence the division of mankind into moral, political, and religious parties. Religious parties—that is, pure religious parties, it is true, are anomalies. We mean by them such only as are religious by profession merely—those, as Pollock says:

“Who put a sixpence in the urn
Of charity, and take a shilling out
To keep it sounding.”

To treat of each would far exceed the time and space allotted me. I therefore must be brief.

Public opinion, we are told, is not like the maiden wooed, but like the widow won. It is also like the nettle—touch it lightly and the finger bleeds; grasp it firmly with a giant’s grasp, and it to the pressure yields, and in the hand “harmless as dreams of babes become.” The politician’s temple stands, we are informed, upon base built on sand, in the centre of a wide extended prairie, accessible only to eagles and to reptiles. While the former attain its summit by the boldness of their flight, the latter reach the same object by tortuous paths, themselves with slime all covered over, and they in their turn covering those who aid them to ascend.

“Unblest by virtue, government a league
Becomes—a circling junto of the great,
To rob by law.”

But, gentlemen, of this enough. I may hereafter resume the subject. The field is ample, and the laborers few. Its portals, however, are so guarded that no one has dared, as yet, to enter it. It is time for some one to begin. A victory would be certain.

When Suwarrow commanded a Russian army of some 20,000, upon the Turkish border, he was told that an overwhelming force was gathering to attack him. Without waiting for its concentration, he issued an order, as follows:

"I understand there are but 50,000 Turks opposed to us, and 50,000 more within a day's march. It were better were they all here, so that they might all be beaten on the same day, but as it is otherwise, we may as well begin with these."

An attack was made next morning, and the 50,000 Turks cut to pieces; the other 50,000 arrived in the evening, and were cut to pieces also.

Northern Illinois has never been so prosperous as now. Industry never so abundant; and economy (except adversity compelling) so prevalent before. This prosperity, however, is owing not to speculation, nor legislation, but to the might, as Cowper says, "that slumbers in the peasant's arms." The efforts, the united efforts of a whole people judiciously directed.

I may, and probably shall be, charged "with using up all the big I's in this discourse, and leaving, therefore, none for you." The allusion some may, and some may not, understand. Permit me then to explain:

Some years ago, Governor Reynolds, of Illinois, usually called "the Old Ranger," became a candidate for governor in this State. Gov. Edwards, who had been elected sometime before, became also a candidate, at the same time, for re-election. Reynolds, it is said, was illiterate; Edwards, "a gentleman and a scholar." The former, in a letter, speaking of himself, used, we are told, a small *i* instead of a large *I*. This being public, became a subject of no little merriment to his opponent, and was, unfortunately, alluded to in a stump speech, by Gov. Edwards. The old Ranger, however, in his reply, observed that his opponent had used up all the big *I*'s, and left none for him; he had therefore used the small *i* from pure necessity. It needs no prophet's ken to tell who gained the palm.

It is not, however, true that all the big *I*'s are yet absorbed. Enough, I apprehend, remain for all. You will, therefore, I hope and trust, come forward this evening, and take the "Sheridan Oath."

This allusion may to some be as inexplicable as that already made to the "Old Ranger." Allow me, then, to

explain this also. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who afterwards became one of the most finished orators in Britain, in some of his first attempts was unsuccessful. On "breaking down" the third or fourth time, and being rallied by his boon companions, he tartly replied: "I know it is in me, and, by God, it shall come out."

Few know their capacity for public speaking, until the attempt is made and frequently repeated. The opportunity here presented is a good one. The whole world (for subjects) is before us, our room convenient, our audience respectable, and those who neglect it must, of course, be exceedingly reprehensible.

A few words, gentlemen, on the philosophy of human life, and I will close.

Charles James Fox, the celebrated English orator and statesman, in speaking of this world, observes:

"Tis a very good world that we live in,
To lend, to spend, or to give in;
But to beg, to borrow, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known."

I do not, gentlemen, subscribe to all this. The above must, I think, have been written by Fox in his desponding moments. My sentiments upon this subject are better expressed in the following lines, which have just been handed me to read on this occasion; to the views therein expressed, I subscribe and recommend them to you for deliberate consideration. They are entitled "The World as it Is."

This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
Though whether good, or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it.
For if we scold and fret all day,
From dewey morn till even,
This world will ne'er afford to man
A foretaste here of heaven.

This world in truth's as good a world
As e'er was known to any,
Who have not seen another yet,
And these are very many.
And if the men, and women too,
Have plenty of employment,
Those surely must be hard to please
Who cannot find enjoyment.

This word is quite a pleasant world,
In rain or pleasant weather,
If people would but learn to live
In harmony together;
Nor cease to burst the kindling bond
By love and peace cemented,
And learn that best of lessons yet,
To always be contented.

Then were the world a pleasant world,
And pleasant folks were in it,
The day would pass most pleasantly,
To those who thus began it.
To all the nameless grievances,
Brought on by borrowed troubles,
Would prove, as certainly they are,
A mass of empty bubbles!

Dr. Paley, a celebrated divine, the author of "Moral Philosophy," "Natural Theology," and several other works of the highest reputation, used to say, that "A man must play the fool about one-half of his time in order to avoid being a fool for the residue."

The celebrated Robert Hall, whose sermons many of you

have doubtless read and, if so, admired, being once reprimanded by a dignified though simple clergyman, for his levity of manner out of the pulpit, replied, "There, brother, you and I differ; you talk nonsense in the pulpit and I out of it."

"Gravity," says a distinguished French author, "is a mysterious invention or contrivance of the body to conceal defects in the brain."

It is hardly worth our while then to affect gravity or dignity in cases where it is not required, and where an attempt to do so would make us only ridiculous. On proper occasions, I have no doubt both will be regarded by every member of this Lyceum, not only here but elsewhere, and "dignity of soul" always.

I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the patience you have manifested on this occasion, and promise never more to offend in like manner, so long.

I have now, as Cowper observes,

"Roved for fruit,
Roved far and gathered much: Some harsh 'tis true,
Plucked from the thorns and briars of reproof,
But wholesome, well digested."

And can I think with Scott, surely say, that

"To his promise just,
Vich-Alpine hath discharged his trust.
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard."

I propose now, gentlemen, to leave you at Coilantogleford.

"And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

Let me say to you, on this occasion, as Campbell does on another:

"Wave Munich, all your banners wave,
And charge with all your chivalry."

And should you in the contest fall, remember with old Homer:

"Such honors Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

But, gentlemen, with proper efforts you will not fail. It is impossible, wholly impossible. Allow me then to close in one of Scott's beautiful strains, which describes your situation, condition, and duty, as well as mine:

"Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!
Were the last words of Marmion."

RISE AND PROGRESS OF CHICAGO.

The moon shines dimly just after the sun has set. To give reminiscences of the early history of Chicago in a form that would be likely to interest you, particularly after having listened to the lofty aspirations and eloquent discourses of a Wentworth, Bross, Balestier, and others who have favored us upon this subject with gems from the well-filled storehouse of their polished and cultivated intellects, is a task that I might well shrink from, and be a silent admirer of the rich developments of these faithful biographers, rather than attempt any elaborate description of its early progress myself; but, however much may have been said, there is still room for the further unfolding of its primitive doings and wonderful strides to popularity and greatness.

It is not our purpose to trace the present popularity and important advancement of Chicago, from the early explorers of the great North-west, down through past ages, to the probable discovery of a point on Lake Michigan, that was destined to be, in the distant future, the Metropolis of the Universe, that, to our mind, would be too chimerical, and fraught with too much uncertainty to command respectful consideration; but, as near as memory will permit, to "hold the mirror up to nature," and relate some of the more prominent features of its progress within the memory of its "oldest inhabitants" now resident among us, many of whom deserve honorable mention; we might also name those who have done much toward enhancing the growth, importance, and prosperity of Chicago; but where all have done so well it would be invidious to particularize, we will, therefore, content ourself by at once giving our personal experience of the early rise and growth of the City of the West.

Let us, for a moment, remove the veil, and take a retrospect of the past forty-five years, we will then have disclosed to view a barren waste, the abode of the timid fawn, the deer, the wolf, and tawny Indian, whose bark alone skimmed along these majestic lakes, claiming the ownership of their pure and limpid waters. Now mark the change! These lofty spires that rise to their graceful and giddy heights; the busy mill and spacious warehouse; the stately mansion and lowly cot, around whose slender portals the woodbine entwines its caressing tendrils, We might extend the view, and admire the dottings of civilization and culture in the innumerable cottages and pretentious farm-houses that nestle among the tall grass and fringe the borders of our rivers and woodlands, but our purpose just now is a review of the early history and doings of Chicago.

When we first landed on these shores, our impression was that it might be a place of some importance, were it not so low, and I ventured to record my hastily-conceived views upon the register of the hotel where we remained for a few hours; my entry ran something like this: "April 20, 1832. James A. Marshall, Ogdensburgh, New York; this might be a place of some importance, but the ground is too low." Two or three hours afterward, I chanced to look over the quire of paper dubbed a register, and found added to my remarks, "Solomon 2d." I *looked* wise for a moment, but *felt* that my talent had been over-estimated, and have never since undertaken to be wiser than my friend, whom, I afterward learned, honored me with that illustrious appellation. I found the place too small for me to hope to make anything by my profession (a physician), the garrison being supplied with one of the best in the country in the person of Dr. Philip Maxwell, so we shipped at once for Navarino, Green Bay, Wis., where we landed in time to see three soldiers branded and drummed out of camp, also to see the payment of 7000 Indians by Col. Boyd. I remained at Navarino until August 5th, 1834, when I sailed in the Schooner Nancy Dousman, Capt. Saunders, for Chicago. After a very boisterous passage, we arrived on the 15th of the same month, where I have resided, with the exception of one year only, ever since.

To undertake the recital of all, or even many of the

prominent causes of Chicago's rise and wonderful progress within the past forty-five years, and do justice to the subject, would occupy more time than could be devoted to one lecture, unless it were prolonged to an unreasonable length, and thereby losing much of its intended usefulness; we will, therefore, to relieve our subject from the dull monotony incident to the recital of statistical forms, for the time being, fancy ourselves in an artist's studio, inviting him, with canvas, paint, and brush, to create his ideal of a great and marvelous city, of less than half a century's growth, drawing from the resources of his imaginative genius all that could give it *eclat* and beauty, his subject a low, uninviting marsh, a sluggish stream on one side, a bold, majestic lake in front, an extended prairie behind; with this unseemly background we will watch his progress in filling out the picture. On the right, as you face the north, is a group of one-story block houses, surrounded by a high fence; the two-story buildings at the east of the hollow square are the quarters of the commandant and officers; that hip-roofed, square block-house, with a row of small port-holes, is the look-out, where sentinels are placed to watch the approach of hostile Indians, the lower part used as a guard-house—that is Fort Dearborn; the river meandering its way around the east side of the fort, running southward, mingling with the lake at Madison street, east of which is a peninsula connecting the north and south sides of the river (and was the only point, forty-three years ago, of ingress and egress for vessels to and from Lake Michigan, until March, 1833, when the spring freshet, accompanied by a violent storm, forced a direct channel to the lake, which was afterward dredged and piers run out, by direction of the Government, and which now forms the fine harbor for the white-winged messengers that enrich our country by their precious burdens). We will accompany our artist a little farther; at the left of the fort, and running west, are a few modest structures, designed, apparently, for the double purpose of stores and dwellings, extending west as far as Dearborn street (there the business portion of the village, for a time, rested; south of Lake and east of Dearborn streets, for three or four blocks, was a corn and potato field. The principal forwarding business was done on the north side of the Chicago River for several

years, but the personal interest and enterprise of a few gentlemen residing on the South Side, who had considerable real estate unoccupied, changed the channel of business by building warehouses on that side of the river, after which it was transacted there; indeed, the North Side never recovered its former business prestige, but contented itself by building palatial residences, and being considered the place *par excellence*, and the home of the *élite* of Chicago). We next observe a ferry crossing the river at Dearborn street, connected by a rope attached to a windlass at each side of the river, and a scow in the centre, propelled by hand power, placed there for the convenience of the residents of both sides of the river. This rude piece of mechanism remained there until a Mr. Norton erected a draw-bridge, spanning the river at the same place where the old scow had done such good service for so long a time, but whose occupation, like Othello's, was now gone. It was ignominiously torn from its moorings to make room for the unwieldy structure that supplanted it. From this time onward the city grew rapidly, and from this time may be dated the commencement of its now universal popularity. We will now leave our artist to finish the picture as it may best suit his own ideality. Some new beauty is now developed—some wonderful advancement made in the growth and importance of the painted city; the unfinished streets show marks of improvement, lined with palatial business structures, ponderous warehouses, elegant and elaborate places of worship, halls of justice clothed in Oriental magnificence, school-houses with substantial exteriors are brought to view, avenues laid out and lined with costly marble mansions, parks and boulevards gem the environs with rare exotics and elaborately ornamental, varied, and beautiful foliage, the streets are as smooth as parlor floors; nothing is left undone that imaginative genius could invent to make a city that would be the wonder and admiration of the civilized world. The picture completed is heralded beyond the seas, sent broadcast among the cities of the east, and presented to the wealthy, the intellectual, and the enterprising of our own land; they shrug their shoulders knowingly, acknowledging its great beauty and the consummate ideality of the artist, but think that he has devoted too much to the imaginative

to assume a reality among the cities of the world, turning from what they supposed the visionary imaginings of a fertile brain and elaborate brush to something more substantial and real. The artist invites their presence to witness the last finishing touch, then with unbounded confidence in himself, he traces the name CHICAGO. The multitude exclaims, "It is no ideal, but a veritable reality, and now stands the wonder of the universe."

Thus we have presented, in a feeble way, but a bird's-eye view of the germ of our present great Metropolis; its early outlook by no means calculated to encourage the enterprising explorer, has been brought to view; and watching with marked interest the unparalleled improvement on every hand, we are awed into silence, and dare not prophesy its future greatness. As the sturdy farmer scans his field but lately cleared of a cumbrous undergrowth of shrubs and thickets, the ground untilled, the seed unsown—glowing prospects of a rich harvest are least suggesting, but, when with implements of agriculture and determined will, he delves and toils from morn till night, faith spurs him on, and slowly, but surely, the planted seed, the budding stalk, and waving grain, insure a harvest, and recompense is nigh. So to the early settler, Chicago stood desolate and alone, the undergrowth of uncivilized Indian habitation lent an uninviting aspect to the eastern world, and advancement, for the time being, seemed impossible; but the rich soil of natural advantages was unearthed by the foresight of our pioneers, the seed planted, then arose in plenteous harvest, the wonderful products of a new-made vineyard, until now, after a growth of forty years, the City sketched upon the canvas, loses its primitive indentity, and stands before the world a marvel.

This picture, however, portrays but the outward part of Chicago's greatness, it is the internal workings that have given it the wonderful celebrity that it now enjoys. Let us, for a moment, glance at some of these causes which have led to and done so much toward its advancement. First, its location, being at the head of lake navigation and the only prominent lake frontage that the State of Illinois has for the receipt and transportation of her vast agricultural and mineral resources, thereby enjoying some State pride. Again, the immense lumber interests form a large share of

consideration; from a beginning, within the time indicated at the commencement of these remarks, of 100,000,000 feet, it has now increased to more than 1,500,000,000 feet per annum. The cereal products, too, which here find a market and outlet, have increased from 5000 bushels in the year 1834 to more than 15,000,000 bushels per annum; nor is this all, the pork product advancing from 500 to over 1,500,000 hogs packed every year, aside from those used for home consumption. In our monetary exchange, how wonderful the advance, from \$25,000 per week, which at that time indicated marked progress, it now requires more than \$20,000,000 to do a week's financial business. The advancement in general business, too, is well calculated to amaze the mere casual observer, from an insignificant sum of a few thousand dollars required to transact our annual business forty-three years ago, the enormous sum of more than \$200,000,000 is now necessary to satisfy the demands of the thousands who look to Chicago for their supplies. Out of the fifteen billions of dollars annually required to feed and clothe the people of the United States, one hundred and twenty-five millions of that sum is necessary to feed and clothe the citizens of Chicago for the same time.

We might go on, *ad libitum*, enumerating the capacious and unparalleled increase in the innumerable branches of industry that are adding so much to the importance, and expanding the area of our city to its present ponderous proportions; but enough has already been noticed to satisfy, without doubt, the most sceptical of its admirers. But perhaps the most wonderful rise in values has taken place in real estate; property that, in 1834, sold for \$200 per lot of 50 feet, has been sold within the past year for \$2000 per foot, being an advance of \$99,800 from the original purchase; this, however, cannot be considered a fair criterion of the general advancement of real estate, nevertheless, the increase has been, upon an average, since the time specified, about four hundred per cent. of its original value; still, it fluctuated more or less until the commencement of the Canal land sales in 1848, since then, real estate has been reckoned according to prices at which it sold at that time, and for a number of years afterward, sales were negotiated upon Canal time, or

Canal terms, as it was called—that was, one-fourth cash, balance in one, two, and three years, with interest at six per cent. per annum, payable annually in advance. The wealth of some of our millionaires may, therefore, be dated from that time, as few could boast of more than their thousands until the Canal sales, which placed an estimated value upon real estate, furnishing a new impetus to all branches of business. To the Canal sales, then, of 1848 to 1853, when more than \$3,000,000 worth of property was sold (all of which I sold at public sale), is due the credit of advancing the pecuniary interests of our fellow-citizens' more than any other circumstance since the foundation of the city government. Taking advantage of the low prices at which Canal property sold, they purchased, and having the sagacity, some of them, to hold on to their purchases, they increased in value upon their hands, and made them rich. The peculiar location, superior agricultural and internal advantages, railroad facilities, water communication, and enterprise of our citizens combined, is what has given to Chicago its eminence at home and abroad, and *not*, as some have supposed, the sagacity and enterprise of a few of the more fortunate of our fellow-citizens, who, for want of purchasers at the time that they desired to sell, were obliged to hold on to their property, thereby becoming wealthy, more by reason of their misfortune—or rather, their good fortune—in being unable to sell. Nevertheless, great credit is due them for their liberality in using their wealth in the erection of elegant structures, and in otherwise lending their aid in beautifying and adorning our city.

Many, nowever, who took a prominent part in the building up and advancing the growth and prosperity of our City, have passed away, leaving names not recorded in the activities of life, but graven indelibly upon the memories of their fellow-citizens, and are justly extolled for their upright lives and many virtues. Those of the pioneers who remain to witness the further growth of their favorite and patron city speak gently of the departed, but, with pride in their name and tireless enterprise, point to the vast resources of our wonderful City, and say, "these are their eulogies, it needs no marble column to tell of their greatness, their

deeds are written in the early annals of famed Chicago." Many of them did not live to witness its sudden destruction and succeeding rapid progress. But, in the dawning years of our City's eminence, was established—the energy, strength, and ground work of the enterprise that bid it rise.

The great and unprecedented increase of our population may be, and, perhaps, is, attributable to the widespread information given of its superior advantages, particularly so since the fire of 1871.

A catastrophe that will never be obliterated from the memory of those who witnessed the awful spectacle, a scene of grandeur and sublimity unparalleled in the history of the world's conflagrations,—the accumulated wealth of many years swept away in an hour; the millionaire of yesterday, to-day walks hand in hand with poverty; the prospects of a competence in after years silenced forever. Thus we contemplated when viewing the fire of Oct. 9, 1871. After the great holocaust had given way to smouldering *débris*, with others, we strolled among the ruins, meeting at almost every step some well-known friend, whose life's earnings had been sacrificed through the carelessness of irresponsible parties. One friend in particular, who had been one of the most unfortunate of the wealthy men of our City. I thus accosted, after offering my sympathy: "Mr. C***, you must be one of the heaviest losers by the fire;" he smiled pleasantly, and answered, "I have lost heavily, it is true, but I am not discouraged; in ten years, Chicago will be a greater City than it ever was, and I shall do my share to make it so;" and he has kept his word. From that time onward, the City was the centre of interest and attraction. Many who came were deeply interested in what they saw, and were conquered by the veritable facts visible before them, and not only remained themselves, but advised their friends to come to this eldorado of the west; the result, as shown, is, that since the time stated, our population has increased a thousand-fold, from 500 inhabitants forty-three years ago, we have now more than 500,000, according to estimates recently made, and still they come. Our public school-houses—or rather, our school-house—then contained less than 100 pupils; now, more than 40,000

children congregate and occupy seats provided for them in our commodious and imposingly-built public school edifices, fitting these thousands of immortal minds for usefulness and honor, preparing them to take part in the great panorama of life. Aside from this formidable array of young ideas that sip knowledge from the public fountain, there are a number of private institutions, colleges, and seminaries, occupied by some thousands of the children whose parents prefer this manner of instruction. Thus, it will be seen, that while we have been engaged, and seemingly bound to the all-absorbing influence of gain, the rising generation has not been forgotten, means have been provided for the ample development of their mental faculties, intellectual aspirations, and moral culture. All honor is due to our sagacious law makers for these timely safeguards. May free schools, free speech, and a free press continue to be the law of the land, although the latter has often been abused by the injudicious management of unthinking and unprincipled men, nevertheless, it had better be so than to interfere with its freedom.

A due and proper regard for moral and religious rights is incumbent upon all good citizens; the free discussion of their favorite dogmas is allowable throughout the length and breadth of our land, and there let it remain—further recognition is dangerous to the peace and well-being of our country, as well as to our individual privileges.

It is not to be supposed that these many years of prosperity and wonderful advancement have been allowed to pass without some intervening incidents, which, at the time, were fraught with more or less amusement and enjoyment. Although time has transformed the ambitious and ever-restless youth into matured manhood, and some into declining life, yet, in calling the roll of time *backward*, we find recorded many laughable and ludicrous incidents. We will omit several amusing anecdotes for want of time to relate them; there are a few, however, which I think that I shall always remember. Many of our older settlers will recollect the old Presbyterian Church, located near the S.-W. corner of Clark and Lake streets. We were in the habit then, as now, of holding Wednesday evening prayer-meetings; that most excellent man, Rev. Jeremiah Porter, had left us, in his place was a dashing, eloquent young preacher,

bran-new from college, but entirely unfitted to occupy the position he was called to fill. After these meetings the pastor would hasten from the speaker's desk and offer his services, as a general thing, to one of the prettiest young ladies present. Of course, he was rarely, if ever, refused. Upon the particular evening in question, he approached a young lady of exceeding beauty, proffering his services as *chaperon*, which were accepted. At the same time, I had the honor of escorting a near relative of the lady alluded to, and for whose domicile we were all bound, the party of the first part taking the lead; the night was extremely dark, and, not having the advantage of street lamps and gas-light, we had to *feel* our way along; it was just after a very profuse rain, our streets—without sidewalks or any such thing,—were very unpleasant thoroughfares.—We had not proceeded far, when we heard a shriek from the young lady, and an “Oh, dear me! Where are we going?” from the reverend gentleman. Another shriek, then one more, still louder, *en concert*, proceeded from out the more than Egyptian-darkness, when the lady at my side exclaimed, in alarm, “Mr. Marshall, what is the matter?” “Oh, nothing more,” I replied, “than that Mr. —— has led Miss —— into that slough just opposite your house.” The fact was, in crossing the street, as they supposed, the night being so very dark, they walked straight into the slough that extended quite across the street and nearly half way down the block; into it they went, until they were nearly up to their waists in mud and water. The more they tried to extricate themselves, the deeper they got into the mire; finally, at the suggestion of the lady whom I was accompanying, I told them to stand perfectly still until I could get a lantern, which I succeeded in doing in a very short time, when I held the light up, so that we could see them and they view themselves, you ought to have seen the look that girl gave me (in the meantime the lady at my side had her mouth filled with linen cambric to keep from screaming right out), then, half laughing and half crying, she paddled her own canoe until she reached *terra firma*, then rushed for her home, which was not more than fifty feet from them, nor had it been any of the time, although they had been skirmishing in various directions. Meanwhile, the clerical gentleman had drawn

himself out, covered with mud. Such a countenance!—it was a perfect black and tan; he shook himself, bade us good night, and left for his study. It may be of interest to some to know that the slough was located on Clark street, between Lake and South Water streets.

Many very amusing incidents occurred, which are worthy of recital, but a few more must suffice. One, I remember, was of a young lady crossing one of our principal streets. the way seemed clear, so she tripped along very gracefully until she had almost reached the opposite side, when the crust, which had formed from the heat of the sun, gave way, and down she began to go—down, down, down, until she had gone about as far down as she could, and was looking pitifully around for help from some source. A gentleman near by, observing her predicament, hastened to her rescue, and extricated the fair lady from her perilous position. You may be sure she was not as tidy when she again touched solid foundation as when she started to cross the street. Thanking the gentleman for his timely and polite assistance, she wended her way to the nearest convenient place, and, taking a forlorn look at herself, proceeded to adjust her *toilet*. The *finale* of this little incident was somewhat romantic, it furnished the means of culminating an acquaintance of friendship merely into one of admiration and affection, the result being that, not long after, the parties engaged in a matrimonial alliance, which was consummated in a remote part of the town, away from the thickly settled portion of the city—on the corner of Michigan avenue and Madison street. Their wedding tour was a drive to Hard Scrabble and back, a suburban retreat containing one log house, and situate about $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from town—the site now forming the outskirts of Bridgeport. The wedding *cortege* consisted of two dilapidated carriages and one buggy, all the available stylish turnouts that the city could boast of, except carts, and which, by the way, were the only means of conveyance for the *élite* of the town. A buffalo robe was placed in the bottom of the carts, they were backed up, received their precious freight, taken to their destination, and then dumped down like a load of coal.

Notwithstanding all these seeming inconveniences, there was more real social enjoyment in our pioneer society than

can now be found in the elegant and costly receptions given in palatial mansions of wealth and refinement; there was that absence of over-restraint; the strict forms of *etiquette* were not so closely observed; there were no millionnaires—no foreign Counts to entertain; no Parisian airs to assume as a pre-requisite to initiation into the best society; invitations were not sent on highly-perfumed Paris *billets doux*, but by oral representation, thus: "George, if you see James, tell him to invite Benjamin and William, and I will invite Byron and Charles, to a little sociable to-night at Maria's (now everybody knew Maria as well as Mrs. Josiah Allen knew Betsy Bobbitt); you bring Andelucia, and I will see that Agnes, Angeline, Elizabeth, and Rose are there. We shall have a first-rate time. Old George White will be there with his fiddle," etc. Mind you, these are no fictitious names, but veritable actors on the social stage at the time, some of whom are now living, and, were they present, would at once recognize the truth of what I am repeating. The George White mentioned was black as the raven wing of the night, and was caterer for all first society people. One of the necessary requisites, however, for attending these social gatherings, was, if the party was a new comer, did he belong to the first society? If yea, that was all that was required of him as a passport to our social circle, otherwise no intercourse was enjoyed until initiated into the first. You will observe, then, that certain requisites were necessary before even the nabobs of the east could enjoy these primitive receptions, unless properly vouched for.

An amusing incident of the olden time, although not reflecting favorably upon the morals of some of the members of our early associates, nevertheless, shows to what abandon a few of our most prominent citizens would submit themselves under a want of proper restraint. Two prominent legal gentlemen had left their office, and, passing the old Tremont House, then located on the north-west corner of Lake and Dearborn streets, they heard an unusual noise in the dining-room. With much difficulty they succeeded in gaining admission, and found five or six gentlemen of the highest respectability having, what they were pleased to call, "a high old time." One was rolling and kicking up his heels on the dining table, divested of his coat and

vest, and making the welkin ring with his unearthly noise; another was at the lower end of the room *praying*; a third was dancing a war dance, with two Indians, around the dining table; a fourth, amusing himself by cutting up capers in imitation of an old-fashioned jig, all on his own responsibility; two others were lying fast asleep under the table. Thus they were all employed when these gentlemen gained an admittance. Finding escape by the doorway impossible, they took the next best plan, and jumped out the window. They were fined \$5 each for their intrusion, by the parties having the "gay old time," which they promptly paid. We could give the names of all these parties, but they have passed away, and out of respect to the departed, we will refrain from so doing. We would say, however, that they all became honored members of society, filling City, State, and Federal offices of trust and responsibility with fidelity to the government and honor to themselves.

In migrating to a new country, many interesting circumstances occur, which leave a lasting impression upon the mind, notwithstanding intervening events that would be calculated to occupy the popular attention. I recall just now, among others, the Indian payments, which, I think, occurred as late as 1835 (a few tribes remained later, but not many). Their manner of giving in the number of each household, in order to receive their annuity, was in keeping with their own originality. Selecting one of the more prominent of their number (generally the chief) to receive their payment, the "*modus operandi*" was in this wise: for the heads of the family, two large notches were cut at the top of the stick, then smaller notches followed underneath, indicating the number of children in each family. Curiosity led me to inquire of Col. Boyd, the Indian Agent, if he was not occasionally imposed upon, or did they not sometimes make mistakes. He informed me that he had never detected an instance of fraud or mistake in the count during all the payments he had made. After receiving their payment, which was always in silver half dollars, they would at once repair to their wigwams and pass the money over to their squaws for safe-keeping, who would tie it up in one corner of their blankets, often to be removed by some adroit thief, who would lie in wait until they went to sleep, then cut it from the blanket; thus depriving the

poor, ignorant creatures of all their worldly wealth, no one interesting themselves in their behalf, or sympathizing with them in their loss.

After their payment, many of them would remain several days, and favor us with a display of some of their principal amusements, such as shooting pennies, with bow and arrow, from a stick placed some distance from them in the road. They also performed a variety of dances, some of them exceedingly novel, particularly the sick dance. The sick person is placed at the entrance of the wigwam; one of their number takes his position just in front, with an instrument resembling a gong or tambourine; the relatives and friends of the invalid form a circle around the musician, all being gaily dressed and painted, each one holding in his hand the skin of some animal, generally an otter or mink; then, at the tap of the gong, and there is no mistaking the tap, for it is given with the full strength of the Indian, they all commence dancing around, singing, crying, and making other hideous noises; at a given signal bow before the patient and push out these perfumed skins toward them, after the manner of shaking incense. This dance continues at intervals until the sufferer either recovers or dies, but they generally die, for the noise is so intolerably great that it is next to impossible for them to recover. Their war dances, too, are very unique, differing entirely from the sick or peace dances, if possible, more noisy than either; but enough. On some future occasion, I may have the honor of presenting to you a more extended description of the social and religious doings in the earlier history of our beautiful city, and enter more into details respecting those who have gone to their rest, but who, while living, contributed so much toward the intellectual, historical, and social advancement of our present highly-refined Chicago Society.

CHICAGO IN 1836.

"STRANGE EARLY DAYS."

By HARRIET MARTINEAU,*

Author of "Society in America."

We had already met with some delays; and there was no seeing the end of the present adventure. There was some doubt whether we should not have done better to cross the southern end of Lake Michigan, from Niles to Chicago, by a little steam-boat, the Delaware, which was to leave Niles a few hours after our stage. It had been thought of at Niles; but there was some uncertainty about the departure of the boat; and we all anxiously desired to skirt the extremity of this great inland sea, and to see the new settlements on its shores. Had we done right in incurring this risk of detention? Right or wrong, here we were; and here we must wait upon events.

Our sleep, amidst the luxury of cleanliness and hospitality, was most refreshing. The next morning it was still raining, but less vehemently. After breakfast, we ladies employed ourselves in sweeping and dusting our room, and making the beds; as we had given our kind hostess too much trouble already. Then there was a Michigan City newspaper to be read; and I sat down to write letters. Before long, a wagon and four drove up to the door, the driver of which cried out that if there was any getting to Michigan City, he was our man. We equipped ourselves in our warmest and thickest clothing, put on our india-rubber shoes, packed ourselves and our luggage in the wagon, put up our umbrellas, and wondered what was to be our fate. When it had come to saying farewell, our hostess put her hands on my shoulders, kissed me on each cheek, and

* Died June 27, 1875, aged 77 years, at Ambleside, England.

said she had hoped for the pleasure of our company for another day. For my own part, I would willingly take her at her word, if my destiny should ever carry me near the great lakes again.

We jolted on for two miles and a-half through the woods, admiring the scarlet lilies, and the pink and white moccasin flower, which was brilliant. Then we arrived at the place of the vanished bridge. Our first prospect was of being paddled over, one by one, in the smallest of boats. But, when the capabilities of the place were examined, it was decided that we should wait in a house on the hill, while the neighbors, the passengers of the mail-stage, and the drivers, build a bridge. We waited patiently for nearly three hours, watching the busy men going in and out, gathering tidings of the freshet, and its effects, and being pleased to see how affectionate the woman of the house was to her husband, while she was cross to everybody else. It must have been vexatious to her to have her floor made wet and dirty, and all her household operations disturbed by a dozen strangers whom she had never invited. She let us have some dough-nuts, and gave us a gracious glance or two at parting.

We learned that a gentleman who followed us from Niles the preceding day, found the water nine feet deep, and was near drowning his horses, in a place which we had crossed without difficulty. This very morning, a bridge which we had proved and passed, gave way with the stage, and the horses had to be dug and rolled out of the mud, when they were on the point of suffocation. Such a freshet had never been known to the present inhabitants.

At half-past two, the bridge was announced complete, and we re-entered our wagon, to lead the cavalcade across it, slowly, anxiously, with a man at the head of each leader, we entered the water, and saw it rise to the nave of the wheels. Instead of jolting, as usual, we mounted and descended each log individually. The mail-wagon followed, with two or three horsemen. There was also a singularly benevolent personage, who jumped from the other wagon, and waded through all the doubtful places, to prove them. He leaped and splashed through the water, which was sometimes up to his waist, as if it was the most agreeable sport in the world. In one of these gullies, the forepart of our wagon sank and stuck, so as to throw us forward, and

make it doubtful in what mode we should emerge from the water. Then the rim of one of the wheels was found to be loose; and the whole cavalcade stopped till it was mended. I never could understand how wagons were made in the back-country; they seemed to be elastic, from the shocks and twisting they would bear without giving way. To form an accurate idea of what they have to bear, a traveller should sit on a seat without springs, placed between the hind wheels, and thus proceed on a corduroy road. The effect is less fatiguing and more amusing, of riding in a wagon whose seats are on springs, while the vehicle itself is not. In that case, the feet are dancing an involuntary jig, all the way; while the rest of the body is in a state of entire repose.

The drive was so exciting and pleasant, the rain having ceased, that I was taken by surprise by our arrival at Michigan City. The driver announced our approach by a series of flourishes on one note of his common horn, which made the most ludicrous music I ever listened to.

We were anxious to see the mighty fresh water sea. We made inquiry in the piazza; and a sandy hill, close by, covered with the pea-vine, was pointed out to us. We ran up it, and there beheld what we had come so far to see. There it was, deep, green, and swelling on the horizon, and whitening into a broad and heavy surf as it rolled in towards the shore. Hence, too, we could make out the geography of the city. The whole scene stands insulated in my memory, as absolutely singular; and, at this distance of time, scarcely credible. I was so well aware on the spot that it would be so, that I made careful and copious notes of what I saw: but memoranda have nothing to do with such emotions as were caused by the sight of that enormous body of tumultuous waters, rolling in apparently upon the helpless forest,—everywhere else so majestic.

Immediately after supper we went out for a walk, which, in peculiarity, comes next to that in the Mammoth Cave; if, indeed, it be second to it. The scene was like what I had always fancied the Norway coast, but for the wild flowers, which grew among the pines on the slope, almost into the tide. I longed to spend an entire day on this flowery and shadowy margin of the inland sea. I plucked handfuls of pea-vine and other trailing flowers, which seemed to run all over the ground. We found on the

sands an army, like Pharaoh's drowned host, of disabled butterflies, beetles, and flies of the richest colors and lustre, driven over the lake by the storm. Charley* found a small turtle alive. An elegant little schooner, "the Sea Serpent of Chicago," was stranded, and formed a beautiful object as she lay dark between the sand and the surf. The sun was going down. We watched the sunset, not remembering that the refraction above the fresh waters would probably cause some remarkable appearance. We looked at one another in amazement at what we saw. First, there were three gay, inverted rainbows between the water and the sun, then hidden behind a little streak of cloud. Then the sun emerged from behind this only cloud, urn-shaped; a glistening golden urn. Then it changed, rather suddenly, to an enormous golden acorn. Then to a precise resemblance, except being prodigiously magnified, of Saturn with his ring. This was the most beautiful apparition of all. Then it was quickly narrowed and elongated till it was like the shaft of a golden pillar; and thus it went down square. Long after its disappearance, a lustrous, deep crimson dome, seemingly solid, rested steadily on the heaving waters. An inexperienced navigator might be pardoned for making all sail towards it; it looked so real.

On our road to Chicago, the next day,—a road winding in and out among the sand-hills, we were called to alight, and run up a bank to see a wreck. It was the wreck of the Delaware;—the steamer in which it had been a question whether we should not proceed from Niles to Chicago. She had a singular twist in her middle, where she was nearly broken in two. Her passengers stood up to the neck in water, for twenty-four hours before they were taken off; a worse inconvenience than any that we had suffered by coming the other way. The first thing the passengers from the Delaware did, when they had dried and warmed themselves on shore, was to sign a letter to the captain, which appeared in all the neighboring newspapers, thanking him for the great comfort they had enjoyed on board his vessel. It is to be presumed that they meant previously to their having to stand up to their necks in water.

In the wood which borders the prairie on which Chicago stands, we saw an encampment of United States' troops. Since the rising of the Creeks in Georgia, some months

* Son of Rev. Dr. Follen.

before, there had been apprehensions of an Indian war along the whole frontier. It was believed that a correspondence had taken place among all the tribes, from the Cumaches, who were engaged to fight for the Mexicans in Texas, up to the northern tribes among whom we were going. It was believed that the war-belt was circulating among the Winnebagoes, the warlike tribe who inhabit the western shores of Lake Michigan; and the government had sent troops to Chicago, to keep them in awe. It was of some consequence to us to ascertain the real state of the case; and we were glad to find that alarm was subsiding so fast, that the troops were soon allowed to go where they were more wanted. As soon as they had recovered from the storm, which seemed to have incommoded everybody, they broke up their encampment, and departed.

Chicago looks raw and bare, standing on the high prairie above the lake shore. The houses appear all insignificant, and run up in various directions, without any principle at all. A friend of mine who resides there had told me that we should find the inns intolerable, at the period of the great land sales, which bring a concourse of speculators to the place. It was even so. The very sight of them was intolerable; and there was not room for our party among them all. I do not know what we should have done, (unless to betake ourselves to the vessels in the harbor,) if our coming had not been foreknown, and most kindly provided for. We were divided between three families, who had the art of removing all our scruples about intruding on perfect strangers. None of us will lose the lively and pleasant associations with the place, which were caused by the hospitalities of its inhabitants.

I never saw a busier place than Chicago was at the time of our arrival. The streets were crowded with land speculators, hurrying from one sale to another. A negro, dressed up in scarlet, bearing a scarlet flag, and riding a white horse with housings of scarlet, announced the times of sale. At every street corner where he stopped, the crowd flocked round him; and it seemed as if some prevalent mania infected the whole people. The rage for speculation might fairly be so regarded. As the gentlemen of our party walked the streets, store-keepers hailed them from their doors, with offers of farms, and all manner of land-lots, advising them to speculate before the price of land rose

higher. A young lawyer, of my acquaintance there,* had realized five hundred dollars per day, the five preceding days, by merely making out titles to land. Another friend had realized, in two years, ten times as much money as he had before fixed upon as a competence for life. Of course, this rapid money-making is a merely temporary evil. A bursting of the bubble must come soon. The absurdity of the speculation is so striking, that the wonder is that the fever should have attained such a height as I witnessed. The immediate occasion of the bustle which prevailed, the week we were at Chicago, was the sale of lots, to the value of two millions of dollars, along the course of a projected canal; and of another set, immediately behind these. Persons not intending to game, and not infected with mania, would endeavor to form some reasonable conjecture as to the ultimate value of the lots, by calculating the cost of the canal, the risks from accident, from the possible competition from other places, etc., and, finally, the possible profits, under the most favorable circumstance, within so many years' purchase. Such a calculation would serve as some sort of guide as to the amount of purchase-money to be risked. Whereas, wild land on the banks of a canal, not yet even marked out, was selling at Chicago for more than rich land, well improved, in the finest part of the valley of the Mohawk, on the banks of a canal which is already the medium of an almost inestimable amount of traffic. If sharpers and gamblers were to be the sufferers by the impending crash at Chicago, no one would feel much concerned: but they, unfortunately, are the people who encourage the delusion, in order to profit by it. Many a high-spirited, but unexperienced, young man; many a simple settler, will be ruined for the advantage of knaves.

Others, besides lawyers and speculators by trade, make a fortune in such extraordinary times. A poor man at Chicago had a pre-emption right to some land, for which he paid in the morning one hundred and fifty dollars. In the afternoon, he sold it to a friend of mine for five thousand dollars. A poor Frenchman,† married to a squaw, had a suit pending, when I was there, which he was likely to gain, for the right of purchasing some land by the lake for one hundred dollars, which would immediately become worth one million dollars.

* Joseph N. Balestier, Esq., now of Brattleboro, Vt. † Gen. John B. Beaubien.

There was much gaiety going on at Chicago, as well as business. On the evening of our arrival a fancy fair took place. As I was too much fatigued to go, the ladies sent me a bouquet of prairie flowers. There is some allowable pride in the place about its society. It is a remarkable thing to meet such an assemblage of educated, refined, and wealthy persons as may be found there, living in small, inconvenient houses on the edge of a wild prairie. There is a mixture, of course. I heard of a family of half-breeds setting up a carriage, and wear fine jewellery. When the present intoxication of prosperity passes away, some of the inhabitants will go back to the eastward; there will be an accession of settlers from the mechanic classes; good houses will have been built for the richer families, and the singularity of the place will subside. It will be like all the other new and thriving lake and river ports of America. Meantime, I am glad to have seen it in its strange early days.

We dined one day with a gentleman* who had been Indian agent among the Winnebagoes for some years. He and his lady seem to have had the art of making themselves as absolutely Indian in their sympathies and manners as the welfare of the savages among whom they lived required. They were the only persons I met with who, really knowing the Indians, had any regard for them. The testimony was universal to the good faith, and other virtues of savage life of the unsophisticated Indians; but they were spoken of in a tone of dislike, as well as pity, by all but this family; and they certainly had studied their Indian neighbors very thoroughly. The ladies of Indian agents ought to be women of nerve. Our hostess had slept for weeks with a loaded pistol on each side her pillow, and a dagger under it, when expecting an attack from a hostile tribe.† The foe did not, however, come nearer than within a few miles. Her husband's sister‡ was in the massacre when the fort was abandoned, in 1812. Her father and her husband were in the battle, and her mother and young brothers and sisters sat in a boat on the lake near. Out of seventy whites, only seventeen escaped, among whom were her family. She was wounded in the ankle, as she sat on her horse. A painted

* John H. Kinzie, Esq.

† At Fort Winnebago, 1832.

‡ Mrs. Helm, now Mrs. Geo. C. Bates, Salt Lake City.

Indian, in warlike costume, came leaping up to her, and seized her horse, as she supposed, to murder her. She fought him vigorously, and he bore it without doing her any injury. He spoke, but she could not understand him. Another frightful savage came up, and the two led her horse to the lake, and into it, in spite of her resistance, till the water reached their chins. She concluded that they meant to drown her; but they contented themselves with holding her on her horse till the massacre was over, when they led her out in safety. They were friendly Indians, sent by her husband to guard her. She could not but admire their patience, when she found how she had been treating her protectors.

We had the fearful pleasure of seeing various savage dances performed by the Indian agent and his brother,* with the accompaniments of complete costume, barbaric music, and whooping. The most intelligible to us was the Discovery Dance, a highly descriptive pantomime. We saw the Indian go out armed for war. We saw him reconnoitre, make signs to his comrades, sleep, warm himself, load his rifle, sharpen his scalping-knife, steal through the grass within rifle-shot of his foes, fire, scalp one of them, and dance, whooping, and triumphing. There was a dreadful truth about the whole, and it made our blood run cold. It realized hatred and horror as effectually as Taglioni does love and grace.

We were unexpectedly detained over the Sunday at Chicago; and Dr. F.† was requested to preach. Though only two hours' notice was given, a respectable congregation was assembled in the large room of the Lake House; a new hotel then building. Our seats were a few chairs and benches, and planks laid on trestles. The preacher stood behind a rough pine-table, on which a large Bible was placed. I was never present at a more interesting service; and I know that there were others who felt with me.

From Chicago, we made an excursion into the prairies. Our young lawyer-friend threw behind him the five hundred dollars per day, which he was making, and went with us. I thought him wise; for there is that to be had in the wilderness which money cannot buy. We drove out of the town at ten o'clock in the morning, too late by two hours; but it was impossible to overcome the introductions to

* John H. and Robert A. Kinzie.

† Rev. Dr. Follen.

strangers, and the bustle of our preparations, any sooner. Our party consisted of seven, besides the driver. Our vehicle was a wagon with four horses.

We had first to cross the prairie, nine miles wide, on the lake edge of which Chicago stands. This prairie is not usually wet so early in the year; but at this time the water stood almost up to the nave of the wheels: and we crossed it at a walking pace. I saw here, for the first time in the United States, the American primrose. It grew in profusion over the whole prairie, as far as I could see; not so large and fine as in English green-houses, but graceful and pretty. I now found the truth of what I had read about the difficulty of distinguishing distances on a prairie. The feeling is quite bewildering. A man walking near looks like a Goliath a mile off. I mistook a covered wagon without horses, at a distance of fifty yards, for a white house near the horizon: and so on. We were not sorry to reach the belt of trees, which bounded the swamp we had passed. At a house here, where we stopped to water the horses, and eat dough-nuts, we saw a crowd of emigrants; which showed that we had not yet reached the bounds of civilization. A little further on we came to the river Aux Plaines, spelled on a sign board "Oplain." The ferry here is a monopoly, and the public suffers accordingly. There is only one small flat boat for the service of the concourse of people now pouring into the prairies. Though we happened to arrive nearly first of the crowd of to-day, we were detained on the bank above an hour; and then our horses went over at two crossings, and the wagon and ourselves at the third. It was a pretty scene, if we had not been in a hurry; the country wagons and teams in the wood by the side of the quiet clear river; and the oxen swimming over, yoked, with only their patient faces visible above the surface. After crossing, we proceeded briskly till we reached a single house, where, or nowhere, we were to dine. The kind hostess bestirred herself to provide us a good dinner of tea, bread, ham, potatoes, and strawberries, of which a whole pailful, ripe and sweet, had been gathered by the children in the grass round the house, within one hour. While dinner was preparing, we amused ourselves with looking over an excellent small collection of books, belonging to Miss Cynthia, the daughter of the hostess.

I never saw insulation, (not desolation,) to compare with

the situation of a settler on a wide prairie. A single house in the middle of Salisbury Plain would be desolate. A single house on a prairie has clumps of trees near it, rich fields about it; and flowers, strawberries, and running water at hand. But when I saw a settler's child tripping out of home-bounds, I had a feeling that it would never get back again. It looked like putting out into Lake Michigan in a canoe. The soil round the dwellings is very rich. It makes no dust, it is so entirely vegetable. It requires merely to be once turned over to produce largely; and, at present, it appears to be inexhaustible. As we proceeded, the scenery became more and more like what all travellers compare it to,—a boundless English park. The grass was wilder, the occasional footpath not so trim, and the single trees less majestic; but no park ever displayed anything equal to the grouping of the trees within the windings of the blue, brimming river Aux Plaines.

We had met with so many delays that we felt doubts about reaching the place where we had intended to spend the night. At sunset, we found ourselves still nine miles from Joliet;* but we were told that the road was good, except a small "slew" or two; and there was half a moon shining behind a thin veil of clouds; so we pushed on. We seemed latterly to be travelling on a terrace overlooking a wide champaign, where a dark waving line might indicate the winding of the river, between its clumpy banks. Our driver descended, and went forward, two or three times, to make sure of our road; and, at length, we rattled down a steep descent, and found ourselves among houses. This was not our resting-place, however. The Joliet hotel lay on the other side of the river. We were directed to a foot-bridge by which we were to pass; and a ford below for the wagon. We strained our eyes in vain for the foot-bridge; and our gentlemen peeped and pryed about for some time. All was still but the rippling river, and everybody asleep in the houses that were scattered about. We ladies were presently summoned to put on our water-proof shoes, and alight. A man showed himself who had risen

* I preserve the original name, which is that of the first French missionary who visited these parts. The place is now commonly called Juliet; and a settlement near has actually been named Romeo: so that I fear there is little hope of a restoration of the honorable primitive name.

from his bed to help us in our need. The foot-bridge consisted, for some way, of two planks, with a hand-rail on one side: but, when we were about a-third of the way over, one-half of the planks, and the hand-rail had disappeared. We actually had to cross the rushing, deep river on a line of single planks, by dim moonlight, at past eleven at night. The great anxiety was about Charley; but between his father and the guide, he managed very well. This guide would accept nothing but thanks. He "did not calculate to take any pay." Then we waited some time for the wagon to come up from the ford. I suspected it had passed the spot where we stood, and had proceeded to the village, where we saw a twinkling light, now disappearing, and now re-appearing. It was so, and the driver came back to look for us, and tell us that the light we saw was a signal from the hotel-keeper, whom we found, standing on his door-step, and sheltering his candle with his hand. We sat down and drank milk in the bar, while he went to consult with his wife what was to be done with us, as every bed in the house was occupied. We, meanwhile, agreed that the time was now come for us to enjoy an adventure which we had often anticipated: sleeping in a barn. We had all declared ourselves anxious to sleep in a barn, if we could meet with one that was air-tight, and well supplied with hay. Such a barn was actually on these premises. We were prevented, however, from all practising the freak by the prompt hospitality of our hostess. Before we knew what she was about, she had risen and dressed herself, put clean sheets on her own bed, and made up two others on the floor of the same room; so that the ladies and Charley were luxuriously accommodated. Two sleepy personages crawled down stairs to offer their beds to our gentlemen. Mr. L.* and our Chicago friend, however, persisted in sleeping in the barn. Next morning, we all gave a very gratifying report of our lodgings. When we made our acknowledgments to our hostess, she said she thought that people who could go to bed quietly every night ought to be ready to give up to tired travellers. Whenever she travels, I hope she will be treated as she treated us. She let us have breakfast as early as half-past five, the next morning, and gave Charley a bun at parting, lest he should be too hungry before we could dine.

* Ellis Gray Loring, Esq.

The great object of our expedition, Mount Joliet, was two miles distant from this place. We had to visit it, and perform the journey back to Chicago, forty miles, before night. The mount is only sixty feet high; yet it commands a view which I shall not attempt to describe, either in its vastness, or its soft beauty. The very spirit of tranquility resides in this paradisy scene. The next painter who would worthily illustrate Milton's Morning Hymn, should come and paint what he sees from Mount Joliet, on a dewy summer's morning, when a few light clouds are gently sailing in the sky, and their shadows traversing the prairie. I thought I had never seen green levels till now; and only among mountains had I before known the beauty of wandering showers. Mount Joliet has the appearance of being an artificial mound, its sides are so uniformly steep, and its form so regular. Its declivity was bristling with flowers; among which were conspicuous the scarlet lily, the white convolvulus, and a tall, red flower of the scabia form. We disturbed a night-hawk, sitting on her eggs, on the ground. She wheeled round and round over our heads, and, I hope, returned to her eggs before they were cold.

Not far from the mount was a log-house, where the rest of the party went in to dry their feet, after having stood long in the wet grass. I remained outside, watching the light showers, shifting in the partial sunlight from clump to level, and from reach to reach of the brimming and winding river. The nine miles of prairie, which we had traversed in dim moonlight last night, were now exquisitely beautiful, as the sun shone fitfully upon them.

We saw a prairie wolf, very like a yellow dog, trotting across our path, this afternoon. Our hostess of the preceding day, expecting us, had an excellent dinner ready for us. We were detained a shorter time at the ferry, and reached the belt of trees at the edge of Nine-mile Prairie, before sunset. Here, in common prudence, we ought to have stopped till the next day, even if no other accommodation could be afforded us than a roof over our heads. We deserved an ague for crossing the swamp after dark, in an open wagon, at a foot pace. Nobody was aware of this in time, and we set forward; the feet of our wearied horses plashing in water at every step of the nine miles. There was no road; and we had to trust to the instinct of driver

and horses to keep us in the right direction. I rather think the driver attempted to amuse himself by exciting our fears. He hinted more than once at the difficulty of finding the way; at the improbability that we should reach Chicago before midnight; and at the danger of our wandering about the marsh all night, and finding ourselves at the opposite edge of the prairie in the morning. Charley was bruised and tired. All the rest were hungry and cold. It was very dreary. The driver bade us look to our right hand. A black bear was trotting alongside of us, at a little distance. After keeping up his trot for some time, he turned off from our track. The sight of him made up for all,—even if ague should follow, which I verily believe it would. But we escaped all illness. It is remarkable that I never saw ague but once. The single case that I met with was in autumn, at the Falls of Niagara.

I had promised Dr. F. a long story about English politics, when a convenient opportunity should occur. I thought the present an admirable one; for nobody seemed to have anything to say, and it was highly desirable that something should be said. I made my story long enough to beguile four miles; by which time, some were too tired, and others too much disheartened, for more conversation. Something white was soon after visible. Our driver gave out that it was a house, half a mile from Chicago. But no: it was an emigrant encampment, on a morsel of raised, dry ground; and again we were uncertain whether we were in the right road. Presently, however, the Chicago beacon was visible, shining a welcome to us through the dim, misty air. The horses seemed to see it, for they quickened their pace; and before half-past ten, we were on the bridge.

The family, at my temporary home, were gone up to their chambers; but the wood-fire was soon replenished, tea made, and the conversation growing lively. My companions were received as readily at their several resting-places. When we next met, we found ourselves all disposed to place warm hospitality very high on the list of virtues.

While we were at Detroit, we were most strongly urged to return thither by the Lakes, instead of by either of the Michigan roads. From place to place, in my previous travelling, I had been told of the charms of the Lakes, and especially of the Island of Mackinaw. Every officer's lady

who has been in garrison there, is eloquent upon the delights of Mackinaw. As our whole party, however, could not spare time to make so wide a circuit, we had not intended to indulge ourselves with a further variation in our travels than to take the upper road back to Detroit; having left it by the lower. On Sunday, June 27, news arrived at Chicago that this upper road had been rendered impassable by the rains. A sailing ship,* the only one on the Lakes, and now on her first trip, was to leave Chicago for Detroit and Buffalo, the next day. The case was clear: the party must divide. Those who were obliged to hasten home must return by the road we came; the rest must proceed by water. On Charley's account the change of plan was desirable; as the heats were beginning to be so oppressive as to render travelling in open wagons unsafe for a child. It was painful to break up our party at the extreme point of our journey; but it was clearly right. So Mr. and Mrs. L. took their chance by land; and the rest of us went on board the Milwaukee, at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 28th.

Mrs. F. and I were the only ladies on board; and there was no stewardess. The steward was obliging, and the ladies' cabin was clean and capacious; and we took possession of it with a feeling of comfort. Our pleasant impressions, however, were not of long duration. The vessel was crowded with persons who had come to the land sales at Chicago, and were taking their passage back to Milwaukee; a settlement on the western shore of the lake, about eighty miles from Chicago. Till we should reach Milwaukee, we could have the ladies' cabin only during a part of the day. I say a part of the day, because some of the gentry did not leave our cabin till near nine in the morning; and others chose to come down, and go to bed, as early as seven in the evening, without troubling themselves to give us five minutes' notice, or to wait till we could put up our needles, or wipe our pens. This ship was the only place in America where I saw a prevalence of bad manners. It was the place of all others to select for the study of such; and no reasonable person would look for anything better among land-speculators, and settlers in regions so new as to be almost without women. None of us had ever before seen, in America, a disregard of women. The swearing was

* Ship Milwaukee.

incessant; and the spitting such as to amaze my American companions as much as myself.

Supper was announced presently after we had sailed; and when we came to the table, it was full, and no one offered to stir, to make room for us. The captain, who was very careful of our comfort, arranged that we should be better served henceforth; and no difficulty afterwards occurred. At dinner, the next day, we had a specimen of how such personage as we had on board are managed on an emergency. The captain gave notice, from the head of the table, that he did not choose our party to be intruded on in the cabin; and that any one who did not behave with civility at table should be turned out. He spoke with decision and good-humor; and the effect was remarkable. Everything on the table was handed to us; and no more of the gentry came down into our cabin to smoke, or throw themselves on the cushions to sleep, while we sat at work. Our fare was what might be expected on Lake Michigan. Salt beef and pork, and sea-biscuit; tea without milk, bread, and potatoes. Charley throve upon potatoes and bread; and we all had the best results of food,—health and strength.

A little schooner which left Chicago at the same time with ourselves, and reached Milwaukee first, was a pretty object. On the 29th, we were only twenty-five miles from the settlement; but the wind was so unfavorable that it was doubtful whether we should reach it that day. Some of the passengers amused themselves by gaming, down in the hold; others by parodying a methodist sermon, and singing a mock hymn. We did not get rid of them till noon on the 30th, when we had the pleasure of seeing our ship disgorge twenty-five into one boat, and two into another. The atmosphere was so transparent as to make the whole scene appear as if viewed through an opera-glass; the still, green waters, the dark boats with their busy oars, the moving passengers, and the struggles of one to recover his hat, which had fallen overboard. We were yet five miles from Milwaukee; but we could see the bright, wooded coast, with a few white dots of houses.

While Dr. F. went on shore, to see what was to be seen, we had the cabin cleaned out, and took, once more, complete possession of it, for both day and night. As soon as this was done, seven young women came down the com-

panion-way, seated themselves round the cabin, and began to question us. They were the total female population of Milwaukee; which settlement now contains four hundred souls. We were glad to see these ladies; for it was natural enough that the seven women should wish to behold two more, when such a chance offered. A gentleman of the place, who came on board this afternoon, told me that a printing-press had arrived a few hours before; and that a newspaper would speedily appear.* He was kind enough to forward the first number to me a few weeks afterwards; and I was amused to see how pathetic an appeal to the ladies of more thickly-settled districts it contained; imploring them to cast a favorable eye on Milwaukee, and its hundreds of bachelors. Milwaukee had been settled since the preceding November. It had good stores; (to judge by the nature and quantity of goods sent ashore from our ship); it had a printing-press and newspaper, before the settlers had had time to get wives. I heard these new settlement sometimes called "patriarchal:" but what would the patriarchs have said to such an order of affairs? •

Dr. F. returned from the town with apple-pies, cheese, and ale, wherewith to vary our ship diet. With him arrived such a number of towns-people, that the steward wanted to turn us out of our cabin once more: but we were sturdy, appealed to the captain, and were confirmed in possession. From this time, began the delights of our voyage. The moon, with her long train of glory, was magnificent to-night; the vast body of water on which she shone being as calm as if the winds were dead.

The navigation of these lakes, is at present, a mystery. They have not yet been properly surveyed. Our captain had gone to and fro on Lake Huron, but had never before been on Lake Michigan; and this was rather an anxious voyage to him. We had got aground on the sand-bar before Milwaukee harbor; and on the 1st of July, all hands were busy in unshipping the cargo, to lighten the vessel, instead of carrying her up to the town. An elegant little schooner was riding at anchor near us; and we were well amused in admiring her, and in watching the bustle on deck, till some New England youths, and our Milwaukee acquaintance, brought us, from the shore, two newspapers, some pebbles, flowers, and a pitcher of fine strawberries.

* Milwaukee Sentinel,

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